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HARVEST-HOME:

CONSISTING OF

SUPPLEMENTARY GLEANINGS,

ORIGINAL DRAMAS AND POEMS,

CONTRIBUTIONS OF LITERARY FRIENDS,

AND

SELECT RE-PUBLICATIONS,

INCLUDING

SYMPATHY, A POEM,

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED.

FROM THE EIGHTH EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MR. PRATT.

"Tum ut varietas occurrerit satietati."

CIC. ORAT.

VOL. II.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

LONDON:

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1805.

THE TANJORE MAHAR… SARASWATI MAHAL.
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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

HAIL FELLOW! WELL MET!

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS IT WAS FOR SOME YEARS PERFORMED WITH

UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

ON THE CONTINENT.

"The maid is the mistress, the master's the man,
"For higgledy-piggledy now is the plan."

ACT I. SCENE III.

*** It is conceived there is a peculiar propriety in placing this performance immediately after the closing remarks on England.

ORIGINAL ADVERTISEMENT.

THE object of this drama is to prove, by illustration, the *absurdity* and *impossibility* of the *French system*, and turn the whole into that ineffable ridicule it deserves, by shewing its *weakness*, *folly*, *impolicy*, and *impracticability*. On these grounds, the revolution is combated as well in its highest as its lowest gradations, and then destroyed, ultimately, by the force of its own absurdity --- all along, however, with an avowed reverence for *rational liberty*, such as it lives, moves, and has a being in Great Britain. It has been well observed, "ridicule is the most powerful sting that folly can experience;

its wounds are deeper than those of direct reproach, and they have the additional and peculiar quality of being incurable."

Since the above advertisement was written, the manuscript has been examined by various literary acquaintance as well as by the author. The result is a general opinion, that there could not be a period, since it was written, at which the ridicule, the display of the characters, and the truth of the circumstances, could be so forcibly understood or enjoyed as at the present moment.

But some curious matter attaches to the history of this performance. It was written abroad, when the *egalité-mania* was at its height; to the ludicrous as well as fatal effects of which, the Author and a most intelligent and observing friend, who contributed both to the design and execution

of the work, were eye and ear-witnesses. The truth is not, in any one instance, as to the broad and general facts which were then daily passing, in the smallest degree overcharged. On the Author's return to his native country, in 1794-5, he sent the manuscript to several booksellers, of all the different hues that the political cameleon could assume. They were "*fearful to undertake, in a printed attack,* the loyal side of the question," particularly at a crisis when an INVASION was hourly apprehended. One of the trade "did not feel himself bold!" Yet see the revolutions of feeling. An INVASION is still expected; and, so far from its being any longer a topic of political caution, or of personal reserve, every body speaks and writes of it with an unbounded and manly freedom, suited to the liberty, spirit, and union of the country. Probably there is not, at this time, a publisher, an

author, or a reader in the empire, who does not, in his heart, believe, that the new drama, which has been so long in preparation by the same actors, though under a different manager, to be represented on the theatre of Great Britain, will turn out, notwithstanding all its *tragic* threats, to be as *complete a farce* as that which was exhibited at the time above-mentioned on the political stage of France.

The piece, therefore, as it was then performed in the latter country with universal applause, being now universally damned in every other part of Europe, yea, and in France also—if people dare speak as honestly there as we do here—it can no longer be necessary, either in a political or moral sense, to withhold the picture. It will be contemplated with an equal mixture of salutary mirth and serious indignation. In private circles, it has often given pleasure to men too honourable to

mislead, and too wise to misjudge. Hence, a reasonable hope may be formed, that the sphere of that pleasure may be extended by its publication.

PROLOGUE.

Indulge me, my beloved countrymen and readers, in one brief but ardent apostrophe, by way of prologue.

O! did men but know where or when to *stop*, how much richer, nobler, and happier, would this world of our's prove to its inhabitants!

> "How many enterprises of great pith and moment
> Wanting this *stop*, their currents turn awry,
> And lose the name of action!"

And how aptly does this parody of a passage engraven on every memory go to a thousand things which "youth and observation copy."

Not only is there "a tide" but a *time* in human affairs. That time is the pre-

cise hour, minute, nay, *moment-mark*, of whatever is most admirable, most wise, most interesting, most sublime! It is the exact bound of greatness and felicity. Within its borders are contained the dignity, use, and beauty of human efforts. It is the point at which honour, fame, and every glory on this side the sun, gains its *acme;* beyond it, is folly, disgrace, and ignominy. Had this sacred barrier been respected, what a revolution might have been that of France! Did ever so genial and radiant a dawn give promise of a more beauteous day, to cheer and to bless mankind! Was ever a political morning so overcast by portentous shadows, or made so intolerable by a raging meridian! Did ever a national sun set so deep in blood!

And what do we find at the bottom of the account? In what part of the crimson continent has the boasted tree of liberty fixed its root? Where has it flourished un-

injured in its branches, or where yielded its heart-cheering fruit? Tell me, ye heroes and patriots, where it now thrives? Point out the favoured spot, and whether its genial clime be in a monarchy, a republic, or an empire, I will call it blessed! yea, and on this side idolatry, I will worship it.

Meantime, in common with millions of my countrymen, who live on, cultivate, and venerate the soil, where they know it has been rooted for ages; and where it has been proved sound at heart as its own oaks, I shall continue to reverence it!

"Island of bliss! amid the subject-seas
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thy self, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave."

Characters.

SIR JOHN AIRCASTLE.
SIR THOMAS STEADY.
VALENTINE STEADY.
BARON DE ST. CLAIR.
CHEVALIER, } Sons to the Baron.
FREDERIC, }
STATUQUO, Steward to Sir John.
NED TRUE, Sir John's Butler.
SPRUCE, Valet to Sir Thomas.
DICK COACHMAN, }
WILL FOOTMAN, } Servants to Sir Thomas.
GEORGE GROOM, }
TADPOLE, and others, }
FARMER CLOD AND SON, Tenants to Sir John.
L'ENFER, Deputy from the Convention.
A MUNICIPAL OFFICER.

LADY AIRCASTLE.
WIDOW UTOPIA, Sister to Sir John.
MISS AIRCASTLE.
BARONESS DE ST. CLAIR.
MADEMOISELLE ST. CLAIR, } Daughters to the Baron.
LOUISE, }
JULIE, }
MRS. TRIMMING.

NATIONAL GUARDS, PATRIOT MOB, SERVANTS, SAILORS, &c. &c.

SCENE *lies in and near* SIR JOHN'S *Castle, at Havre de Grace, in France; and, after, at Aircastle-Lodge, in the New Forest, Hampshire.*

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

HAIL FELLOW! WELL MET!

&c. &c.

ACT I

SCENE I.

A Servant's Hall badly furnished; — NED *in a melancholy Posture, with his Cat upon his Knee.*

AYE, poor soul, pur away — pur away, puss. Heigho! it puts me in mind of old times. — Don't you remember when you and I used to tuck ourselves in the chimney corner, by the fire-side, at the good old lodge of Hampshire, in good Old England? Dear dumb soul, don't you remember it? that *was* life! that *was* liberty! But as the song says, [*sings sorrow-*

fully,] "Alteration, alteration, oh! what a wonderful alteration!" Heigho! when I think of this, I am half angry with you for purring, and being happy, puss.—You ought to be miserable, and mew; you ought to be as melancholy as your master—Heigho!

Enter SPRUCE, *as from a Journey, in his Riding Dress and dirty Boots.*

SPRUCE.

Hey-day, Ned Butler—what! moralizing to thy cat!—Montaigne in the kitchen!

NED.

[*Joyfully.*] Is it you Mr. Spruce?—This is indeed a comfort!—to see the face of a countryman! a townsman! a next-door neighbour!

SPRUCE.

And of a friend, my dear Neddy!

NED.

I could cry for joy.—Poor tab, here, is the only one of my country I could call a true friend, since I left it.—See, puss, here is Mr. Spruce; you may pur away now as long as you please.

SPRUCE.

I am come post from Montpelier with dispatches from *my* master to *yours.*—Here they are; and *here* is a little packet in the *bye-bag*

for Miss Florentia.—I hope the wedding may be kept, after all—either in the New Forest, at good old *Steady Hall*, or at Air-Castle Lodge, or in the pretty little village of London; and that you and I may dance at it with the girls of our hearts, in the land that we love. I see you are a packing up here—all at sixes and sevens. —I suppose, if we had not stole a march on you, you would have been off *before* us; but now, I foresee, we shall all take wing together. Hey, Ned! then as the song says, [*sings*]

> "May *we*, when toil and danger's o'er,
> Cast anchor on our native shore."

Chorus, Chorus, little Neddy.

> "Cast anchor on our native shore."

NED.

The wedding! London! stole a march! cast anchor on our native shore! Heigho!

SPRUCE.

Yes, and its high time! I, and my masters, and, indeed, all of us, are sticklers for the good old cause; we love the king, the country, the friends, and the pretty girls we left behind us. —Aye, and the good old laws that take care of them. Things on this side the water look a little rickety, and one is scarce sure of the head on our shoulders.—Folks here make a fuss about liberty, and clap you into a *jail* to

prove you are a *free man!* Thank heaven, we are just got off in time, as this packet full of papers will shew.

NED.

[*Aside.*] There's no stopping him yet. What may those be, Mr. Spruce? [*To him.*

SPRUCE.

The freedoms of every city, town, village, and toll-bar, through which we have passed all the way from Montpelier to Havre. Permits and passports, my little Ned, after the new fashion of granting licenses; by whose authority, after about a thousand whys and wherefores—whence do you comes, and where are you goings, &c.—a man is suffered to see after his business. Not, however, without a bayonet at your breast, and a musket at your head, while your carriage is stopped on the high-way, and a score of fierce-looking fellows asking impertinent questions. Yes, damn it, 'tis time to be off. Old England is good enough for me. If a man asks me an impertinent question, *there,* [*doubling his fist,*] I know how to answer him—you understand me—I know how to answer him—so lose no more time, my little fellow, but take up the dispatches; tell your old master that Sir Thomas will be here to dinner, and whisper in the ear of Miss Florentia that my young 'Squire has

seen nothing half so pretty as herself, since he gave her beautiful lips the parting kiss; and that he means to run away with *her* and her whole family in less than four-and-twenty hours. Cheer up, then, my old boy, you and miss Tabby here shall be of the party.

NED.

Have you done, Mr. Spruce? In the name of patience, have you done?

SPRUCE.

I have; and am ready to hear what either you or your cat have to say; only let it be brief; as riding full speed all night creates an appetite, and I have had nothing to eat but my passports, which, to an English stomach, are somewhat hard of digestion.

NED.

To begin, then: know, that so far from returning back to dear England and the family estate, Sir John has sent for a ship-load of furniture from the Lodge, and has made a purchase of this stupid old mansion and its purtenances; notwithstanding which, we have neither men nor maid *servants in* the house, nor *out* of it, except I and the steward, Mr. Statuquo.

SPRUCE.

No!

NED.

No, we are the only servants left in the family; and, indeed, not a soul comes into this deserted apartment, now, but *us;* me and my cat, who, poor creature, is so good as to stay and keep me company.

SPRUCE.

Very obliging of her, indeed; but you surprise me. Why, I thought Sir John only took this crazy castle for a couple of years, just to perfect Miss Flory in the French lingo, and that at the end of the said two years you would all be as glad to return home, as we should, when Sir Thomas recruited his health, which, heaven be praised, is now as hearty as ever. But the servants all gone! What's the meaning of all this? I left you all over a cheerful fire-side, blazing on merry faces, and now I can see nothing but a *soup-maigre* cat, and the lack-a-daysical countenance of one solitary serving-man. Sure the old Baronet has not run out? And yet this dismal room, where every thing seems to be looking about, like poor Neddy, for a *better place,* is plaguy like it. No, the old boy can't have run out, either.

NED.

Yes, but he has—*out of his wits.*

SPRUCE.

How many a heart will ache for that: he was a dear good gentleman, and every body loved him.

NED.

Every body had reason. Hot and hasty; but the best man, master, and friend——

SPRUCE.

Next to my master, in the world; I confess it. But gone *mad* you say?

NED.

Stark—

SPRUCE.

Not confined?

NED.

With the *gout* these eleven months; otherwise, to have seen what I see daily, he must have been mad indeed.

SPRUCE.

In debt, then, I suppose? Ruined his family, turned off his servants, and so gone out of his senses.

NED.

No, his servants turned off him.

SPRUCE.

Ungrateful varlets!

NED.

'Twas by his own consent, though; indeed, he insisted on it. In short, not to keep you

any longer in suspense, you must know that my master, Sir John, and his sister, Mrs. Utopia, have taken it into their heads, within a week after you left us, to turn every thing topsyturvy. The servants are all gentlemen, and the gentry servants; the kitchen has got into the parlour, the parlour into the kitchen, and the heels stand just where the head should be.

SPRUCE.

The devil!

NED.

Every thing and every body are changed. The name of this castle was Belle-Champs, or some such Frenchified thing; it is now, forsooth, Liberty-Hall, because every body is to do as he likes best; and, if ever we go back to it again, dear old Aircastle Lodge is to be called so too.

SPRUCE.

O, now I understand you. What you have all caught the French influenza; all turned jacobites? Ha, ha, ha!

NED.

Jacobites! develites, I think! The good old Lodge, in Hampshire, is shut up; some say 'tis going to be sold. The chattels, as I told you, are travelling hither—a set of the best servants in the world are turned off, and those who came from England in their room are all to be Sir John's

equals: then we are going to have half a score of *soup-maigre* French fellows besides, who, they say, refuse to take any hire, but who make *free* every day with more than an honest man's yearly wages. The steward and I came over from love and affection to our master, but *we* are neglected, despised, and insulted; while poor Sir John encourages *them in robbing him*, because he swears 'tis con—con—*confraternity*—a cursed word, which, I find, means *thieving from one's brother;* and then, if he don't thank you for it, chopping his head off.

SPRUCE.

Ha, ha, ha! a good definition. This is all wonderful; but I do not despair of a counter-revolution in the family yet. I will undertake the kitchen, provided I may consider you and your cat as my allies; in the mean time, my master and the young 'Squire may operate on the parlour. I suppose I can depend on your assistance, my loyal little fellow?

NED.

[*Embracing him.*] Yes, on my life, my dear friend, and here's my hand on it, heart and all. Hearing so much of the French nonsense, I thought there might be something in it; and so, by way of a day's experiment, tried to be (you must know) as idle as my betters, but I could make no hand of it. The first

half hour, with a little yawning, went off tolerably well; the second was cleverly dispatched in sleep; I consumed the third in looking about me; I wearied myself in the fourth with wishing I was at home; and after, slept likewise away the fifth: and this would have been a great relief, had not my second nap been sadly troubled by the ghosts of fifty different things I left undone, insomuch, that all the work which I had neglected, while waking, was now, by way of punishment, to be performed asleep. On rising from the bed, after this, I found more vexation than you can imagine, in perceiving it was all a dream. The rest of my day was dribbled away in attempts to be as thoughtless as my master: but here too I miscarried; for I felt that the seeing him neglect his own affairs and interest made my diligence the more necessary, and the breach of it so much the worse. In short, every thing I had omitted seemed to say, "Ned, thou art in a fair way of being a wicked good-for-nothing fellow; and if other people, my dear Spruce, were made half as miserable by a life's laziness as I have been by a single day's, they would soon look upon the gibbet, or the guillotine, they talk so much about, as a comfortable refuge, aye, and thank the hangman, or the head-cutter, into the bargain, with all their hearts.

SPRUCE.

You are a fine little fellow, Ned, but you enter only into the dull part of the French plan. Were the new democrates of this country, or their votaries, only, like you, to catch the vapours, and then sleep them off, 'twould be well for Europe; but the spirit of the system lies in quite different things; in little rest, and much action—in doing all the mischief you can to society—in robbing your neighbours—in plundering strangers—and, under the mask of brotherly love, in committing all sorts of roguery: when you were upon trial, you should have kept yourself awake by something of this kind. A sleepy republican is a harmless animal, Ned.

NED.

What! rob my neighbour, or plunder a stranger! Take what is not mine, or only make it so by telling a cursed lie, which every body would see through! No, Master Spruce, damn it, no! I had rather add the labours of my night to those of my day, and work double tides for my coarse honest bread, than get the finest and whitest loaf that way.

SPRUCE.

Honest! why you forget that these things are now, by DECREE, public virtues and patriotism. Why, civic crowns, man, are decreed for robbing; 'tis all the reward of virtue, I tell you.

NED.

Decree what they will, change the *names* of things as they please, their *natures* alter not, Master Spruce; no more than their new regulations of weeks, months, and years, can alter the course of the sun. No, no, lying is lying in all countries, a knave is a knave all the world over. What is mine, is not your's — what is your's cannot be mine, without I buy, borrow, or steal it; if I buy it, I am in that act at least an honest man; if I borrow it, *I may be* so too; but, if I steal it, though it be only the worth of a farthing, I am a damned rogue. I say decrees, indeed! the laws of God and of my own soul tell me, when I am a knave and when I am not; and, as for all your *decrees* to the contrary, and the decree-mongers, why, they are damned rogues, too; and they know it, so come and take a little refreshment; and, though hopeless of any change for the better to be produced from *them*, I will deliver your dispatches. This to Miss Flory, in particular; she is a dear good young lady.

SPRUCE.

[*Going, and taking* Ned *by the arm.*] Successful or not, you, I, and friend Tabby, will live and die honest fellows.

[*Exeunt* Ned, *shaking his head, and catching up his cat.*

SCENE II.

SCENE *changes to* SIR JOHN'S *Bedchamber ; his Steward,* STATUQUO, *is getting him from the Bed into a great Arm-chair.*

SIR JOHN AIRCASTLE *and* STATUQUO.

STATUQUO.

He, he, he! your Honour maketh me to believe there is a pleasure in being positive, which none but positive gentlemen know.

SIR JOHN.

And you make me *certain* that you are an old fool, who, presuming on the gentleness of my temper, on my cruel disorder, and on your being an old standard in the family, take a pleasure in putting me into a passion, though you know it tears me to pieces. Ugh! ugh! I am to thank you for that twinge, you hard-hearted old aristocratical flint-stone, I am; but why do I argue with a rank enemy to the great question? You, my wife, my daughter, my cousin Steady, and a dozen more of you, are still a pack of inveterate slaves, who are only angry at me, because I have resolved to be no longer a *tyrant*. Zounds! you are enough to make me forswear my own system, were it only for the pleasure of punishing you all as you deserve.

STATUQUO.

[*Leading* Sir John *to the chair.*] I hope the mildness of your Honour's disposition will permit your humble slave to suggest, that my Lady, your spouse, Miss Florentia, your daughter, and the other honourable personages you have mentioned, (myself not excepted,) are your Honour's best friends and counsellors, especially when they advise you to leave this confused country to its own devices, and to return to your own peaceful land and household gods.

SIR JOHN.

Household gods! household devils! and you are one of the worst of them, or you would be convinced that I have no intention but to convert *slaves* into *free men!*

STATUQUO.

In that your Honour has succeeded. Ha, ha, ha!

SIR JOHN.

And make them *equals!*

STATUQUO.

Therein hath your Honour failed a little: for, although your slaves are *free* enough of all conscience, he, he, he! inasmuch as they take what is none of their own, and make *you* do *their* dirty work, I humbly conceive them to be your Honour's *superiors.*

SIR JOHN.

We are all brothers and sisters, varlet! The world has been going on wrong almost ever since it came out of chaos — as hills and valleys are the effects of convulsions in the natural, so are distinctions of high and low the monsters of the political system. The universe ought to be one smooth plain, and " all it inherits" should be a level — level as a lawn — no inequalities — no ups or downs — no poor — no rich — no meums and tuums — no titles — no principalities — no powers — no majesty, but of the people — all one — all alike — no servants — no slaves.

STATUQUO.

He, he, he! your Honour provoketh me to laugh; for, I cannot help thinking, that, on your Honour's fine system, you would not have a kind-hearted fellow, like myself, to rub your feet, or put on these flannel wrappers. Furthermore, in a good solid fit of the gout, your Honour might die bed-ridden, while your majestic new brothers and sisters gorged away in your pantry, or got drunk in your cellar; as, in truth, has been pretty much the case ever since your Honour has been *tied by the legs*, and become the *friend of liberty*.

SIR JOHN.

'Tis false! 'tis defamation! 'tis all slander!

STATUQUO.

It is verity your Honour, 'tis the gospel of truth; and, if it had not been for Ned the butler and myself, you would not have had, by this time, a loaf or a bottle! You would have literally been swallowed up by patriots.

SIR JOHN.

So much the better—the patriots are welcome to me. I am a part of them; and only wish I had become one of them ten years ago! I had long ere this been—

STATUQUO.

In a jail or an alms-house—though, I crave pardon, not in a jail—I had forgot, the French have decreed there is to be no courts of justice—the prisons are reserved only for the lovers of their country: your Honour, therefore, could only have been in an hospital.

SIR JOHN.

Traducer, no! I should have been in the temple of liberty! and ranked amongst the noblest of those who have been the fathers of the people! O this cursed gout! at a time like this, too, when every limb should be working in the great cause of mankind! in the emancipation of the universe! in ——. See, villain, how I suffer at the cruel thought of being in fetters, chained down to this scoundrel chair, while my soul is panting for freedom.

STATUQUO.

And yet your Honour, as I said before, your case might be a great deal worse, if left to your patriot brothers and sisters; many of whom, late as it is in the morning, are taking the liberty of snoring in their beds, instead of doing, as formerly, their master's business. I do not think there is a creature up in the family, except myself, Ned Butler, and his cat.

SIR JOHN.

What's that to you? or to me? if they please themselves it is sufficient; and, as to master and servant, how often must I tell you, these vile terms are abolished. Their happiness is my only object.

STATUQUO.

In that object too has your Honour miscarried:—they are as restless, as unhappy, as much out of their place, and almost as much out of their senses, under favour, as your Honour. Here comes one who has seen as many proofs of this as myself—Honest Ned True.

SIR JOHN.

You and he are the only slaves left in my family, and are therefore welcome to leave it as soon as you please:—so get my dish of coffee, receive the message of that fellow, and take him along with you, for you are fit com-

pany only for each other:—as to the yearly accounts, they may wait. This is to be a grand day, a festival; it finishes my year of freedom; it closes the first twelvemonth of my family republicanism, and my sister Utopia is preparing to celebrate it accordingly! Worldly accounts—pounds, shillings, and pence! away with them. I will not have the lustre of this day sullied by such vulgar considerations. Avaunt, then, and bring my coffee this moment. Away.

STATUQUO.

Peradventure, your Honour forgetteth, that a compliance with your system gives you no longer any right to command; and although, seeing your Honour in such a helpless situation, I shall, from pure goodnature, certainly assist in getting your Honour a comforting dish of coffee before the public *troubles* of the day begin, I would gently hint to your honour's disposition, that I, Jasper Statuquo, being no longer—he, he, he!—either a servant or a slave, but your Honour's *equal*, what I may do for you, is to be considered wholly as an act of compassion and humanity.

SIR JOHN.

[*In a rage.*] Audacious banterer, do as I order you, this moment, or I will break your bones with my crutch. No reply—my coffee or my crutch!

Enter NED. — *Delivers Papers, bowing.*

STATUQUO.

[*To* Ned, *who is going.*] Fie, Mr. Butler, 'twas slavish to bow — you forget — you should have —

SIR JOHN.

[*Rising from his chair, then sinking with pain.*] Thrown them at my head I suppose, as I will this [*shaking his crutch*] at yours, if you do not vanish this instant, you old cragg.

STATUQUO.

Your honour's gentleness will rather increase your gout than your patriotism. — What!—displeased at a few *freedoms!* I thought, the more *liberties* we took, the better! To stand up in your chair and rave, like a mad bull at the stake —is that treating a brother like your equal? Ah! John, John, you are not half a republican, yet — he, he, he! — he, he, he! [*Exit.*

[Sir John, *with the utmost fury, throwing one of his crutches after* Statuquo.

SIR JOHN.

Slave! caitiff! dastard! traitor! tyrant! — John, John — Damnation! — The rascal has almost murdered me. — Any thing but this the gentleness of my disposition could have borne. Not half a republican, indeed!! — I, that have sold my property, my family, myself, to pro-

mote the glorious cause; — and yet — [*with an altered tone*] and yet the fellow is partly in the right, too. Why did I wince at — John, John. I should have kept my temper — I should have governed myself — I should even have joined the laugh against me. Certainly, the man who makes the *most free* is the truest patriot. I ought to practise on myself. Statuquo, without knowing it, uttered a solemn truth — The more liberties a man takes, either with the person or property of a real republican, who lives but for the public, the better. I have been to blame, but it was the fault of my distemper rather than my principles. O, here he comes again. I will make amends. — [*Re-enter* Statuquo.] Give me your hand, Statuquo; — for the future, call me John, and I will call you Jasper. We are of different opinions, as to the great question, but I know you to be an honest man, and my friend.

STATUQUO.

I trust, John, I shall live and die in the maintaining both those characters; in the mean time, the great question has so possessed the heads of your Honour's servants — I crave pardon — of your Honour's domestic-equals, that there is not an eye open in the kitchen, except True Ned's and my own: that honest fellow, however, is making the fire, and filling the kettle, while I

came to beg you would not impute any delay, in getting the stay-stomach dish of coffee, to *us*, but to the friends of the great question, now asleep — he, he, he!

SIR JOHN.

[*Aside.*] That fellow's malign *laugh*, at the end of his sarcastic remarks, is the *hardest thing* to bear, next to his cursed gravity, when he does *not* laugh, in the whole system of republics; but the habit of being hourly exposed to it will no doubt reconcile me. I ought to provoke people to abuse me. [*After struggling with himself.*] 'Tis very well, Jasper, I can wait patiently. — [*Aside.*] Look now at the rascal's muscles; every line of his ugly face is a bitter satire upon me. I could fell him to the earth, even as a woodman felleth a log. — [*Aloud and in half rage.*] You may go — I can wait patiently, I say. — [*At the top of his voice.*] Do you hear me! patiently — damnation — patiently!

STATUQUO.

Your Honour's patience equals your gentleness, and, both taken together, forceth me to he, he, he! — to he, he, he! — to laugh a little.

SIR JOHN.

[*In a conflict, between passion and patience.*] To he, he, he! does it? Come, for once, you shall miss your aim — ha, ha, ha! — you thought

to put me in a passion; but, ha, ha! I can laugh and be as merry as you — ha, ha, ha!

[Sir John *affects laughter;* Statuquo *really enjoys one of equal length and energy: In the midst of which, both are interrupted, by the entrance of a servant, who takes one of* Sir John's *great coats from off a peg, hangs it on his own shoulders, nods at his master, whistles, and exit.*

SIR JOHN.

Now I know you expect to see me in a damn'd passion; but I shall disappoint you. The fellow is welcome to my coat. — [*Aside.*] The rascal might have said, with your leave, or by your leave, to be sure; but every man has his particular manner in doing things. — [*Aloud.*] I am sorry I did not give him nod for nod, or at least tell him he was welcome, as my brother. — [*Aside.*] An impudent scoundrel; I could have broke his bones, for all that. — Yes, welcome as my own brother: what do you say to that, Mr. He—he—he!

STATUQUO.

He, he, he! I say nothing, your Honour; I only say that I have a notion — [*Goes to the other side of the stage, takes up his master's hat and gloves, puts them leisurely on, mimics the servant, and exit, laughing*] — this nice beaver of your Honour's will just fit my honest head;

and these warm woollen gloves will just cover my worthy fingers; and so, *au revoir*, good by, brother John; good by, brother John; he, he, he, he, he, he, he! [*Exit* Statuquo.

SIR JOHN.

[*Outrageous.*] You unfeeling, cold-hearted, impudent caitiff! to be bantered thus out of all reason and patience—to see one fellow walk off with my property—then another follow his saucy example — and exit with an ironical laugh, as much as to say—what an old fool is my master—s'death, this is too much—I'll—I'll—I'll——Yet is he not, [*soft'ning,*] as I said before, my *brother?*—my *equal?*—have I not adopted a glorious system, which should make me despise these prejudices? yes, yes, I see too plainly I am a tyrant still; my blood still rebels; I am not yet half a patriot;—well, I live in hope that a little more impudence from those beneath my notice may complete the reform in my nature.—I could have found it in my heart to have nailed the hat to his "honest" old scull, for all that—instead of which I ought to, to——Hey-day!—what, more? my wife—and daughter. This is a trial indeed. If possible, they shall not perceive I have been put out of temper.—O for a little of Jasper's provoking gravity now.—Apropos;—good time to see what Ned has brought me. [*Takes up the*

dispatches.] Hah! from my friend, neighbour, and cousin, Sir Thomas Steady. Let us see what he has to say.

Enter LADY *and* MISS AIRCASTLE.

[Sir John *reads.*—*They listen.*]

"My dear old friend,

"This is but the momentary *avant courier* of the writer, who hastens to leave a land which is no longer a fit abode for an honest man."

SIR JOHN.

I thought so.—[*Reads.*] "A faithful subject—a lover of order—of the laws—and of religion."

SIR JOHN.

[*Whew—whistles—then reads.*] "I mean to go home by way of Havre, and if the heart of my old friend, relation, and neighbour, Sir John Aircastle, is filled with the same sentiments, he will joyfully accompany me to that country, where it is our privilege and inheritance to avow them.—Meantime, with due respects to your good Lady and Miss Florentia, I am, &c.

THOMAS STEADY."

SIR JOHN.

So, so—a very pretty treasonable correspondence I am holding here with a rank enemy of the republic. He supposes I shall go back to

England with him, does he? — By the by — I am in some doubt whether I ought not to have him put in a state of arrestation.—He is my relation, 'tis true; — but what are friends or family to the great cause I have espoused. — Moderation has nearly been its bane. — A true patriot should be able to tie the halter round the neck of his own child, whom he found rebellious to the republic; — or shoot his wife through the head with his own hand, if he but *suspected* her of aristocracy.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

[*Coming forward.*] Did you ever hear such a cruel monster! — What is that you say, Sir John? — that you would murder your own wife and child for being true to the king who rules, the laws who protect, and the country which gave them birth! — Is that your fine new doctrine?

SIR JOHN.

Lady Aircastle — no more about kings; — the word makes me sick. — I suppose you know what Sir Thomas Steady has written, as well as myself?

LADY AIRCASTLE.

I do; — and hope you mean forthwith to comply with that sensible man's advice, by returning to your native shore. Flory and my-

self have our trunks in readiness. 'Tis high time to go.

SIR JOHN.

Go back!—No, Madam, till the eyes of my poor purblind country are a little more opened; —and, as the man in the play says,

> "There are spirits this hour at work,
> Fit to reform the ills of all mankind!"

—till I can return with full powers, and be armed with all the Rights of Man;—till, moreover, the affairs of this Republic, so gloriously begun, are a little more fixed and more in order.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

In *disorder* you mean, Sir John.—I was in hope a year's experience of this dreadful expense, folly, and absurdity, would have cured you; instead of which—

SIR JOHN.

I'll tell you what, Lady Aircastle, you know the gentleness of my disposition;—but damn it, Madam, if you vex me—if you think to govern—if you mean any longer to play the tyrant—

LADY AIRCASTLE.

The gentleness of a torrent, you mean; a torrent that flings its noise and froth wherever it

goes;—and, hey-day! what is the meaning of all this?—the tea-things not yet set! nor the least preparation for breakfast, at this time of day!—I suppose you call *this* order, Sir John?

SIR JOHN.

No, Madam, 'tis liberty;—and though I am as hungry as a hunter, I glory in it.—The republicans of the family (*mes frères*) are not yet out of bed.—I will not have them disturbed—though we were all to starve.—Every man in my house shall do as he likes.—'Tis my system.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

"Your system"—your nonsense, your madness, is it not?—not out of bed!—not disturbed!—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows!—Udd—I'll ring such a peal in their ears;—but it is all your fault, Sir John. Meals that, in the good old mansion-house, used to be to a moment—servants who were regular as clocks——

SIR JOHN.

Clocks!—don't mention them, Madam,—they are traitors; the vile instruments of the old constitution; they would call about them, forsooth, and command.—Zoons, I'll have the whole house unhung—all the clocks and bells shall be turned into bullets and balls to annoy the enemies, and not to disturb the friends, of

the republic,—No more ringing in this house, I promise you.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

[*Running to the bell and pulling the cord violently.*] Not ring! not ring! not ring! not ring!—ring, ring, ring.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

[*Aside, to her mother.*] Let me beseech you, dear Madam, to humour him.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

[*Throws herself into a chair, in disorder.*] Humour him—He'll ruin us, child.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

At least do not oppose him for the moment. —See here's a cloth ready.—[*Laying the cloth.*] I'll spread it myself, and see about breakfast, in a moment.

SIR JOHN.

That's great;—that's noble;—that's republican.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

I suppose it is according to the *dignity of man*, you talk so much of—that you suffer your servants to lie in bed, and your wife and daughter to do the work of the house.

SIR JOHN.

Servants—I have none;—that tyranny, thank heaven, is past! and, as to my *ci-devant* slaves, now my friends, I think it becomes a

man's own family, rather than his friends, to see after household affairs;—and, as to breakfast, it was last night settled, by secret committee,—that, on this day, being the anniversary of my little republic, we were to celebrate it from morning to night, as a free people ought.—You, Madam, thought fit to absent yourself, as usual, or you would have heard the decrees which passed on that occasion; but, that you may not pretend ignorance, I will mention to you some of the articles.

Decreed,—that, from this day, those who have passed their lives in idleness, shall begin to do something for themselves.—2dly, That, after having got for ourselves a preliminary dish of coffee, to stay the stomach, we should repair into the great garden, now called the *garden of equality*, and there partake of a republican collation, which my sister Utopia is preparing for us.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

That woman, Sir John, has done more than the whole French nation towards turning your head; and, as to your republican collation, neither I or your daughter will go, I promise you.

SIR JOHN.

Woman, remember I am your husband.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

I thought, Sir, people were to follow their inclinations, according to the new code;—but, perhaps, there may be a clause in favour of a man's tyranny over his wife.

SIR JOHN.

No, my Lady, but there is a power given him to punish her for treason to the republic; and let me tell you, Madam, by the laws of antient Rome, a wife would be——

Enter NED, *hastily*.

NED.

Please your honour, Sir Thomas Steady and family have just driven into the court-yard, and I ran up to know whether you would please to receive them in your chamber, or in any other apartment.

SIR JOHN.

I do not please to receive them any where.—They are disaffected—they are traitors—I am not at home, Ned—I am out of humour—[*Wheeling about his chair*]—I am out of the world.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Out of your senses, you mean. Not receive your best friends—your next-door neighbours—not see Sir Thomas Steady!

MISS AIRCASTLE.

Nor — nor — nor Mr. Val — Val — Val — Valentine Steady, papa?

SIR JOHN.

Mr. Val—Val—Val.—No Miss Stammer, nor Mr. Valentine Steady either;—and, what is more, on pain of a father's curse, I forbid you to hear, see, or speak, to that young traitor, whose principles are worse even than his father's. —Wheel me off, Ned.—No—I forgot—you are a damn'd traitor too. O that I was as sound in my body as my soul. I would this moment give half I am worth in the world, for a month's freedom of this cruel leg! To be laid by the heels at such a time—Zoons, [*Noise without.*] I hear them coming up stairs. I shall be surrounded by aristocrates.—Is there nobody will assist me to escape?—My butler, my wife, my daughter, all in a conspiracy against me.—By the Rights of Man, I'll not see the fellow;—I have plenty of malcontents in my own family. I'll get out of his way, though I were to lose my great toe and the foot it grows upon, in the effort.—[*Tries to wheel himself off, and rages to perceive it is labour in vain.*]—*Vive la*—udd, how my toe tugs at me;—'tis a traitor, like the rest of my family; *vive la republique.*—S'death the bones are surely cracking; *vive le na—na*—(I am half mad with pain)—*vive le nation.*

MISS AIRCASTLE.

[*Weeping.*] Suffer me, my dear Sir, to assist you, since your resolution is so firmly taken, not to converse with those who so truly value you.

[*She tries to wheel him;* NED *comes behind, gives her a letter, and assists, unseen.*

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Flory, you encourage him in these shocking vagaries.—For my part, I shall fly to receive the whole family; and, as an insulted wife, shall seek redress from my countryman and friend.

SIR JOHN.

[*Rubbing his legs.*] *Vive la—la—republique!—vive le nation! vive la liberté!*

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

Scene changes to a large Saloon, turned into a Kitchen, in SIR JOHN'S *House.—Several Servants are discovered sleeping near a large Fire, others half dressed.—The Room is hung with emblematical Pictures; a Fellow pasting them on the Wall.*

FIRST SERVANT.

Ha, ha, ha! this is just a touch of the

times.—The world turned upside down.—Ha, ha!—here is the man driving the master, the maid laying her broom on the head of the mistress for laziness.—Heigho, 'tis plaguy troublesome, tho', to stick them up.—I'll e'en lay down and take the other nap, and, perhaps, after being refreshed, I shall be able to finish my work. —Since [*stretching and yawning*] I—I—became a do-as-I-like-man—all sort of trouble has disagreed with me. [*Yawning.*]—Fai—fa—faith—I am become rather troublesome to myself. [*Lies down.*

[*Clock strikes twelve.*]

SECOND SERVANT.

[*Starting from sleep, in his night-cap, &c.*] Hold your tongue, babbler—no noise—*times* are altered.—They were made for *slaves.*—No noise, I say—we are free men.—Heigho—I'm consumedly tired.——

Enter COACHMAN DICK.

Ha, brother Richard—up already!

DICK.

No; I walk in my sleep.

WILL FOOTMAN.

[*Unrolls himself from a carpet.*] I have had enough, this bout.

DICK.

Why, thou art rolled up like a bale of goods. Where didst get that brave carpet, my boy?

WILL.

[*Rising.*] Made *free* to take it out of the little parlour—all alike—like master, like man, you know, now, my boys. Yes, I left my bed about the usual hour; and, finding I had nothing to do, I threw a few faggots on the fire, got into my carpet, and lay like a bug in a rug. —By the by, this *nothingtodoishness* is a rare life, my boys, only a little fatiguing. I now begin to wonder how—[*stretches*] gentlefolks have contrived to get through the world these thousand years.

DICK.

Slept more than one-half their time, my dear boy, and not been half awake the other.

SECOND SERVANT.

Aye, things have gone wrong a plaguy while; but, betwixt sleeping and waking, we shall set all to rights presently.

THIRD SERVANT.

[*Lifting up his head from a bed in a corner of the room.*] Messmates, don't you forget this is the day in which the folks of the parlour wait upon the kitchen. Suppose we lie in bed all day—sleeping seems to me the best thing *we* get by the revolution.—S'life, a pretty difference this from getting up at four in the morning, and sleeping over the stables; hearing the horses crunch all night, as was the case, while I was

groom and serving-man. What say you, gentlemen, is sleep the word? if so, let every man take to his bed, cot, or rug, and let him that wakes first *forfeit:* decree—sleep the order of the day.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! well said George; a pleasant proposal.

WILL.

Pleasant enough; but I *denounce it*, as it would encourage idleness in the parlour gentry, and I have a fine game to play with *their ci-devant honours*, I promise you. We'll see how they will manage the pots and pans, plates and dishes.

DICK.

Ha, ha, ha! that will be better than sleep, which we can take at any time—*Will Footman* is a wit, and we depute him *commissary*, as our French brothers call it. What say you, is it *nem con?*

ALL.

Nem con. ha, ha, ha! *Will* shall be commissary of the revels, and we will have *our* fête as well as Madam Utopia.

[*A bell rings—all start up in a rage.*

WILL.

Hoity-toity, who the devil presumes to ring the bell?

DICK.

At this unconscionable hour?

WILL.

I heard it before; it waked me out of my sleep.

GEORGE GROOM.

And me—"for which, if I forget it—"

[*Bell rings more violently.*

SECOND SERVANT.

Again!—Peace, traitor!

WILL.

A motion—a motion—brothers.—As we cannot guillotine that noisy fellow, I move, that the next time it attempts to command us to go here and there, that we pull its tongue out of its head. What say you, brothers, is it agreed?

ALL.

Agreed—agreed.

WILL.

[*Takes out a pocket-book and writes.*] I'll make a minute of it—there—[*reads.*]—*decreed*, that, in order to shew our disdain of all authority, and the antient instruments thereof, the next time one of its infamous agents, commonly called a bell, dares to attempt ringing a peal in *our* ears—[*Bell rings with yet greater violence.*]—there—there's impudence for you!

ALL.

Down—down with all tyrants!

WILL.

[*Catches at the wire.*] Out with the traitor's tongue; here I have him by the throat—[*catches at the clapper*] now for it.

DICK.

Here's the great hall poker, by way of a hammer.

ALL.

Out with him—out with him—no orders—no commands—confusion to bells.

WILL.

Here it is my boys—huzza—huzza.—So may the tongue of every tyrant, who would bring us again to obedience and slavery, fall to the ground, "like a dead dog, despised," as the poet says.—Huzza—huzza.—And now I'll sing you a song that I made last night—[*takes a paper from his pocket.*]

ALL.

Bravo—bravo—now for Will's new song.

Enter STATUQUO, *the Steward, at one Door, and* NED TRUE, *the Butler, at another.*

WILL.

[*Theatrically.*] Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—Be thou a goblin damn'd or ——

STATUQUO.

What, varlets, are ye all dead?—don't ye hear my Lady?—Is breakfast and dinner to be run together to-day?

NED.

Is Sir Thomas Steady and the good family to rub down their own horses, and get their own breakfast?

WILL.

Yes.

DICK.

Yes.

FIRST SERVANT.

Yes.

SECOND SERVANT.

Yes.

THIRD SERVANT.

Yes.

ALL.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, to the end of the chapter.

DICK.

Unless you have a mind, like a low-spirited fellow as you are, to wait upon them yourself.

WILL.

[*Seizing on* Statuquo.] A good hint; these are the two willing asses, gentlemen-brothers, who are in love with their burdens; load them. We are to have the fête of Madam Utopia, in the great garden, you know. These slaves are come just in time to bear a hand with the things.

ALL.

[*Seizing on and loading* Statuquo *and* Ned.] Good, good, good.

FIRST SERVANT.

Here's the tea-urns to begin with; the heaters, as they have not been yet in the fire, will lie snug in one of the steward's pockets.

SECOND SERVANT.

And this faggot, with that log, will help to make them hot.

THIRD SERVANT.

This old black kettle, who has been, like himself, a slave of the family these twelve months——

DICK.

And this scuttle of coals, will finish the fire-arms.

WILL.

Master butler shall carry the tea-board, this basket of plates and dishes, this case of knives, and the bread-basket;—and, if the *good company* want any thing more, they may come and fetch it *themselves*.—Ha, ha, ha!

DICK.

Ha, ha, ha! the old asses between their panniers. Go along slaves. I beg pardon, brothers.

WILL.

And tell Sir John and my Lady, and Sir Thomas, that, if they were here, we would shew them the same civility.

DICK.

No, not Sir John.

WILL.

Damn it, no *Sirring*.

DICK.

I stand corrected. Tell brother Jack (who is one of us) that he is a fine fellow. Huzza! liberty for ever — all equal — all alike!

STATUQUO.

[*Bending under his burden, and going.*] Mighty fine, gentlemen.

NED.

[*Bending also.*] Pretty behaviour.

WILL.

If you do not make haste, brothers —

STATUQUO.

[*Going.*] What! I suppose you do not call this tyranny?

NED.

No, but 'tis liberty.

WILL.

I say, if you do not make haste, we will bridle and saddle you, and ride ye off at a long trot.

STATUQUO.

[*To* Ned.] Let us hasten ourselves, since it must be so: that Will-Footman is wicked enough to *do* the worst he *says*. Make the best of your way out.

NED.

[*Hastening.*] Sad times, Mr. Statuquo.

[*Exeunt* Statuquo *and* Ned.

Aos. 2

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha! but the song, the song.

WILL.

Well, then, as the crooked-back fellow in the plays says, "Born for your use, I live but to obey you." You must all bear a bob.

GARDENER.

Aye, aye, he that does not is a traitor; for I know it is a *free* song if Will made it.

WILL.

Yes, yes, it takes a few *liberties*, I promise you, just as a patriotical poet ought: now for it. [Will *sings*.

SONG.

1.

My song is a sort of *Sans-Culotte* club,
And I lift it to lend a republican rub,
HAIL FELLOW! WELL MET! is the title it bears,
And it gives *ci-divants* a good box of the ears:
Like mistress, like maid, like master, like man,
For HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY now is the plan.

Chorus.—Like mistress, like maid, &c. &c.

2.

In the day of our bondage we slaved night and day,
And worked the whole week that our tyrants might
play,

'Twas go here and go there at a nod or a wink,
Scarce a moment allowed us for victuals or drink;
But times now are altered, our tyrants may bawl,
Now we do as we like, we'll do nothing at all:
The maid is the mistress, the master's the man,
For HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY now is the plan.

Chorus.—The maid is the mistress, &c. &c.

3.

When our EX-NOBLE great folks, Sir Matthews and Lukes,
The *ci-divant* barons, and lordships, and dukes,
Bade the little ones run for't, ecod they must fly,
For the great were the porpoises, we the small fry;
But our Carmagnol brothers have kindly *decreed*,
The porpoise to starve that the gudgeon may feed:
The maid is the mistress, the master the man,
For HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY now is the plan.

Chorus.—The maid is the mistress, &c. &c.

4.

We're told *all are equal*, so let the joke pass,
'Tis the first time I heard that the horse was the ass,
Par exemple, my boys, since we sleep like a pig,
The lord and fine lady must labour and dig—
To Tom, Dick, and Harry, must cap-in-hand fall,
For the world's a FREE HOUSE where there's no servants' hall:
Where the maid is the mistress, the master the man,
For HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY now is the plan.

Chorus.—Where the maid is the mistress, &c. &c.

5.

Your patriots are fine little fellows, but sly,
They *up* with the lowly and *down* with the high,
The mountain they bring to the valley I own,
But the valley's the king, and the mountain's the throne;
From its summit, though proud and majestic of yore,
The tit-mouse shall sway, though so tiny before;
Then *we* mice are the gainers, deny it who can,
Since HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY first was the plan.

Chorus.—Then we mice are the, &c. &c.

ALL.

Yes, we are the gainers, sure enough. Ha, ha, ha! no hills — no holes — down with the mountains — up with the valleys! Huzza! bravo — bravissimo! liberty and wicked Will for ever! Let's carry him into the garden, in triumph.

[*They take* Will *on their shoulders, and exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Another Apartment in SIR JOHN'S *House.—*
Enter LADY AIRCASTLE, SIR THOMAS STEADY, VALENTINE, NED, *and* STATUQUO.

SIR THOMAS.

NOT see an old friend and neighbour after so long an absence, and between whose families a treaty of alliance is on foot? Those are hard lines, indeed, my Lady; his *jacobin fever* must possess him with a vengeance. What say you to this, Val?

VALENTINE.

That I am half distracted, Sir; for Mr. Statuquo informs me, he has strictly forbid the adorable Florentia either to see or speak to me, and keeps her a close prisoner in her chamber.

SIR THOMAS.

A choice system of liberty this, but 'tis all of a piece with the rest of the French nonsense; yet, as Sir John has, at the bottom, a fund of good sense, though frequently run away with by his imagination, I should hope—

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Pray consider his actions as those of a man in a delirium. Did I not console myself with this thought, I should look on his ingratitude to you, and his cruelty to me, as most unpardonable.

STATUQUO.

My business with his Honour this morning was to shew him, upon paper, that he might have carried a contested election in his own country, or, what is better, fitted out a regiment to defend it, at less cost than he has been at, for the entertainment of his new brothers and sisters. Sir John has a numerous family now, and keeps open house for the whole republic. A sharp-set Frenchman could *always* play a pretty good knife and fork at other people's cost, your Honour knows; but, from a French patriot, authorized to put his fingers in EVERY BODY'S pie—

SIR THOMAS.

Good Lord deliver us!

VALENTINE.

[*After walking about in distress.*] Heavens, Sir, what is to be done? 'Tis very strange my Florentia did not inform us, by letter, of these mad doings; we might then have been provided with the means of——

LADY AIRCASTLE.

You forget that the fear of the guillotine, and the *terror of the day*, which, in case of one imprudent expression, would have carried death to friends and lovers, were constantly before the poor girl's eyes: you forget, too, there have been issued the most bloody edicts against every tender emotion of nature, and every honest passion of the heart; and that to avow these is to incite and brave not only our own destruction, but that of all who are dear! Our hearts yearned to write, but our hands were chained.

STATUQUO.

I warned her Ladyship and my young mistress of this danger, very early in the business — indeed, so soon as I perceived my poor master was first taken with this new French plague.

VALENTINE.

You did what you ought, Mr. Steward; but could my Florentia have been preserved, and could the hazard have involved only myself, methinks I should have thought the treasure of a letter from her dear hand cheaply purchased with my head.

NED.

[*Taking* Valentine *aside, and speaking so as not to be heard by the rest of the company.*]

Your head is much better where it is, 'Squire; and, as for a letter, if I was an usurer, or a patriot, now, it would be a fine opportunity to turn a penny; for, having had the good fortune to deliver, unseen, the letter Mr. Spruce confided to me, I have been in luck also to receive, unobserved, notwithstanding her imprisonment, this answer. [*Takes a packet from his bosom.*] I should suppose your Honour would *like its contents*, for it feels nice and comfortable, does it not? I declare it has quite warmed my heart; and, unless it were to warm your's, I don't think I could part with it. There 'Squire — [*gives the letter.*]

VALENTINE.

[*In rapture, shakes* Ned's *hand, leaps on his neck, kneels, then rises.*] I could fall down and worship thee; 'tis from Florentia! My soul acknowledges the characters. — [*Kisses the letter, and retires to the further end of the stage to read it.*]

SIR THOMAS.

Hey-day, I fear Val is possessed, too —— Why, Val, what art dancing about, and getting into a corner for?

NED.

Only something I gave the young 'Squire for a pain he complained of in his breast, and he is gone to apply it to the part affected, that's all,

your Honour. Lord, what a comfort I feel now; I can go and finish in the stables, purely. [*Exit* Ned.

SIR THOMAS.

A pain in the head! the poor boy has been subject to it of late.

STATUQUO.

I fear it is near the young gentleman's HEART —he, he, he! I remember the time when I was troubled with such pains myself, he, he, he! I must go and prepare the accounts for his Honour's inspection. [*Exit* Statuquo.

SIR THOMAS.

Well, but this fit of jacobinism, that's a worse distemper by half. To what lengths has it gone, my Lady!

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Almost to our ruin. I am ashamed to tell you how far. He invited his servants over from England, and, on the evening of their arrival, addressed them thus: "I have sent for you here, to take off your fetters—to make you free men and free women—to share with you my house and fortune, and to partake the charms and benefits of this *land of liberty.* Henceforth you are my brothers—equal in rank and pretensions; I can atone for the tyranny of the past, only by the freedom you will enjoy in future. This is the last moment of your servitude!"

SIR THOMAS.

How did they take this?

LADY AIRCASTLE.

At first, they seemed at a loss to understand it. Some thought he meant, herein, a reproach, for neglect, and took this bantering way to chide and then dismiss them: others, that he was gone out of his senses. Not one entered into his idea, in the spirit of gravity with which it was broached; for, though they had heard, that the French were committing all manner of excesses, about liberty, their notions were so confined, their fears and hate so strong, of the French *themselves*, that the greatest instance, perhaps, they could possibly give of their attachment to their master, and the family, was trusting themselves in this country; and, indeed, one of them (your favourite, and whose fidelity is still uncorrupted, True Ned, the butler, the honest fellow who has just left the room) represented that he had been the instigator of the servants undertaking the voyage, thinking the good family had got into some *hobble*, in France, and might be rescued out of the paws of the French Parley-vous, by their joint efforts; else he should not have persuaded them to come over, for that he neither liked the country or the people; and that, so far from *living* amongst them, or becoming

one of their *gang*, he would die as he was born, a true British subject!

SIR THOMAS.

I always remarked in that fellow one of those minds and understandings, which preclude the necessity of education to give either grace or energy to virtue. But, my poor friend, how ended this folly?

LADY AIRCASTLE.

The liberty allowed them, of being *useless*, notwithstanding these assurances, sat aukward upon them a long time. They could not easily forget that they had been educated to industry, that they had long served one of the best of masters; or, that they had derived their *happiness*, no less than their livelihood, as a virtuous effect of those honest causes. Some of them, mechanically, pursued the business of the day; till, in the end, the influence of surrounding examples, the habit of seeing honest servitude exchanged for rapacious indolence or active seductive wickedness, and the frequent instances of violated virtue, of murdered innocence, and every other abomination against decency, nature, religion, and the laws; and all these, again, sanctioned by their infatuated master, who, although a prisoner in his gouty chair, refused the least service,

and even received the help he was obliged to accept, from Ned and the steward, thanklessly: all this, I say, obliterated, by degrees, the sense of what they *should be*, the memory of what they *had been*, and reconciled them, at last, to the *madness of the times*. They are now almost as distracted, as worthless, as Sir John *wishes them to be*. Nevertheless, I think I can perceive——

VALENTINE.

[*Comes down the stage.*] Ah, my dear Sir! O, Lady Aircastle! I am so happy—so miserable—so——

SIR THOMAS.

What a plague, dancing yet, Val? He has caught it, sure enough. I must have thee chained, boy.

VALENTINE.

Chained!—I am, Sir, thank heaven, I am chained. O! may I never again be free! The adorable Florentia has written me *such a letter!*

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Rosy fetters; hey, Mr. Valentine; but you must be more circumspect. Do you know, that, so far from *love and friendship* being here, in a land of *liberty*, they are in danger of ruin and misery, from a word, a look, or a whisper. There is a *decree* against love himself. The vices only are free in this country, now; and,

did even my own husband know how long we have been talking together against his new faith, I am by no means certain he would not pack us all off in a cart, (the only conveyance of worth and loyalty, now-a-days,) for the revolutionary tribunal!

SIR THOMAS.

Indeed! Then I find an honest man must be as fearful of doing what is right and conscientious, in France, as of committing actions that merit the gallows, in Old England.

VALENTINE.

The gallows, Sir! Were the New Forest, and all the other woods of the British nation, to be cut down, and turned into gibbets, and were fifty fellows hung in each halter, there would be still wanting a piece of honest timber to hang up the last rogue! To shew his patriotism, a man must now desolate his country!

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Hush — hush — you know not the peril we are in. Let us withdraw to a more secure apartment. I thank heaven you are come, while I have still left the privilege of giving accommodation to a friend: and you must want both rest and refreshment.

SIR THOMAS.

And this is the boasted freedom, for which so much treasure has been purloined! so much

guiltless blood shed! for which the blameless ruler of the realm was martyred, and his hapless family destroyed!!! Honest people are constrained to hide their affections, and their most honourable attachments, in holes and corners, and all the virtues of the land have been forced to *emigrate*; while, under the specious names of patriotism, civism, and republicanism, with the majestic sovereignty of the people, tyrany, assassination, murder, sacrilege, and every other crime go *free*, nay, are rewarded. In the French revolution, my Lady, the proverb is falsified: A good beginning has there degenerated in progress, and must be accursed in the end. Let us hasten, then, my friend, to the country where integrity may assert itself, and where only turpitude need to shun the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SIR JOHN'S *Bedchamber.*

SIR JOHN.

[*He is folding a letter he has been writing.*] This I think will answer the purpose. [*Calls in a loud and commanding voice.*] Florentia! Florentia! Zoons, with what an authoritative

voice am I bawling! The Grand Seignor, or the Pope of Rome, could not halloo more like a tyrant, were he bellowing out one of his bulls! See the cruel prejudice of education: I have been so long used to summon my slaves about me, and to have them come at the word of command, that I cannot easily get rid of my old wicked habits. I'll try again, [*softening his tone,*] Flory — daughter — Flory [*still softer*] please to come here. Damn it, that's almost fawning, and inconsistent too, when I am angry with her. [*Calls in a voice that affects a medium, which makes the sound ludicrous.*] Once more, something between both—Flory—Florentia — Child — z'bud, that's ridiculous. But, after all, why don't she come? *None* of the *tones* fetch her, I see, —a—young—stubborn — sullen — silent — slut; —just like her mother—indeed, just like the whole sex. —A plague of the women, *they* were always for monarchy. They would, all of them, to a petticoat, be " queens for life! Very true, indeed, Alexander Pope—thou deservest to be the first in thine own *Temple of Fame*, were it only for being the author of that truism!—But where is the girl, all this time?—not come! not fly at the *order* of her father!—There's disobedience—there's treason for you!

[*At the utmost pitch of authority.*] Why—Florentia—Florentia—tormentor—traitor—I say—

Enter MISS AIRCASTLE.

SIR JOHN.

I thought, Miss, that I was your father; and that I had a right to be instantly obeyed in all my orders.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

And so, my dear papa, you have; and obedience has ever been my delight: but a most violent head-ache had sunk me on the sofa, from which, after many efforts, I found it impossible to raise myself till this moment; and now not without difficulty.

SIR JOHN.

[*Tenderly.*] The head-ache—Poor Flory—had I known that, I would not have called so loud, nor shouldst thou have been confined to that closet. What can I do for thee, my poor suffering girl? Where lies the pain—[*kisses her forehead and temples, and passes his hand gently over them*]—in this fair forehead, or in these pretty temples?

MISS AIRCASTLE.

In those accents, in that caress, there is relief, Sir. [*Weeping.*] I am well now;—indeed I am; and thus, on my grateful knees, must kiss the hand that cured me. [*Kneels.*]

SIR JOHN.

As much gratitude as you please, but no kneeling;—damn it, no kneeling. Do nothing, Flory, unworthy the daughter of a republican! —Ah, Florentia, could I but once bring you to feel the force, the virtue, the divinity of that sacred character, you would be precious to me indeed!

MISS AIRCASTLE.

Continue this kindness, Sir, and I will be any thing you please;—at least, I will endeavour to be all you wish me, and yield up every thing to your laws.

SIR JOHN.

Laws, dear girl, I have none, but those of nature, liberty, and reason;—the three divinities which now govern this, at last, blessed country!

MISS AIRCASTLE.

And, surely, I have never been disposed to rebel against these. I was taught, early, even by your gracious self, to consider them as natives of our *own* happy isle;—or, at least, that *there* they had fixed their seats of "dearest residence;"—and, next to the great bestower of them, they have had my earliest, and, I trust they will continue to have, my latest worship.

SIR JOHN.

Our own isle!—what, Great Britain!——I

thought so once, but the opinion was imposed on me, child,—"just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," says the poet.—I had heard in the nursery, almost in the cradle, of *British liberty*; at school, I read of it; the newspapers were crammed with it; the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, resounded with it.—I soon, therefore, supposed *I was born free.*

MISS AIRCASTLE.

And were you not, Sir?

SIR JOHN.

No, I was a slave! I was under the constraint of a thousand tyrants; and one greater than all the rest, who impudently put himself at the head of them, and falsely called himself the father of the people.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

And did not his protection of their persons, and their property, from all invaders, even *from himself* (should he dare to abuse *their* delegated trust) entitle him to that character?

SIR JOHN.

Yes, just as much as the whale, who gorges on all he meets, is the protector of the shoals which he swallows.—A whale is a tyrant of the waters, and a king is a tyrant of the dry land; with this difference in criminality, that the first lives innocently, because naturally, upon fishes; and

the other most *unnaturally*, and therefore most wickedly, upon his fellow-creatures.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

Nay, as to that papa, are not fish the fellow-creatures of this same innocent whale?

SIR JOHN.

True, Miss Sophistry, but the fishes have not reason; and, in the proper use of *that*, consists the majesty of man.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

Were I not fearful of offending my dearest father, (for whose understanding I have the profoundest reverence,) I should venture to observe, in this place, that even *he* cannot be more proud of that majestic distinction of humanity than his daughter; but to what better use can it be applied, than to form a mild, yet manly government, where all orders of men are prosperous, and in their *proper places;* where the rights of the highest are not more sacred, or more inviolate, than those of the most lowly; and where the divinities, (or if that appear to some too strong a term,) the moralities, justly venerated by my father, enter so *vitally* into the spirit of the constitution, that whatever law violates against either nature, liberty, or reason, has been invariably opposed by the people—(you see clearly I can mean only the *truly* majestic people of England)—and have never

subsisted long enough to do any essential injury.—Generally, indeed, such laws, and the projectors of them, have been buried under the same ruins.

Enter MRS. UTOPIA *hastily, with a Red Cap on her Head; national Cockade pinned to her Breast; and otherwise fantastically dressed.*

UTOPIA.

Infamous traitress! young, but subtle serpent! I have heard it all.—I have opposed all the patience, the generous indignation of my nature, that I might traverse the extent of your sophistry.—These are the fruits of your fine mother's and lover's lessons, are they? and the silly *books* you are so fond of reading, in a hundred volumes of which there is no more solid sense, truth, or argument, than there is sterling silver in a Prussian penny:—the liberty and reason of *England*, forsooth! in what does it consist, but in taxing us from top to toe, in making us pay for the eyes we see with, and the head upon our shoulders? I wonder, brother, you have heard her nonsense so long.

SIR JOHN.

I have so long heard her, sister Utopia, because I have perceived that, although nonsense it was, there is stuff enough about that girl's

understanding to make an excellent republican; if we could once persuade her to be *one of us*— and I am not without my hopes, that a farther acquaintance with the great question and the excellent system which now unites us may bring her about.

UTOPIA.

[*Proudly.*] Since she has been *my despair* these six months, I do not see how she can reasonably be *your hope*, brother.—For my part, I have no more time to lose about traitors, in my own family, or elsewhere.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

Suffer me to retire, Sir. [*As she passes,* Sir John *presses her hand.*]

[*Exit* Miss Aircastle *into the closet.*

UTOPIA.

I came to inform you, that such a number of people, from the town and places adjacent, have been so good to drop in, just to look about them, (while I have been making preparations,) and wishing for tea, coffee, and other little refreshments, during the taking which, conversation so animated, on the great and glorious subject, that I find it best to postpone our *regalia* a few hours longer, and, instead of a breakfast, make it a dinner.

SIR JOHN.

A dinner!—will not that be rather too——

UTOPIA.

Too, what!—expensive, I suppose!—you mean soul'd man!—*You* a republican!—I'll pay for it myself. [*She flings out of the room.*

SIR JOHN.

There's an air, now, for a woman who cannot pay for a frying-pan.—So I am not only to lose my breakfast, but to be scolded for it into the bargain! I had reserved my appetite, too, on purpose. Could I but walk into the pantry, now, I feel that I could clear it.—And I have forgot to send off my letter to——Flory, my love—Flory.—[*Tenderly.*]

Re-enter MISS AIRCASTLE.

[*Running to him.*

MISS AIRCASTLE.

My dearest papa! [*Embracing.*]

SIR JOHN.

That woman's fury has prevented me from—[*aside*] and yet I cannot send it by her, either. [*To her.*] Ring the bell, love.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

It has been your pleasure to order the bells to be all taken down, you know, Sir,

SIR JOHN,

So it has; but methinks they might have left one; while I have the gout, too.—How the

devil else can I——but no matter, 'tis perhaps best.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

Shall I step to the stair-head, and call, Sir?

SIR JOHN.

[*Hesitates.*] Hey—*call.* Is there any body within hearing, think you?

MISS AIRCASTLE.

Should there not be, if I am honoured by your *commands*, I——

SIR JOHN.

There she goes again. How often must I tell you, Florentia, that I have no *commands.*

MISS AIRCASTLE.

If I knew your *wishes,* then, Sir, I would fly to obey.

SIR JOHN.

Obey!

MISS AIRCASTLE.

[*Correcting her expression.*] To accomplish them.

SIR JOHN.

[*Suspiciously.*] Yes—but—then——

MISS AIRCASTLE.

[*Seeming to understand him.*] No, indeed, Sir—I pledge my honour, I will not seek—or, if met by hazard, *speak* to any person, (though the dearest to my heart,) while in the performance of the office you are so good to assign me.

SIR JOHN.

Well, then, you may see if you can find any of the *servants*—pshaw! I mean, I would speak to somebody.

[Miss Aircastle *bows, and runs to the door.*

SIR JOHN.

If that girl could think as I do, she were an angel.

Re-enter Miss Aircastle, *followed by* Ned, *with a Tray and Plates, covered.*

MISS AIRCASTLE.

I met Mr. Ned, the butler, at the door, who, I am sure, will be happy to serve you, Sir.

SIR JOHN.

[*Aside.*] Rather be obliged to any body else, but cannot help it. First, what have you got there? [*To* Ned.]

NED.

Something comfortable for Miss Aircastle, Sir. I understood she was not to come down stairs; and, as Madam Utopia has put off the breakfast till dinner, and as, for aught I know, the dinner may be prorogued till supper, my Lady and I imagined that a few sweetmeats, biscuits, &c. which escaped from the jaws of the *patriots*, (I crave pardon, Sir,) might be acceptable.

[Miss Aircastle *lifts up one of the covers, half shrieks, and again closes it.*

SIR JOHN.

What's the matter, child, has he brought you a mouse?

MISS AIRCASTLE.

[*Composing herself, retires a little behind her father's chair, takes a letter from under the cover, puts it in her pocket, and then trips forward.*] A mouse, no, papa; but I—I overheard you wishing for something to eat, and—and—and the joy of—of—of seeing so many nice things quite overpowered me. See, Sir, is not this delightful? That's right Mr. Ned—that little table will just do.

SIR JOHN.

If I had not been hungry, I *must* have eaten to please you, Flory. Come, then: meantime, will you carry this letter where it is directed, Edward?

NED.

This moment, Sir.

[*Takes the letter, and exit.*

[Sir John *and* Miss Aircastle *sit at the table.*

Enter STATUQUO *with a Bundle of Papers.*

SIR JOHN.

[*Eating.*] Who sent for you, Sir?

STATUQUO.

My duty: I am come with a bundle ——

SIR JOHN.

Of complaints, I suppose, as usual. [*Eating.*]

STATUQUO.

Your Honour is pleased to be mistaken, I am charged only with a bundle of *wants*—all which, Madam Utopia informs me, must be forthwith supplied, since 'tis for the *public good*, or, more correctly speaking, for the *good of the public.*

SIR JOHN.

[*Eating heartily, drinking occasionally.*] If that is the case, name them.

STATUQUO.

As there is no longer, your Honour knows, any *credit* in this happy FREE country, your Honour's brothers and sisters behind the counter desire to have prompt payment for their bills delivered, and also to receive ready money for future supplies.

SIR JOHN.

[*Ordering.*] Pay them. But I want something more to drink.

STATUQUO.

He, he, he!

SIR JOHN.

What do you grin at?

MISS AIRCASTLE.

[*Aside.*] I fancy I shall find a cordial in the closet, Sir, at least I hope so.

[*Rises, and exit.*

STATUQUO.

Your Honour forgetteth that miracles have ceased; I cannot make bricks without straw, nor pay bills without money.

SIR JOHN.

Zoons! have you none in hand? I expected you had more than a month's supply.

STATUQUO.

[*Putting on his spectacles with provoking deliberation.*] I'll read the items—some of which are *new in stewardship;* but I have gone the nearest way to work.

Imprimis—I have it all down in my republican account-book, your Honour, and have entitled it EQUALITY WASTE-BOOK.

	£	s.	d.
Imprimis—Treats and supplies of thirteen days for *poor equals*, per order	174	8	8½
2. Presents to sixteen way-faring brothers, who said they wanted *every thing*, per order	16	6	0
3. Convention-purse	500	0	0
N. B. Honourable mention was made of this by the National Assembly.			
4. Tailors, shoe-makers, butchers, bakers, and brewers, accounts for *equalized vagabonds*, for two months, ten days, as per bills delivered . .	96	13	10

	£	s.	d.
This is a very moderate article your Honour, and subjected me, as you remember, to various complaints, some threats, and three boxes of the ear: for which I charge	0	0	0
5. Sundry small sums to republican brothers and sisters, who said they *wanted*, in the aggregate	84	12	0
6. Item—Horses killed or wounded in *carrying decrees* to the sections, (for *perfectionizing human nature,*) by order of the deputies of the department of correspondence, in course of the year	800	0	0
7. Distribution of cockades, by order of Madam Utopia . . .	59	18	3

SIR JOHN.

How? S'bud, £59: 18: 3: for cockades! Why, 'twould stock Spital-Fields with ribands; but, damn it, don't read any more. You enjoy it all, I see you do, you provoking old stick; but so do I. I'll not have the cause starved for all that.

STATUQUO.

[*Persisting.*] Now this amounteth, indepen-

dent of house-charges, of which, in their place, to the net sum of——

SIR JOHN.

[*Passionately.*] I don't care, and I won't hear what——They were all necessary;—I only desire to know what you have in your hands?

STATUQUO.

Verily, the tradesman's bills for the last month, and which come to, let me see——

SIR JOHN.

They shall be all discharged to-morrow.—I tell you again I'll not have the *cause starved;*—I am now ten times richer than I *ought* to be, as an individual! 'tis a sin; and I am ashamed of it.

STATUQUO.

He, he, he! your Honour will mend of that offence every hour—he, he, he! [*Exit* Statuquo.

Re-enter Miss Aircastle *with a Glass and small Bottle.*

SIR JOHN.

Well, Flory, have you found any thing comfortable?—that hardened fellow's aristocratical phlegm, and abominable he, he, he! has made it more necessary than ever.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

O, dear Sir!—I have found what has quite put me into spirits; so warm—so exhilarating—so full of fire—yet gentle as——'tis the true *parfaite amour*. I wish, with all my soul, it may have the same effect upon you.—[*She fills the glass*, Sir John *drinks.*]—I'm sure my Valentine's letter was all that, at least. [*Aside.*]

SIR JOHN.

Udd!—'tis warming, indeed.—But what clatter is that?—Hist! there seems to be a terrible uproar.

Re-enter STATUQUO.

He, again!—the face of the devil would be more welcome to me than that fellow's.—What, more bills!

STATUQUO.

No, your Honour, not yet;—'tis only a few more *bill-makers*. I have the honour to be the bearer of a message from about a score of your new relations, who have just made their way into the castle, and crave an audience.

SIR JOHN.

I could have been glad of a little nap, just at present, but free men are always welcome.

STATUQUO.

And I can assure your Honour, these person-

ages are as free as any I have yet met with, and that is a bold word to say, too—[*With all possible gravity.*] — They signify their intention of passing a few months with you.

SIR JOHN.

Months!—Who are they?—The plague!—they are coming up.

STATUQUO.

They will speak for themselves; walk up, gentlemen and ladies.—My master, Sir John—pooh, pooh, I mean Johnny Aircastle, is sick and in his chamber, but that's no matter—no objection to an audience, in this country.

Enter the BARON *and* BARONESS DE ST. CLAIR, *their Two Sons, Three Daughters, and several other Persons.*

BARON.

[*Aside.*] How shall I go through with it! I blush to begin.—Sick! malade! then we will [*to* Sir John] make him well. So brother, Mr. L'Anglois—Englishmans—I am the *ci-devant* Baron de St. Clair. [*Advancing.*]

BARONESS.

[*Advancing.*] And I the *ci-devant* Baroness.

CHEVALIER.

[*Advancing.*] And I the Chevalier de St. Clair.

FREDERIC.

[*Advancing.*] And I *son cadet*, his youngest brother.

MADEMOISELLE DE ST. CLAIR.

[*Advancing.*] And I the eldest daughter.

LOUISE AND JULIE.

[*Advancing.*] And we the youngest daughters.

[Sir John *receives them, and gives his hand to each.*

BARON.

And these are our domestic friends.

[*Mob advance.*

STATUQUO.

Ci-devant servants, I humbly conceive. [*Speaking to those behind.*] Please, gentlemen and ladies, the chamber being small, to stand upon the stairs till some of the company file off— so, every man his step.

[Miss Aircastle *goes into the closet.*

SIR JOHN.

I regret my helpless situation hinders me from ——

BARON.

Point de tout — not at all. I shall just state the object of our visit, and take our leave, *pour le moment.*

BARONESS.

We occupied houses in the environs of Havre,

but they, being commodiously situated, are going to be converted into barracks, to hold the brave defenders of our country.

CHEVALIER.

So we are unprovided with any present habitation. Luckily, we have been informed of your's, in time; and though we have an *order* from the deputies of the department, (who, though we are *ci-divant noblesse*, are acquainted with our zeal,) for brotherly accommodation in this castle, we hear such a character of your civism, that it is scarce necessary to produce it.

MADEMOISELLE DE ST. CLAIR.

It gives us high satisfaction to perceive, by the size of this chateau, that we shall put you to little inconvenience, in point of room.

BARONESS.

Half a dozen apartments will suffice.

BARON.

And, in all other respects, we can help one another. I see the pleasure it will give our dear brother to assist us to the utmost of his power. Ceremony is abolished, you know—you must treat us, as we shall you, with all possible freedom.

SIR JOHN.

[*Aside.*] There's a damn'd pack of them, *too!* Statuquo, see them properly placed—establish them as they deserve. [*Bows to them.*

STATUQUO.

[*Aside.*] Then I should establish them in the castle-moat, up to their necks in water.— [*To* Sir John.] Brother Johnny, these persons shall be taken care of. But the Steady family is not yet out of the house; and, as old friends and first comers ——

SIR JOHN.

Don't make odious comparisons, fellow, every body must make way for the friends and members of the republic, especially such as come recommended by the deputies of the National Convention.

ALL.

Bravo — bravo — bravissimo!

STATUQUO.

Might it not be as well for your Honour to *see* the recommendations?

ALL.

Out upon the fellow! Does he take us for *suspects?*

BARON.

I fear you have an aristocrate in your family, brother what's your name?

FIRST FRENCHMAN.

Denounce him — seize him — report him to the Convention.

SECOND FRENCHMAN.

Out with him.

THIRD FRENCHMAN.

In with him. [*They collar* Statuquo.

FIRST FRENCHMAN.

Who refuses shelter and accommodation to free men? [*They hustle and buffet him.*

SECOND FRENCHMAN.

Liberty for ever! huzza!

ALL.

Huzza! huzza! *Vive la republique! Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira, &c. &c.*

[Statuquo *runs down stairs, the* St. Clairs *and the rest follow, singing, and the curtain drops.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in SIR JOHN'S *House.*

Enter SIR THOMAS STEADY, LADY AIR-CASTLE, *and* SPRUCE.

SIR THOMAS.

WHAT you tell me, Spruce, of the "hair-breadth escape," of my poor old friend, Statuquo, has so much of the true grotesque, that, notwithstanding all the folly and distress which it occasioned, I cannot help laughing—ha, ha!

SPRUCE.

I met him at the foot of the stairs, in the midst of the patriot mob, who were *pummelling* him with carmagnolian rage. Ned applied the arms of Old England to the sunk eyes, long noses, and high cheek-bones of the gaunt assailants; Statuquo himself, with the fury of an oppressed veteran, while he darted his wigless head into the empty stomach of one republican, struck his leg into the *bas ventre* of another; while, putting every instrument of natu-

ral defence in force at once, his yet firm-set teeth held fast the pigtail of a third patriot, who thereupon grinned horribly, and gave a ghastly growl.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

LADY AIRCASTLE.

On my word, Mr. Spruce, your account is given in the true heroi-comic, with so much force, that I see you have talents for the burlesque.

SIR THOMAS.

O, my Lady, Spruce has been a poetizer all his life.

SPRUCE.

I made verses, my Lady, upon my pap-spoon, the moment it was put into my mouth, and wrote a panegyric on my cradle, while my nurse was rocking it: before I could run alone I penned a satire upon a cat that had killed a favourite tom-tit; and, in less than half an hour after, I poured forth such an effusion of sorrow in an elegiac ditty on the fate of the said bird, that I wonder the little fellow did not get out of the paper coffin, in which its little corpse was deposited, and, perching on my fore finger, turn bard himself, to thank me, in an extempore song, for having made him immortal.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha!

SIR THOMAS.

Thus you see, Madam, Spruce was a poet by nature. He "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;" and, I dare say, struck off a new Ode to St. Cecilia, at the first jingle of his coral; but, like other great wits, when talking of their own performances, he has let his Pegasus gallop clear away from the subject in question, and, all this time, left poor Statuquo in the hands of the Phillistines.

SPRUCE.

All poets digress, you know, Sir, from your tiny tomtit genius to the blind bard of Greece; but, had not the honest steward been rescued from the modern Goths and Vandals, I should not have taken up the time in *narrative* but *action!*

SIR THOMAS.

There's for you, Madam, a flight of the sublime too. Well, Spruce ——

SPRUCE.

At this moment it was, while the hands, feet, head, and teeth, of the warlike steward were engaged, and while the butler lay about him like another son of Alcides, then it was, even when the victory became doubtful, that a *sortie* from the *ci-devant* grand saloon, (now the Hall of

Equality, where the *ci-devant* servants of Sir John's were garrisoned,) threatened to turn the tide of fortune against the veteran and his brave compeer; then, too, it was, that, armed with the powder-puff, pomade, and curling-irons, to the intent of operating on the head of Sir Valentine, and even in the act of loosing the flowing locks of that heroic youth—at that crisis of fate, I say, it was, that I followed the yelling sounds that led me to the bloody affray —

SIR THOMAS.

The scene begins to warm, you see, my Lady. — Well ——

SPRUCE.

"O for a muse of fire!" or any muse but *mine* to do justice to my *own* exploits in that important hour. Spare my modesty; it *must* draw a veil over my merits, O ye illustrious hearers. [*Affectedly.*]

SIR THOMAS.

Pass on; I can conceive the wrath of Achilles, the strength of Ajax, the friendship of Patroclus, and the subtlety of Ulysses, then inspired the breast of the magnanimous Spruce.

SPRUCE.

Even so, my honoured master; I bruised one, beat another, kicked a third, bit the ear of a fourth, even the ear of that wicked traitor,

the ex-footman Will; and, in short, I put them to a general route. But, at this dire instant, so fate *decreed* ——

LADY AIRCASTLE.

What now? I protest you make me tremble. I hope no harm has happened to Sir John or my daughter. I hope they were not rash enough to ——

SPRUCE.

Your patience, most illustrious lady; consider I am in the heat of a great action; — in that dire instant, I say, so fate decreed, Madam Utopia, armed with a pair of republican scissars, with which she had been cutting tricolour cockades; her traitress of a *femme-de-chambre*, yclept, in patriot language, Moll Trimming, once the gentle Maria, and object of my tenderest wishes, equipped with a poker, rushed upon us, like a couple of *poissardes*, and were just on the point of deciding our destiny — when ——

LADY AIRCASTLE.

[*Eagerly.*] I long to hear.

SPRUCE.

When the goddess of Faithful Stewards took Sir Valentine by the dishevelled locks, and led him to our assistance. The same bright power made him the leader of a chosen band of your Honour's servants, and even Sir John's *ci-devant*

Coachman Dick, came over to our side. With this reinforcement, we put the enemy to a shameful flight, Sir Valentine acting miracles; till, in the end, we drove the foe out of the castle, shut the gates, and with the loss only of the steward's *periwig*, some quarts of blood from our noses, the right sleeve of Sir Valentine's dressing-gown, the riband that tied my cue, and a handful of hair, we brought off the brave Statuquo in triumph.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

SIR THOMAS.

And where is my son?

SPRUCE.

[*Looking out.*] The hero comes, my leige master.

Enter VALENTINE.

SIR THOMAS.

I hope, Val, you have received no material ill from the affray, which Spruce has, in his lofty language, been recounting.

VALENTINE.

None, Sir: poor Ned True has suffered most, and I have been putting him into the bed allotted for myself; and, lest he should be disturbed, for he is the best creature in the world, I have put the key of the chamber in my pocket. His

principal difficulty was to save, from the fury of the enemy, a letter with which he was charged from Sir John to you: Sir, in the extremity, the poor fellow thrust it into his bosom, and here it is.

[Valentine *gives the letter, which* Sir Thomas *opens and reads.*

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Do you know, Mr. Steady, I have had some alarms about Sir John and Flory, on this occasion. In this violent country, nothing is secure but what deserves to be in danger. I hope they were safe?

VALENTINE.

You will easily believe they were the great objects of my care.

SPRUCE.

Yes, Madam, he guarded the door, that separated their apartments from the field of battle, with more bravery than the hero who defended the pass of Thermopylæ.

VALENTINE.

In the midst of the confusion, just as victory had turned in our favour, I heard a tap at the door, on the opening which, I perceived the dear trembling Florentia. You will judge of my emotion: Sir John, Lady Aircastle, and their daughter, shall be protected, said I: with which assurance, she ran up stairs with a haste that,

while it denoted her filial piety, seemed to imply, that she had imbibed the prejudice of her father, even against the man of her heart, and, had it not been for a transient smile, as she gained the door of Sir John's chamber, I should have supposed she hated me. Perhaps Sir John might have cruelly *exacted* this conduct; but surely she might, in such a circumstance, have dispensed with her promise.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Is there, then, any circumstance between lovers, however honourable their attachment, that gives such a dispensation? No, Valentine, I am persuaded you will think with me, on a second reflection, that a virtuous daughter, who fails in any promise she may have made an indulgent though misguided father, will seldom keep faith as a mistress; nor can I think the son of Sir Thomas Steady would readily make such a *word-breaker* his wife!

VALENTINE.

Pardon me, dear Lady Aircastle, I am sure the cause was worthy of my Florentia; but you must admit the effect was agonizing to me in my present situation. Heaven forbid I should stand in the way of any one duty that excellent girl has to perform—I have not yet so far imitated the carmagnol virtues.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

I am sure you have not; and I trust mutual deservings may be yet rewarded. But your good father seems disturbed. I fear, Sir Thomas, there is something in that letter which gives you fresh reason to be dissatisfied with my poor ill-advised husband.

SIR THOMAS.

Strange, mistaken, infatuated man! I have read his epistle thrice over, and am now as much at a loss to answer it as at first. You must assist; and you, Valentine, must not be excluded from our councils.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Alas! mine are expletives, after the exertion of your own better judgement; but, such as they are, command them.

SIR THOMAS.

Were not the moments too awful for compliments, I could return your Ladyship many handsome things; but hear the letter, and keep me —— [*Reads.*] "Relation Thomas! would I could call you brother! would I could any longer think you friend! but, as I cannot, without *treason to my principles,* and forfeiting my *civic oath,* your visit in this place might be shortened, on the three following cogent reasons: first, your stay may subject me to dangerous suspicions, which might reach even

yourself; secondly, the disaffected part of my family cannot keep any terms with you or your's, without the double guilt of private and public *rebellion;* and, lastly, it is impossible for me to hold any intercourse, either personal or epistolary, after having sent this notice. Indeed, I am not clear, whether, in this act, I am not offending against the stern, but just virtues of a French republican — virtues which gloriously supersede the narrow feelings of common nature and its affections, and which have, in more than one *immortal* instance, inspired the husband to give up to death the wife convicted of aristocracy, and influenced the mother (sublime triumph of reason over nature) to surrender her own child to the block. It must be a consequence of your own pertinacious delay under this roof, that can make *me* sacrifice an antient friendship to a more exalted sentiment.

"JOHN AIRCASTLE.

First month of the second year of the French republic, one and indivisible.

"*Vive le nation!*"

SIR THOMAS.

Unkind, forgetful man! to forbid me his house! He, who had raised the character of his country, by preserving its antient hospi-

tality — whose roof has so often been the asylum of the wandering stranger! even of the enemy, who, in penitence, nay, who, in *guilt*, had sought PROTECTION there! for him to act so ungenerous a part!

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Ah! what can I say, Sir Thomas, in his defence? what in my own? but the shame and misery you may read in my blushes, and in my tears.

SIR THOMAS.

Pardon me, Madam: far was it from my intention to provoke either: my tenderest pity is your's and Miss Aircastle's, in the most benevolent extent, even as shall be my protection: nay, if possible, I would save the deluded victim himself. But what a seductive system must *that* be, which can thus overturn the reason, the honour, and the sensibility, of a noble mind! which can make it shut the door upon a friend, and even to threaten the very life of a benefactor! Suffer me to call myself so, Madam.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Alas! Sir Thomas, in the fury of his enthusiasm, he has exulted in horrors which, before his coming into this place, would almost have broken his tender heart to hear related: nay, the menace of which you speak, has, of late,

more than once been uttered against poor Florentia and myself: and, for a few strong words that passed on the subject of your visit, when Spruce first announced it, we were both threatened with being reported to that bloody tribunal from "whose bourne (it may be truly said) no traveller returns."

VALENTINE.

Your Ladyship and Miss Aircastle! his own wife and daughter! the best and dearest, too, that ever bore the name!

SIR THOMAS.

Dreadful fanaticism! When once the silver cord that binds us to society, by the laws of religion and Providence, is broken, all the mischief and iniquity that follows is a consequence as natural and as inevitable, my dear Valentine, as the influx of the torrent, when the banks of the ocean are destroyed. Have this, my son, for ever in remembrance.

VALENTINE.

But, amongst these evils, the last and greatest (O agony, but to *think* upon!) may happen! the lives of this innocent girl and her excellent mother may be ——

SIR THOMAS.

There's the point of my distress; and yet the difficulty, as well as peril, of removing it —— [*He walks about, thinking.*

VALENTINE.

There can be none that weighs against the possibility of success.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Your generous efforts must be vain; I too well know the mind of my child, not to be certain, that neither the laws of love, nor those of self-preservation, will draw her from the side of her father, while life remains; nor am I, victim as I am, less resolved (though I shall never partake his follies) to share his fate. Go, then, my worthy and beloved friends, while yet in your power, go, save yourselves.

VALENTINE.

How, Madam! villainously leave you thus! Then were I worthy your's and Florentia's frowns, indeed!

[Sir Thomas *continues traversing, and seems buried in thought.*

LADY AIRCASTLE.

I foresee to this devoted land, and to the blameless part of its inhabitants, far greater horrors than have yet happened: some tremendous things have escaped my husband, who is in confidence with one of the deputies of this department. They import——, but I must tell you in the most guarded privacy.—[*Whispers to* Valentine.] The mine is pre-

pared, and, when it springs, all that remains of loyalty, honour, and good faith, will——*

SIR THOMAS.

[*Interrupting them, earnestly.*] Now, my Lady, I will inform you of my design, which, could it be brought into effect——

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Pray heaven it may; but, for the love of us all, speak lower; our very lives tremble on the soft breath of a whisper.

Enter UTOPIA—*she stands aside, and listens to their Conversation.*

VALENTINE.

A pretty free country this: let us then retire to a place of yet greater safety, if any such can be found.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

If we can pass the eyes of that lynx, Utopia, who seems to be everywhere at once——

UTOPIA.

[*Aside.*] The *lynx* is your obliged and very humble servant; [*curtsies*] she shall have an eye on your motions, however, my Lady.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

[*With the utmost caution drawing them towards the door.*] There is a kind of a cave at

* How tremendously has this prophecy been fulfilled.

the bottom of the garden, which leads by a subterraneous passage to the sea-side.

UTOPIA.

[*Aside.*] Indeed! I thank you for the discovery.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

[*Scarce daring to articulate.*] The other day, True Ned, who was walking on the beach, found it out, and the honest fellow ran to tell me and Florentia. A little closer, Sir Thomas.

[*They form a circle, and confer.*

UTOPIA.

There, I suppose, as the rogue says in the play, you three will "meet to talk of precious mischief." Upon my word! what a pretty traitors-knot the conspirators have tied themselves into! But I may find a way to unravel it, and, at worst, *cut the threads.*

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Surely I heard a noise. Good heaven! here's Utopia! If she has overheard us, we are caught in the toils, indeed.

SIR THOMAS.

[*Aside, to* Lady Aircastle.] Nothing but the description of a place has yet been given; she cannot make much of that.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

[*Aside, to* Sir Thomas.] See what triumphant malice in very step.

UTOPIA.

[*Comes solemnly forward, making low reverences.*] In the character of my brother's messenger I deliver this to its address; [*gives a card to* Sir Thomas;] and, in the character of LYNX, I inform Rachel Aircastle, that, when I have time to waste on trifles, I will thank her for the discovery of the CAVE: meantime, shall place one of lynx's eyes as a *sentinel* on the passage which the officious Mr. Ned has espied and reported, doubtless for some treasonable purpose. But, I sully the glorious cause in talking so long to the foes of the republic. [*Exit, loftily.*

SIR THOMAS.

Ridiculous, *mad-headed woman!*

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Yet more to be dreaded than Sir John himself, since, with the *wiles* of the serpent, she unites its *venom.*

SIR THOMAS.

We have but to watch our time; and, the more I think on my scheme, the more promising it appears. For the present, let us see what that flaming patriot in petticoats has brought us.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

New cause of offence, I fear.

SIR THOMAS—[*reads.*]

"Thomas Steady,

"Though none were wanting to a man not bent on ruin, another reason occurs for your quitting this castle with all convenient speed. The apartments not occupied by my own family, are immediately wanted by some citizens of Havre, introduced by the deputy of the section: the *enemies* of the republic must, of course, give way to its *friends:* yet, I just hear of some annoyances these very friends have met with from the Brigands in the train of the said tyrant, Thomas. I will venture to forbear aggravating the cause; but I will not answer for the effects of such conduct on the part of English rebels, and on the territory of the republic.

"JOHN AIRCASTLE."

SIR THOMAS.

You see, Madam, he is as mad, I had almost said, as wicked, as the new French principles can make him; but even this shall not prevent me from, at least, an attempt to save him. I will appear to fall in with his ideas, the better to convince him of their fallacy. I have been at work on the plan, some time, in my mind; but, since it is dangerous to divulge the particulars, you must confide in my management, and commit yourself to my direction.

VALENTINE.

I will answer for her Ladyship; and, for myself, will repose the best hope of saving the sole-sustaining treasure of my heart, with the wisdom of the best of fathers.

SIR THOMAS.

Then your first act of obedience is an immediate and separate action in our well-meant drama. I shall only observe, generally, *en passant*, having heard from a correspondence which had the luck to pass undiscovered between Statuquo and my Spruce, that matters were going on very badly with Sir John, and that the patriotic furor was conducting him to disgrace and ruin at home, and to indigence and misery, perhaps, to death, abroad; in short, that his lands were mortgaged, his woods (filled with the good old oaks that should *defend* not *desert* his country,) were threatened with a voyage to France—finding, I say, all *these things* were going forward, I considered, if there was any possible way left to prevent it——

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Excellent friend!

SIR THOMAS.

By virtue of a loan, on the part of Sir Rowland, *my* grandfather, to Sir Gilbert Dennison, your husband's great uncle, there is, you must know, Madam—for, perhaps, you are yet igno-

rant of it—an outstanding debt of fifty-four thousand eight hundred pounds, secured by bond and mortgage on the Aircastle-estates.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

I have heard as much, Sir.

SIR THOMAS.

This is an equal property betwixt me and my brother Charles, now in England; and, although he is the last man in his Majesty's realm to encourage the infirmity which my poor friend, Sir John, indulges, he would be the last man also in that realm, to do an unkind or unhandsome thing by Sir John Aircastle or his family.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

I am sure of it, Sir Thomas.

SIR THOMAS.

I have, however, so settled it with Charles, that he shall *appear* the ostensible actor in entering judgement on this bond, and——

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Entering judgement! you make me tremble.

SIR THOMAS.

Yes, Madam, it is run up to its last energies, by virtue of which, there is already an *execution* in Aircastle-Lodge for the sum abovementioned, and also for the arrears of the interest.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Then, indeed, our desolation is complete. This from you, Sir Thomas! you, when our families have been united by ties of antient friendship, and the good faith of, perhaps, a thousand years!

VALENTINE.

Let me entreat your patience, dear Lady Aircastle. You know my father's disposition too well not to be assured some friendly motive——

LADY AIRCASTLE.

You, Sir Thomas, who were about to embrace in my poor but precious girl another child, and——

SIR THOMAS.

I saw no other way to obviate the ruin that seemed ready to involve your whole family.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Is ruin to be obviated by accumulating its weight? When we were inclosed within the dreadful walls of this bleeding land, was it kind to shut against us even the *hope* of reaching our own happier country, by converting its hospitable port into a prison, even if we could escape from this which now holds us?

SIR THOMAS.

I have seemed "cruel, only to be kind," my Lady. I have caused the fountain to be stop-

ped, that the streams should not any longer deviate into *improper* channels; and I have checked the heady current, that poured, in useless bounty, on these trembling shores, least the already-exhausted springs should be *intirely* dried up. Forgive me, if I have erred.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Erred! O, generous, generous neighbour! The object of forgiveness is wholly changed; and 'tis I only who must sue for pardon.

SIR THOMAS.

And 'tis I who grant it, with all my soul.

VALENTINE.

Did I not tell you, Madam, my father would act like himself? Fly, then, this moment, let me conjure you, to my beloved Florentia, and explain to her, (since I am still under interdict,) that, from my father's goodness and wisdom, there is still hope, even French folly and wickedness cannot quite destroy us: or rather, let this be the discovery that graces our meeting.

SIR THOMAS.

[*Leads out* Lady Aircastle.] Should you see Spruce or Statuquo in your way, pray send them to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Scene changes to the long Gallery of the Castle; the Doors of several Apartments are seen; a loud knocking at one of them.

NED.

[*From within.*] Hallo — hallo — who's there? Pray let me out; I'm locked up; and 'tis the hour I should attend 'Squire Valentine.

[*He knocks harder.*

STATUQUO *unlocks one of the Doors, and comes out in his Night-Gown, Cap, Slippers, &c. limping.*

STATUQUO.

What noise is that? More brother and sister assassins! Who's there?

NED.

[*Within.*] 'Tis only I, Mr. Steward; — only me — Ned Butler!

STATUQUO.

Ned! is it you? What, have they locked you in, too, fellow-sufferer; well, I'm glad they have not murdered you. How do you feel yourself? [*Speaking through the key-hole.*

NED.

[*Answering in the same manner.*] Only a black eye or so. How are you?

STATUQUO.

[*Looks at him through the key-hole.*] Not yet dead, but as lame as Vulcan. Can't I peep at you?

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

By this time, my poor prisoner — Hey, whom have we here? — By the *dirty night-gown,* and ugly back, I — [*Goes on tip-toe and slaps him hard on the back*] — should think it were one of the French brothers. Hallo, there, what do you do at my friend Ned's door?

STATUQUO.

Friend Ned! Friend the devil! [*Turns round.*

VALENTINE.

Is it you, my dear Statuquo? — A thousand pardons. Had I known whom it was, I would have as soon struck my own back.

STATUQUO.

[*Rubbing himself.*] I wish you had known it, then, with all the flesh that's left upon my bones. You'll beat me into a mummy, amongst you, I verily believe. What betwixt friends and enemies, I am like to be in a fine pickle.

[*Hops into his room again.*

VALENTINE.

[*Unlocks* Ned's *door, who comes out;* Valentine *takes him by the hand.*] And you, my poor good fellow, how fares it with you now?

NED.

Thank your Honour kindly, if you can furnish me with half a yard of sticking-plaster, for this left eye, and throw me into a washing-tub ——

VALENTINE.

"No bones broke, but sorely peppered," hey, my poor Ned?

[*He takes out a pocket-book and applies a patch of court-plaster to* Ned's *eye.*

NED.

As to that, if they had knocked my eye *out*, instead of closing it *up*, I should think nothing of it, in doing my duty to the family and your Honour.

[Statuquo *looks out, with the door in his hand.*

VALENTINE.

[*To* Ned.] I hope it will yet be in our power to reward your fidelity.

NED.

It is rewarded, Sir, thank God for it; it is *twice* rewarded. [*Strikes his breast, and looks upwards.*] But, what can that dreadful crash be?

[*A violent noise is heard;* Spruce *scampers up into the gallery;* Statuquo *runs into his room, and locks the door.*

Enter SPRUCE.

SPRUCE.

Sir; Sir; Mr. Valentine; the cursed patriots, with a reinforcement, and a great mob at their heels, with some of the national guard at their head, have forced open the gates of the castle, and to the tune of *vive le nation, vive la loi,*—(which, by the by, ought to be changed for *vive le diable, vive les geux,)*—are pouring into the house, with swords behind, and bayonets before, just like the locusts of the Nile, with poison in their mouths and a sting in their tails. Only hear.

MUNICIPAL OFFICERS.

[*From below.*] Enter, enter; never mind these English scoundrels. Take the rooms you like best; pick and choose. Freedom for ever!

STATUQUO.

[*Opening a little of his door, whispering.*] List! From this gallery we can see and hear all; and, from this room, which leads by a private staircase to the garden, we can, in case of necessity, effect a retreat.

[Valentine *runs down stairs;* Spruce *follows.*

NED.

For shame, Mr. Steward! have you not a master and mistresses to take care of?

[*He descends in haste.*

STATUQUO.

[*Alone. The door still in his hand.*] Yes; and I have another friend under my protection, whom I shall beg leave to take a little care of, too. I love my master and mistress as well as any man: but, if I am shot through the head, or run through the body, by any of these fellows, I shall give but a bad account of my stewardship, I fancy. Besides, I am an invalid. — Ods thunder! what are they at now!

[*Listens; his nose just out of the door.*

MOB.

[*Below.*] Huzza, huzza; which is the cellar? Which is the pantry? Where's the steward? Where's the butler? Are the republicans to die of hunger and thirst?

STATUQUO.

A lucky thought. The keys of the cellars — save all.

SIR JOHN'S *Door opens, and he comes out on Crutches, supported between* NED *and his Daughter.*

SIR JOHN.

Lead me to the ballustrades. Never heed pain or peril. Though I lose my leg — my life — I must speak to them. [*Leans over the gallery.*] Friends and brothers, you must impute all this confusion to my confined situation.

MOB.

[*Below.*] Hear him — hear him — hear him.

SIR JOHN.

Nothing but the cruel impossibility of being amongst you could have occasioned any difficulty in your accommodation. It is at the risk of my limbs I now come forward to address you; but, my sister Utopia, who is one of us, will supply my place, and ——

MOB.

[*Below.*] Bravo — bravissimo! *Nous sommes contente! Vive les amis de la liberté! Vive* John Aircastle!

SIR JOHN.

Aye, I see my sister Utopia is now with you.

MOB.

[*Below.*] Huzza! huzza! *Vive* Utopia! *Vive* Utopia!

SIR JOHN.

You see, my brothers, 'twas all a mistake. All under this roof are *my* friends and your's; and, though the fiends that are now gnawing away my great toe, and, ugh! ugh! sticking their fangs into my knee, force me from you, I trust I shall, in a few hours, meet you at our little anniversary fete, to which, with open arms, I invite you *all.*

MOB.

[*Below.*] Enough, enough — *cela suffit, ce-*

la suffit. Below there in the cellar! do not stave any more of the beer-barrels — break no more of the wine-bottles — drink and eat fair, but spill none. There's a fine little fellow — shake hands with the steward — be friends with all — *bon jour mes amis*, till the fete. Our friends are well lodged, they say, and that's enough — there's an end on't. Huzza! huzza! *Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira, ça ira, &c. &c.*

[*Exeunt mob, guards, &c.*

SCENE III.

A Court-yard.

UTOPIA *and* STATUQUO.

UTOPIA.

I have now some hopes of you, brother Statuquo: by degrees, the universe will be our friends — even the Steady family and sister Air-castle shall become converts; but I must haste to finish my preparations: the time draws nigh.

[*Exit.*

STATUQUO.

[*Solus.*] If I had not surrendered the keys, however, which I did merely to prevent the consequences of breaking doors in the last extremity, I do verily believe they would have

drenched my cellar, and bunged me up in one of the empty casks for all that; and my poor dear master to see and hear all this havoc, and encourage it! Now, I should be glad to ask *myself*, since, in these mad times, I dare not ask any body else, whether all this is the majesty of reason, or the majesty of a pack of beggars, out of their places, and out of their senses? But now let me see what the dogs have left in my cellar, and what can be saved! [*Descends into the cellar, and exclaims from thence.*] Why, what in the name of *reason* or madness, have we here?

Enter NED.

NED.

[*Goes to the cellar-door.*] Shall I come down and help you to put things to rights, Mr. Steward?

STATUQUO.

[*From the cellar.*] To bury the dead, you mean. Why, here are some of the *ci-devant* servants of the Aircastle family, half a score of carmagnol mobility, three of the municipal officers of the town, and several more of the republicans, dead or dying, drunk, in several parts of my cellar!

NED.

Indeed! Suppose, then, we throw the dead into the castle-ditch, and put the others out of their misery?

STATUQUO.

[*Still in the cellar.*] Yes, but what is worse, I am in danger of being drowned myself, for I am wading through a sea of the best October, Bordeaux wine, Champagne of a prime vintage, and Nantz brandy. Here's liberty! here's a free people for you! here's a wreck of good spirits! If one's relations, Mr. Ned, if our *brothers* and *sisters*, use us in this manner, what the devil are we to expect from others! O my poor dear tubs, tuns, casks, and bottles!!

NED.

Its enough to crack the cords of an honest British heart, to think on't: [*after a pause,*] and the pantry is not in a much better situation: the doors are left open, and shew a picture above, Mr. Steward, as can well match your's below.

STATUQUO.

Say you so? Well, they can devour us but once, you know; and, so the sooner we get down their damn'd long meagre throats the better.

NED.

Why, the sons of liberty have not left a mutton-chop to save the whole castle from famine: they have even made free with the civic custards, patriot puddings, and republican pies, which were reserved for the fete; they have carried all off, and are gone away, loaded like sumpter-waggons. What will Madam Utopia say to all this, Mr. Steward?

STATUQUO.

[*Comes up the cellar-stairs.*] He, he, he, he, he! In the midst of the ruins of all our best solids and fluids, I cannot help laughing, he, he, he! to think of the distress that wicked widow will be in when she makes a discovery of which, my sweet little black-eyed Ned, I would wish you to be the explainer, while I convey the sorrowful tidings to Sir John; and, if this does not turn his heart against a set of fellows that would eat and drink mankind out of *house and home*, he must be mad indeed!

NED.

I begin to think, Mr. Steward, they kill people chiefly to get rid of their appetites; that they cut off the heads only to stop up their mouths; and that if the aristocrates, as they call us, could contrive to live without eating or drinking, we should be safe enough.

STATUQUO.

He, he, he! a good idea, Ned, a very good idea; but now to our business. As to the gentlemen in my cellar, we may as well leave them to themselves, to live or die. For my part, I could find it in my heart to give them another bumper or two, by way of *departing* glass, were it not that I disdain to finish what a French republican has began, so I must e'en submit to *the danger of their recovery.* Till we meet again, after the performance of our separate errand, adieu, my worthy compeer! [*Exit* Ned.] Now for Sir John; but first to get myself into a decent dress. The rascals have almost reduced me to my shirt and plush breeches already; after all, there are few people have endured more in the cause of freedom than myself. I have lost my wig from my head, and had my head bruised for losing it; and, if I don't take great care, I perceive that my head, bruised as it is, will follow my wig! Precious liberty! pretty times! charming freedom, indeed!

[*Exit.*

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

SCENE IV.

The BARON DE ST. CLAIR'S *Apartment in the Castle; a National Guard, with his Sword drawn; the* BARON *cleaning a Pair of Shoes; the* BARONESS *darning a Pair of Stockings.*

BARON.

[*In a low voice to the* Baroness.] Heavens, how have we been compelled to treat the worthy dwellers of this castle, to force our way into it like house-breakers! But it could not be helped, my love; we had no alternative but *deceit* or death!

BARONESS.

I know it well; we must seem to do the vilest offices, and cheerfully to impose them on ourselves, else, could this abject employment, we both submit to at this moment ——

BARON.

It will have an end, my dearest wife, I see it will; but, in the mean time, our every action is watched; there is an eye on our every look, an ear on our every word. Could we but escape to happy, happy England!

BARONESS.

Hush, my love, hush, we shall be discovered; we have taken our *parti*, and the fraud is pious, whether it succeeds or no.

GUARD.

[*Comes forward.*] What whispering is this? Do you forget that you are here upon your good behaviour? If I see any more laying of heads together, I shall be obliged, by my office, to part man and wife. Come, Mr. *Ex-noble*, make haste with my shoes, and do you, Ma'am Thingemby, finish my stockings: you are now in the school of *egality*, better here than in a prison, you know. But, hey-day! what's this piece of fine riband for, that hangs out at your bosom, Madam? A crucifix! and gold! set with diamonds! Oho, *double treason*, hey! RELIGION and VANITY! I shall report this. — [*Going; returns.*] No, now I think of it, I will put it in my pocket, and conceal or discover it, as you deserve.

BARON.

[*Counterfeiting.*] I trust you will discover, my friend, that we deserve you should accept that trifle as a mark of our *civism*.

Enter the CHEVALIER DE ST. CLAIR, *with a Joint of Meat from the Butcher's, and* MADEMOISELLE DE ST. CLAIR *with a Basket of Vegetables.*

GUARD.

That's a proper sight — that's true egality.

BARON.

That's right, my children, nothing is beneath a true republican: such offices employed the patriots of old.

CHEVALIER.

Did they, Sir?

BARONESS.

Yes, my dear; and you, too, my Laura, believe me, that basket on your head is more truly graceful than the plumes of the ostrich or the bird of Paradise.

MADEMOISELLE DE ST. CLAIR.

I dare say, Mamma, 'tis very becoming; 'tis not so light, indeed.

GUARD.

'Tis not good for girls to be light-headed, Miss; but here's company coming.

SIR JOHN *is brought in, and is followed by* LADY AIRCASTLE, SIR THOMAS STEADY, UTOPIA, VALENTINE, *and* SPRUCE.

SIR JOHN.

[*To the* Baron.] I am brought here, Sir, to apologize, in person, for the insult you met with in my house, and to promise better behaviour, in the name of all my friends. And, as for you, Sir Thomas, your dawning patriotism reconciles us for ever, and our families are

again inalienable, indivisible, even as our republic.

[Sir Thomas *bows, and they shake hands.*

Enter LOUISE, *crying, and* FREDERIC.

LOUISE.

Papa, my brother Frederic has let out my sweet canary, and broke the cage.

SIR JOHN.

That now is a spirited stroke of early republicanism.

UTOPIA.

My life for it, that boy will turn out a patriot of the *premiere ordre* — of the first order.

BARON.

[*Aside.*] Though I could horse-whip him with all my heart, I must seem to approve, and to embrace him. — No prisons, my boy — no cages!

UTOPIA.

That's right, tear them down, young gentleman, wherever you find them.

FREDERIC.

Huzza! liberty for ever!

SIR JOHN.

Brother Thomas, this is enough to establish you in our system more firmly than ever. A sight like this, in such children, is enough to move any man.

SIR THOMAS.

It moveth me extremely, I do assure you, brother John.

SIR JOHN.

What may such a boy come to, in time!

SIR THOMAS.

[*Aside.*] The gallows, I should think, if he was in my country. — [*Aloud.*] I have not a doubt that he will make an illustrious figure in the French republic.

Enter JULIE ST. CLAIR, *running*,

JULIE.

Louise, Louise, love, — see, see, I have been hunting all over the garden for your poor little fellow, *(canary,)* and at last found him nestled in a honey-suckle, all over covered with leaves and flowers; only smell, he's as sweet as the woodbine itself. There —

[*Gives the bird to* Louise.

LOUISE.

I know where I'll put him till I have scolded and loved him a little.

[Louise *is going to place the bird in her bosom;* Frederic *snatches it out of her hand.*

FREDERIC.

What, love to be a *slave,* after I have given you *freedom,* you poor mean-spirited *aristocrate*

canary!—I'll guillotine you for it, however, even if I was to lose my own head for you.

[*Wrings its head off.*

UTOPIA.

I must hug this noble hero in the bud, and hold him to my heart.

SIR JOHN.

And so must I, too; there's my brave little fellow! [*Aside.*] A hard-hearted young dog, for all that.

SIR THOMAS.

[*Aside.*] Udd; if that was my son—I'd give it him!—— Why, young Sir, you are a tip-top patriot, already.

FREDERIC.

I would make every thing in the whole world *free*, Sir. This is nothing to what I have done; is it father?

BARON.

[*Sighing.*] No, indeed, my son, you have done wonders. [*Concealing his tears.*

GUARD.

And do you weep and sigh for that, Sir?

BARON.

[*Recovering himself.*] Are there not sighs of transports, and tears of joy?

BARONESS.

I have the head-ach so cruelly, I must retire a little and bathe my temples.

[*She covers her face, and retires.*

LADY AIRCASTLE.

As you are a stranger to the house, permit me to attend you, Madam. [*Retires much affected.*

UTOPIA.

So, this is but a trifle to your former patriot aspirings, my noble youth?

FREDERIC.

A *bagatelle.* People told me all was to be alike, so I cut off the legs of our great long greyhound, Swift, for having the impudence to run faster than our poor old turnspit, Slow, — he, he, he! — and so I brought them to measure legs to a hair's-breadth, — ha, ha, ha!

SIR THOMAS.

From thence you might have sallied into your father's stable and cut off the head of his hunter, for going faster than his coach-horses. But, then again, you ought, on the same principle, you know, to have *denounced* the coach-horses, for not keeping pace with the hunter.

GUARD.

Are you serious, or are you bantering, Mr. Englishman?

FREDERIC.

Yes, I fancy he means to laugh at me, now; but never mind that. Liberty for ever, I say.

UTOPIA.

So say I; and now, once more, let me invite you to our little festival, in honour of the day

that finishes the first happy year of the confraternity of my family. The company are already beginning to assemble. We keep it in the great garden, where, for these two days past, I have been occupied in preparations. Come, then, my friend.

Enter, as she is going, STATUQUO *and* NED; *she stops.*

STATUQUO.

It grieveth my spirit to be the messenger of evil news to your honours; but your worthy *equals*, who have had the freedom of your cellar, this morning, prevent me the pleasure of putting any thing but a little sour small beer and white wine vinegar on the tables, to celebrate this never-to-be-forgotten anniversary.

SIR JOHN.

How so, Sir?

STATUQUO.

Because they have made free with some of your Honour's liquors, and let out the rest.

Enter NED.

NED.

I am sorry to inform Madam Utopia that her carmagnol relations have taken such liberties in all the safes, pantries, and cupboards, of the Castle, that I see nothing remaining, for the

solemnization of this important day, but the half-eaten drum-sticks of one miserable turkey, the ——

Enter SPRUCE.

SPRUCE.

Scull and jaw-bones of a guillotined calf, and a few pigs petti-toes, which would hardly serve as a luncheon for Ned's tabby cat.

UTOPIA.

How! all eaten!

SIR JOHN.

All drank!

UTOPIA.

The pantry!

SIR JOHN.

The cellar! Pestilence and famine! What is to be done, sister?

[Sir John *and* Utopia *look abashed at each other*.

STATUQUO.

He, he, he! though the incident be tragic, there is something comic in the situation.

SIR JOHN.

[*To* Utopia.] That fellow's laugh is worse than the loss of my wine: would the bottles were down his malicious throat!

UTOPIA.

[*To* Sir John.] And the bones of the calf's head, drum-stick of the turkey, and all.

SIR THOMAS.

[*To* Valentine.] I have a thought, Val. Let us humour them. Take the cue from me.

SIR JOHN.

[*To* Utopia.] And the Steadys, too, father and son, enjoy our embarrassment. We must foil them.

SIR THOMAS.

Well; suppose the honest republicans have regaled themselves, was it not a moment of joy, of triumph, of reconciliation. The loss is not irreparable; there are wine-merchants and butchers in the town, and our purses are not yet empty.

SIR JOHN.

Very true. Apropos, here comes the cook.

Enter the Cook, *tipsy.*

SIR JOHN.

My brother Cook, we are in distress, and must have your assistance.

COOK.

[*Slapping* Sir John *on the back.*] Hickup—Brother Jackey, what's to be done?—Hickup.

STATUQUO.

I fancy it may be, in this your Honour's equal, to give you back a few bottles of your good spirits. They seem to be *glucking* at the

top of that long bottle, his throat, already; he, he, he!

COOK.

Hickup—Liberty—hickup—freedom for ever.

SIR JOHN.

My good fellow, all the drink is gone!

COOK.

I—I — know it — hickup — I have had drink enough; so have my friends below. We have all — hickup — drank like fishes, but are as hungry as wolves; and I want to know, in the name of half a score of us, what the plague you have done with the victuals.

SIR JOHN.

There lies the misfortune; that is all gone, too!

COOK.

What unconscionable—hickup —what con—con—, con— consumable throats you must have. Is this treating us like brothers?

Enter Will Footman, Scullion, *and the Rest of the ci-devant Servants, half drunk.*

COOK.

Here's usage, brothers: while we were all taking a peaceable nap, below stairs in the cellar, these cormorants have been in the pantry and ate all before them, — though, you know, — hickup, — I have dressed as much, for this

feast we were to have, as would furnish out the shambles of Leadenhall-Market. I'll dress no more, however.

ALL.

Bravo — bravo! we're all alike in that opinion,—hickup,—we'll not suffer another spit to turn, nor pot to boil.

WILL.

Yes, but we will, and I'll tell you how it shall—hickup—be done.—List, brothers.

ALL.

[*They get all together, while* Will *talks to them aside.*] Huzza, *nem. con.*—Bravo.

STATUQUO.

[*Aside.*] Drunk, or sober, that Will's a rogue: he's broaching some new mischief, I warrant him.

SIR THOMAS.

[*Aside, to* Valentine.] If we don't take care, that fellow will anticipate us. [*Aloud.*] I must own, our merry brothers there, have reason on their side. It is but fair, that, as one good dinner of their dressing is walked off, we should provide them another, *and stand cooks ourselves.*

WILL.

Excellentissimo! The very thing we were upon: give us your hand, old Tom. A noble proposition, indeed. — [*Aside.*] I have been deceived in this man.

SIR JOHN.

Now, I see he is in earnest.

NED.

[*Aside, to* Spruce.] I'll take care their honours shall have as little to do as possible in this dirty business.

SPRUCE.

And I'll lend a hand too.

[*Exit* Ned *and* Spruce.

SIR THOMAS.

Without loss of time, let us about it. For my part, I will make my pastry and dress my mutton-chop with any man. I have not been so long a resident in this free country, without knowing something of cookery, either, as you shall see. Son Valentine, I expect you will follow my example.

BARON.

I shall not remain inactive, Sir. I have a *contribution leg of mutton,* at the public service. [*Aside.*] This is very strange.

UTOPIA.

[*Curtsies.*] Thanks.

SIR JOHN.

[*To* Sir Thomas.] Alas! in my captivity, I can only acknowledge you again as my friend, and depute you my worthy representative, in conducting, jointly with my sister, the honours of the day.

SIR THOMAS.

Allons donc. There are still eggs, bacon, &c. I suppose, there is, likewise, the Ex-Baron's republican joint. The kitchen's then the word, and we will leave our worthy friends here, in possession of the parlour; all alike, all equal. — Liberty for ever!

SIR JOHN.

Now, all is as it should be. — My friend Valentine, I wish you would see after the ladies.

[*Exeunt* Sir Thomas, Valentine, Baron, *and* Utopia.

STATUQUO.

[*To* Sir John.] And after I have conducted your Honour to your apartment, I will see if I cannot find, in a snug corner, a little *Corps de reserve* of wines or liqueurs, [*aside,*] which I could find in my heart to mix with ratsbane and arsenic, could I be sure it would cure you all of patriotism, without making my head subject to a falling sickness, — that is incurable.

[*Exit, leading off* Sir John.

FIRST SERVANT.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! we have *levelled* them at last, however; like master, like man, now, indeed.

WILL.

No, we are not quite right yet; I have a little improvement to make in the plan.

ALL.

Hear him — Hear Will.

WILL.

Things cannot be complete till the gentlemen of the kitchen are *dressed* in character.

COOK.

What do you mean?

WILL.

Why we will all into the kitchen and put our *ci-devant* masters into our clothes. Old Steady, for instance, in your cook's apron and cap; his son Valentine in my livery; the Ex-Baron in young Shark, the fish-woman's son's fishing-jacket; and so on. If they stand this, they are good patriots; if not, it will be a punishment for their aristocracy.

DICK COACHMAN.

But, hang it, won't this be rather hard upon them; they have been good masters to us, sure; and although all men, for aught I know, may be alike, as you say, yet —

FIRST SERVANT.

So, so, Mr. Deserter! You went over to the aristocrates, you know — we shall take *your* opinion, to be sure — ha, ha, ha!

WILL.

Take care what you are about, Mr. Dick, that's all; 'tis but a word and a blow, in this country, you know.

COOK.

And, as the proverb says — "some times the blow comes first" — so beware.

DICK.

I'm in a fine land of liberty, though, if I may not speak my mind.

WILL.

But you are not to speak treason; so, remember, for this time, your hand, and away. [*All going.*] But halt a little: on this great day there should be *rewards* as well as punishments — I move, that after we have settled the *ci-devants* in our work-a-day dresses, that we, who are to be waited upon, array ourselves in their holiday finery.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

WILL.

Old Johnny Hobble has a noble wardrobe, and used to be as gay as a butterfly; my Lady has pretty pickings for trimming; and Florentia has a special suit for a little republican brunette, I have taken into *population*, by way of recruiting party, for the partriot army; and the Steadys, depend on it, are not without something, worthy the pillage of a true patriot.

DICK.

Damn it, this will be too cruel: it will be

downright robbery — Sir Thomas is my master's friend.

WILL.

Again; why Dick, you are turned quite a rebel; a'nt every thing here in common, man? Have not I as much right to a fine dress, a fine dinner, a fine horse, a fine house, as another? If my neighbour has two coats better than mine, does not one belong to me? If his money paid for it, what right has he to more money than I? If we are equal, I am to be as well dressed, as well fed, as well lodged, as he; and if I have none of these good things in my house, why, as a patriot, I have all the reason in the world to go to my neighbour and help myself.

DICK.

Have you? — so they say; but it seems a little odd too: for if, *par example*, I was to gain a good living by my labour, and get a few comfortables about me more than you, who, though you were my neighbour, perhaps, may be a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, it seems hard that you should come and make free with what I got honestly.

WILL.

We are never, you simpleton, to trouble our heads *how* you got those good things — you have got them, and I want them; *ergo*, they are as much mine as yours.

DICK.

Indeed!

WILL.

Yes; how the plague else can you be my brother, or I equal to you? besides, 'tis chiefly the rich, that we, once poor fellows, are to bring down. Don't you know enough of the Scripture, you silly fellow, (I beg pardon of the company for mentioning such old stories,) as to remember, that it is as difficult for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven (even supposing there was such a place, which the National Convention have found out there is not) as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

DICK.

So, to punish them for the crime of being rich, we poor fellows must rob them of their lives and properties; and, to take vengeance on them, turn rogues ourselves. Queer doctrine that, for an honest man to stomach; for my part, I don't like thieving any more than blasphemy; and —

ALL.

An aristocrate! an aristocrate! — seize him, out with him, report him.

WILL.

No, no, leave him to starve on his morality; we have other game in view at present: come, come, strip's the word: farewel, master Richard.

If you continue long in this way of thinking, I would advise your head to say a few parting words to your shoulders.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha! liberty for ever! No masters, no riches, no religion, no king!

[*Exeunt, all but* Dick.

DICK.

No God, no devil, — I wonder you did not finish according to your new belief, or rather your new dis-belief — Heigho! — I can't think how you got me amongst you. Since I became of your party, I know I am a great deal wickeder, but I don't feel that I am half so happy.— 'Tis a swearing, lying, tricking, and stealing plan, after all; and, as to liberty, and freedom, and a pack of such stuff, they can never, I find, persuade me, that a good master is not a good thing, both for man and beast. Would any of my horses tell me, if they could speak, that, being well fed, and rubbed down, and kindly patted, and made to look as fat as butter, and feel soft as silk, with gentle exercise, under the care of such a master as Sir John; would they tell me they are not happier than if they were to run wild in the woods, like Bufrabell's colts, with their rough coats, and matted manes? — I hate a tyrant, and would help to down with him as soon as any man; but I find, in this new fangled coun-

try, Jack the giant killer is a greater monster than the giant.—I say, patriots indeed!—Now I find, it means doing as I should not choose to be done by; breaking all the ten commandments, and then talking about virtue, and goodness, and brotherly love.—Damn it, I'll even go back to the old cause, repent of the sins I have committed since I turned *republican*, as they call it, and, if my poor master persists in being imposed on, will work my way over to my own country, and bid adieu to this land of knaves; aye, and of *slaves* too, for they never had so many tyrants before. [*Exit* Dick.

SCENE V.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter VALENTINE, *leading in* MISS AIRCASTLE, *followed by* LADY AIRCASTLE *and the* BARONESS, *who confer apart.*

VALENTINE.

[*To* Miss Aircastle.] Take not away this dear hand, my Florentia, I implore you; it is by Sir John's permission, it is even at his desire, I come to seek and lead you to him.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

Indeed!

VALENTINE.

On my honour it is—

MISS AIRCASTLE.

Then I break no promise in giving to you, with my hand, the warmest effusions of a tender and faithful heart; nor will you, who know the sanctity in which I hold my duty, even to a deluded parent, deem an apology necessary for the pangs which that duty imposed on you, and on myself.

VALENTINE.

O, no,—I forget, in this moment of happiness restored, that you have ever made me wretched. But you must no longer remain in ignorance of my father's project — (which Heaven prosper) to bless us all. While the dangerous part of our family are employed in the kitchen, giving orders (according to Sir Thomas's plan) in the ludicrous way I just now told you, this is the auspicious moment to unfold it.

[*They go to the upper part of the stage, and converse.* — Lady Aircastle *and the* Baroness *advance.*

LADY AIRCASTLE.

You astonish me, Madam.—Can it be possible, that your family, like mine, are the victims of a system that is hateful to you, and that you are acting under the influence of dire necessity.

BARONESS.

Your Ladyship need not be told the tremendous decree that has passed against all that have fled, as

well as all that remain in France, of honour, virtue, or distinction. To have once been good or illustrious, affluent or happy, have long been determined crimes, worthy of poverty, misery, and death. In this prescribed state, the dignity, (and suffer me to say,) the virtues of a noble name, once our pride, no less than the property of all who surrounded us, became objects of suspicion; and though, to save our lives, my husband thought it an act of wisdom (I still hope it may prove such) to make a voluntary offering of the greatest part of our property, we were still marked down as objects of suspicion; and even, in this retreat, a minion of the Convention, who, I am told, now lies drenched in Sir John's wine, watches our steps.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Twenty such, in different shapes, hover about this miserable castle.

BARONESS.

With what mines have we bought the forbearance of some of these hirelings! Pardon me, I conjure you, Madam, on my knees, in the name of my unhappy children, in the name of the best of husbands and of fathers, — I implore you to forgive the *seeming* violence with which we have invaded your habitation. Driven from our own abode, in this neighbourhood, and our once peaceful dwelling, literally turned,

in common with a thousand yet more holy places, into a den of thieves, we had no immediate shelter, and had thoughts of escaping to your blessed country; but Suspicion had an eye on us, whispers of arrestion reached our ears — a brother of my husband, too, having emigrated, rendered us more guarded, and we dared not risk a flight.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

[*Raising her.*] I can hear no more in that posture; though powerless as yourself, be assured of my esteem and pity.

BARONESS.

We looked forward to future opportunity, — meantime, nothing remained but to cover our purpose with specious appearances of republican folly, and *seem* at least thorough converts to a cause most abhorrent to our souls. — Forgive us, blessed Redeemer, forgive us, Almighty Father, [*she kneels,*] if, in these assumings, we have polluted the majesty of thy name, and the sanctity of thy nature, and been forced into a "*shew* of ungodliness," in common with millions of others, thy true believers, still in the prison-house of this bleeding kingdom, who pant like us for an escape from those who hold thee in derision! [*Rises.*] Trust me, Madam, the ardour of prayer has not lifted my language beyond the words of simple truth.

Millions, be assured, there are, who, at this moment, are driven into the mockery of speaking, and even fighting, in defence of what is only less bitter than death: and which, but for the ties that bind us to life (our children) would be *more* supportable!

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Alas! I can well believe it: And, is it possible that my husband, with a heart once the throne of every charity which adorns humanity, and of every aspiration that ascends to God,—honoured by the rich, adored by the poor, one of the upright dispensers of the mild laws of his country — laws which *Freedom herself* might be proud to obey,—should, by a few months contagion and commerce in this *region of captivity*, be fascinated by such contemptible, such impious —

BARONESS.

Ah, my Lady! — Fanaticism can change our very nature, and invert all its properties; turn the lamb into a tiger, the dove to a vulture, and, I fear —

LADY AIRCASTLE.

I have still some hopes, Madam, and you shall both know and, if fortunate, partake their effects.

BARONESS.

Before you grant me such an honour, let me

entreat you will become the depositary of the few fragments we have been able to save from the general wreck of our fortune. They lay, alas! in a narrow compass, and will be found in this casket: they will serve as a mark, that your confidence will not be thrown away upon pretenders—that we are not to be ranked amongst the common plunderers, calling themselves patriots; and, as your family stands in a less exposed predicament than our's, they will be more secure in your possession than in mine.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

On that consideration *only* can I receive them, Madam; but the confidence must rest with ourselves. Noble, and full of probity as he is by nature, I dare not trust it with my poor dear Sir John, who would, I verily think, convert his best blood into money, did he suppose it advanced the absurd, yet alarming, cause, he has so rashly espoused. But we must now repair to the garden, in which my foolish sister, if it be possible, more extravagant than himself, has made her preparations to celebrate a day, the anniversary of which ought, for the rest of our lives, to be marked with mourning and lamentation. My dear Florentia and Mr. Steady, the Baroness de St. Clair and her family merit your esteem and admiration.

Their story is but a counterpart of our own, with some shades yet more gloomily tinged.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

May they pass away under the same auspices! Meantime, I hope I may consider your sweet daughters as my constant companions.

VALENTINE.

[*Music without.*] Hark! the festivities, or, if you will, the *follies of the day*, are about to begin.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Yes, the ruin of my poor husband's affairs is this day to be completed.

VALENTINE.

His purse will, I fear, be this day reduced to *ashes!* But I have a sweet hope and powerful presentiment, that his future fortunes and his revived reason will, like the phœnix, arise from those ashes with redoubled splendour.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Amen! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

SIR JOHN'S *Apartment.* — SIR JOHN *on a Sofa.*

Enter STATUQUO.

SIR JOHN.

Well, Statuquo, is all ready? I have taken a little nap, and I think I can now walk down

amongst them with little or no assistance. Let us see: lend me your arm — now for it.

[*Rises, and attempts to move.*

STATUQUO.

The gentlemen and lady cooks cut a very respectable figure; but the English mail has just arrived, and brings me various news, that though, I fear, it may throw a cloud over the brightness of this great day, it is absolutely necessary for your Honour to be informed of.

SIR JOHN.

Let us hear.

STATUQUO.

In the first place, an't please your Honour, there's another vessel full of goods come from the Lodge; fine beds, glasses, and the like: and one of the French commissioners, your good brother, says, they must be in a *state of arrestation* till he has received the direction of the Convention.

SIR JOHN.

Stop my goods! damn me, this is worse than the custom-house officers! 'Sbud, if a man *must* be devoured, he had better be eaten up by the sharks of his *own* country.

STATUQUO.

Secondly, Farmer Clod, one of your Honour's tenants, is come over, and brings word, that, finding it not unlikely you may be at-

tainted of high treason in your own country, if you are not guillotined in this, and that, by consequence, your property will be forfeited, one of the claimants on your Hampshire estates, (there are several, your Honour knows, but he does not mention which,) has run up your bond to a judgement, and thrown a thundering execution into your Honour's town and country house. Thirdly, the communication being this instant cut off between England and France, by a new decree of the Convention, remittances will stop, of course; by which means, your involvements here, which are very heavy, will be every day greater. And, lastly, your Honour's tradesmen, on this side of the water, are become so importunate, that, notwithstanding I have used with them all the arguments of *equality, liberty, and the rights of man,* they are so far from considering these pleas as of any weight, that, instead of treating you with *con-fraternity,* they call you impostor, cheat, adventurer, and every other name, but *brother and friend.*

SIR JOHN.

Ugh! I think my gout is getting into my head and stomach; I have confounded pains flying about me.

STATUQUO.

That I may not increase them by these un-

pleasant subjects, I will conduct you into the garden, Sir.

SIR JOHN.

Heigho! I must go, 'twill seem so strange; otherwise, my temples throb, as if the veins were bursting. Does my wife and daughter, or Sir Thomas, know any thing of this?

STATUQUO.

I should think, by their manner, that they *did*, your Honour.

SIR JOHN.

Well, let us go down. I have no business with more property than you have, either at home or abroad; but I'm sorry that I can't pay my debts, and that my brothers and sisters should abuse me — for, suppose they never were to receive a farthing, have I not as much right to their goods as they themselves? Why should *they* not come into the spirit of the system as well as I? It is not, as I take it, a partial, but universal system of perfect equality and perfect freedom. I do not repent any thing I have done for their cause, and hope I shall live and die in it; but, in a case of necessity, there *should* be something like *gratitude*, too.

STATUQUO.

There certainly should; but I never heard of *that* being any part of the new French consti-

tution. Supposing you had a mind to assert your rights, and were resolved to maintain them, I think there is no doubt but you have a right to rob and plunder yourself rich again, aye, and reimburse yourself that way, as well as any republican *marauder* of the realm.

SIR JOHN.

You wrong them, Statuquo—you wrong our cause, by thinking so unworthily. Are we not *one?* Has not the republic this great fundamental truth for its basis, "a conviction, that the neglect and contempt of the natural *rights of man* is the sole cause of the miseries of the world; rights, sacred, *imprescriptible,* and *unalienable?*" Is not the new government of France a guarantee of them? and do they not ensure to all men the enjoyment of what is consistent with liberty, equality, and, in short, mutual accommodation? Whether I, or my neighbour, have possessions is never to be a question. If the want is mine, and the good wanted your's, I have a *natural, unalienable, imprescriptible, right* to have my *equal* share, be it more or less; and, if it is refused, I can, by force, maintain my violated right; and, whether it be a pound in money, or a pound in potatoes, I can seize upon, and carry off, my *just division.*

STATUQUO.

Can you? It happens very lucky for your Honour, then, in the present instance, as it falleth out, that you will, after the second gorging and swilling of this great day, be in furious want both of potatoes and pounds; and I would humbly advise your Honour to make an experiment.

SIR JOHN.

So I will, and do not at all doubt of success.

STATUQUO.

Your Honour might begin with the bills now due at *Havre*, amounting to about fourteen hundred and sixteen livres. Here they are, bundled, taped, and labelled.

SIR JOHN.

Give them to me; I shall shew you that our system is just what it expresses itself, "a compact, having for its end and aim common happiness, and that this compact is infringed when any one of its members is made unhappy or oppressed by the rest."

STATUQUO.

Consequently, when your Honour comes to inform your patriot brethren, that you have ruined yourself and your whole family; incurred the displeasure of your king; and scorned the laws of your country: in short, *be-devilled*, or, if the term be more pleasing to your Ho-

nour's ear, *be-patriotized*, yourself—driven yourself out of house and land, and made yourself a beggar for their sakes, they will write a receipt in full at the bottom of your bill! He, he, he, he!

SIR JOHN.

They will, Mr. Grinner; so, no more of your cursed he, he, he's! which you know were always worse to me than beggary itself. But a beggar I can never be, while there is a *sous* in the national treasury.

STATUQUO.

Why, to say the truth, most of the *sous* have found their way there, by *hook or by crook*; and, I suppose, it is among the *imprescriptible, unalienable, natural, rights of a free people*, that there should not be an individual man in the nation, but the members of the Convention, who can properly call a *sous* their own.

SIR JOHN.

Why, you provoking old blockhead, don't you yet know that the national treasury is the national fund: its mine, and yours, and every man's.

STATUQUO.

I'm heartily glad of it: how unjustly have I been accusing it. I am glad to find some reform has taken place; for it has been the custom, you know, for the RECEIVERS of the

said treasure *to take by tens of hundreds*, and *refund by cyphers*, or, at most, *units*, in a ratio of about the fraction of a quarter of a farthing in the hundred, and that paid in *paper*, which a Dutchman would not think worth lighting his pipe with: he, he, he!

SIR JOHN.

[*Aside.*] Yes; I thought he would send forth one of his vexatious *he, he, he's*, at this; which has sometimes been true enough.

STATUQUO.

And, had not your Honour better instructed me, I should have feared, that, *selon leur usage ordinaire*—their common practice—upon carrying your appeal to the Convention, (that fountain of the rights of the republic,) praying the reward for civic beggary, they would decree you the relief of bread and water, in one of their prison-palaces, or jail-churches, as a *done-up* victim of the hated, or rather *dreaded*, English nation! and then, having exhausted the *national charity*, that they would consider you as a proper object of *national justice*; and so get rid of farther expenses, by recommending your Honour, as a reward for past services, to the *mercy* of the *revolutionary tribunal*: or, possibly they might, in their supreme bounty, leave you your head, with a yearly pension, (that would scarcely keep

Butler Ned's cat from starving,) to maintain it on your shoulders, till a more convenient season arrived for chopping it off!

SIR JOHN.

You would provoke a stone; you *are* a stone, a *flint* stone, as I have often told you, and want to make me as hardened an old traitor as yourself. I have already listened to your slanders more than becomes me; but you shall now see, to your confusion, that a true patriot, in a land of liberty, like this, never can be reduced to an inconvenience, in the power of that land to supply. I have hitherto shared my all with my brothers; now comes their turn: lead me on.

STATUQUO.

Yes; it is now time. [*Flourish of music.*] The last music sounds, the audience are assembled, the actors are ready, and there is going instantly to be represented, the farce of *Hail Fellow! well met! or, Higgledy-piggledy put to the test;* in which Sir John Aircastle, Bart. plays a principal character. The whole, as it would be *damned* in England the first representation.

SIR JOHN.

Now for another, he, he, he! I suppose.

STATUQUO.

He, he, he! Your Honour is not only a patriot but a prophet! he, he, he!

SIR JOHN.

Yes; I thought so. You have too good an opinion of your own impertinence, not to he, he, he! this happy stroke of it. — [*Aside.*] Damn the fellow, I think I hate his irony the more, since I find — [Sir John *hobbles along the room, supported*] he has some shadow of reason for it. [*Exeunt down the gallery stairs.*

[*Flagellets, Drums, Trumpets, and other instruments are heard from the outer court, leading from the gallery, while the company pass to the Great Garden, and the* MARSEILLOIS HYMN *is sung.*

Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivée,
Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'entendant sanglant est levée.
Marchons, marchons, &c. &c.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The BARON DE ST. CLAIR'S *Apartments.*

Enter SIR THOMAS STEADY, *as from the Fête, in a Cook's Dress.*

SIR THOMAS.

Pooooo! its dreadfully hot. *Vive la liberté*—of breathing the free air a little. Ods furnace, I am almost suffocated! O, my dear Baroness, such a scene!

BARONESS.

My indisposition not suffering me to attend, I must be indebted to you, Sir Thomas, for the particulars.

SIR THOMAS.

There we were, pell mell; the servants dressed *like* gentlemen and ladies; and the ladies and gentlemen in the habit of servants. Ha, ha, ha! my arch dog, Spruce, objected to this, as a breach of *egality;* for, says he, if *your* coat is better than *mine*, how the plague can we be equal? ha, ha! Then, again, the kitchen gentry must needs be served first;

and, no sooner have we, their humble servants for the day, set the good things on the table, than our new masters (on a signal given by that pickle rascal, Will, the footman,) order us to rise, clap themselves down in our places, and begin to call about them. The mad Widow consents to this, and stands behind the chair of the very servant who made the motion. She invites us to do the same; by way of carrying on the jest, on our parts, and seeing how far a set of spoiled people, thrown out of their element, would go. Our seats and dresses thus usurped, the usurpers call about them. My son, Valentine, gives beer to one fellow, bread to another; poor Lady Aircastle, humouring our plan, helps to wine; Miss Aircastle (trembling and blushing, and dressed, to please her father, like a waiting-maid) offers fruit to her femme-de-chambre, who takes it with an air, and is going to thank her, but remembers there is a *decree against good manners.* As I presented, with my own proper hands, a tumbler of water to one of the towns-folk, he was going to take off his hat, but struck it faster on his head, upon the same principles, because, forsooth, there had been a complaint against this matter, as a relict of slavery; ever since which, *common civility* has been kicked out of company,

and dare not even shew its face in the National Convention.

BARONESS.

Strange equality, methinks, Sir.

SIR THOMAS.

Yes, Madam, my fellow Spruce, with his usual smartness, made a speech against this. He said, (and you'll allow very justly,) that the making any body wait upon them was an *act of tyranny;* that their dizening themselves out in fine dresses was an *act of vanity;* that, if all were equal, all had a right to eat together, to help one another, or at least to help themselves; and that the despotic manner in which they conducted themselves was a strong body of evidence against them, as *violaters of their own system:* hereupon, some of my servants, and some of your Ladyship's, headed by Dick, the Coachman, who it seems is sick of being a republican, began to rise; they seized on wicked Will and his party, as tyrants, forced them to make room, laid claim to their equal share of the spoils of the table, and dismissed the Ladies and Gentlemen in *waiting*, or invited them to take their dues, in common with the rest. Not being myself disposed for eating my part of my own cookery, I no sooner received my leave of absence from my own servant Spruce, (who gave it me with admira-

ble gravity, and a *hail fellow! well met!* nod of the head,) than I came off, as you see, to cool myself.

BARONESS.

Inconsistent enough; but it is not more so than what happens every hour in this boasted republic? Do they not talk of *liberty*, and put every honest man in *prison?* Do they not speak of the *freedom of their press*, and seize your *private papers*, and *force your locks* on the most frivolous pretences? Do they not take an oath to hold sacred your *property*, and is even the *life* of any citizen safe, while he has any property at all? And then, having robbed you first, do they not murder you afterwards, because you happen to have been rich? Do they not *proclaim good faith* to the inhabitants of conquered *countries*, and then levy such a contribution as renders their *proclamation an absurdity?* that is, being interpreted, I will not *take any thing*, but if you do not *give every thing*, WOE BE UPON YOUR HEAD! In like manner, do they not promise *peace* to the vanquished, and yet force the flower and prime of every conquered country to *war* on their side; the bayonet before, the gullotine behind? Sir Thomas, we may smile at the squabbles of a parcel of misguided and seduced domestics, who really do not know *what to do with themselves*, since they quitted the paths of honest and

wholesome occupation, but we must shed tears, and groan over the abominations of men, who, even in the daily practice of their most ordinary precepts, are so inconsistent *with themselves*.

SIR THOMAS.

A just recapitulation of their absurdities, indeed, Madam.

BARONESS.

Too just: but what became of Sir John Aircastle, all this time?

SIR THOMAS.

It is difficult to give you a faithful portrait of that worthy, but ill-advised man, on this occasion. — He entered the garden, which could be said to resemble that of paradise, only when it was the abode of Sin and Death, *after the fall of man*. He entered it, Madam, under visible chagrin: his mind had, it seems, been unhinged by some *ill news* from home, and ILL USAGE here, in France.

BARONESS.

This was not the time or place, alas! to recover his temper or his tranquillity.

SIR THOMAS.

But it was the place and time to continue the good work that had been begun on his conviction. — No sooner did he cast his eyes over the garden, Madam, (from the sight of which the cruel gout had so long precluded him,) than he

saw through all the false colourings, flags, ribands, wreathes, and garlands of the widow Utopia, that a once fine and well-disposed track of ground he saw had run (like his own affairs, and from a similar cause) into ruin. Statuquo reminded him that the gardener was a good republican, and had taken the *liberty* to let the garden be as wild and wicked as himself; and Lady Aircastle assured him that the flower-garden would not have furnished poor Florentia with the morning beau-pots she so much set her heart on, to dress her dear father's chamber-chimney, had it not been for her own proper cultivation of a few pinks and roses; and that, from the gardener's becoming too good a patriot to stoop to the labours of the spade and weeding hook, the kitchen had been more desolate than the pleasure garden; and that, though near four acres of ground were thereby laying waste, Sir John had been put to the expense of buying all his fruit and vegetables, at the market of Havre.—I was near enough to hear the words "lazy good for nothing scoundrel" grind between his teeth; but, recollecting and rebuking *himself*, he soon added, "yet, 'tis my fault, and not his; at the Lodge, he was a diligent creature. He has been spoiled." From this observation, and some few others, I am convinced his good steward, Statuquo, (who

has been bantering his master's system with his quaint, but cutting ironical artillery, at every opportunity) was in the right, when he told me, that Sir John, like many thousand others, only *fancied himself* a republican, and that he did not doubt he should live to see him, though perhaps too late, scout his own principles, and renounce them as vehemently as he had taken them up. To this good work, I am, as Lady Aircastle has informed you, lending a helping hand; and here comes another of our instruments, who will inform us farther of the Baronet's disorder, and our hopes of a cure.

BARONESS.

Heaven prosper your endeavours, Sir. But there is a most terrible noise without: I fear they are still riotous.

Enter SPRUCE.

SIR THOMAS.

We shall hear all from Spruce: but, I see by his tragic strides, and the scenic flourish of his arms, he is blown up, like a bladder, with bombast, and you must be prepared, Madam, for his going off in heroics.

BARONESS.

It is a fair object for it, you must allow.

SIR THOMAS.

Well, Spruce, is the *fête* over?

SPRUCE.

"Most potent Seignior; my very noble and approved good master."

SIR THOMAS.

[*To the* Baroness.] I told you so. If it be anywise consistent with the dignity of what you have to tell us, Spruce, we should be glad if you could make a descent from the loftiness of your understanding to the——

SPRUCE.

[*Interrupting.*] Lowliness of your's. Why, as it is the fashion, now-a-days, for all things to be *levelled*, I shall obey your Honour, by coming down as near to the vulgar standard as I can.

SIR THOMAS.

[*Bows.*] You are particularly condescending, I am sure.

SPRUCE.

Nay, no compliments, they are *not* the fashion now-a-days: to the familiar, then, I fall, as some great man, like myself, says upon the stage. Though I am full of events, which, to do justice to, would demand, in style oriental, more than all the happy powers of Spruce—

SIR THOMAS.

If possible.

SPRUCE.

If possible, as your Honour very finely ob-

serves. Yet, even as the lofty lark, who, singing as she soared, with outspread wings winnowing the air, which, enamoured of the song, stood still to listen till the song was done—

[*Imitates the action of a bird in the air.*

SIR THOMAS.

Od's nonsense! Spruce, do you call this descending?

SPRUCE.

I must get up, your Honour knows, before I can come down; pray your patience—till the song was done—then blew the applauding breeze, as much as to say, bravissimo, my little bird of morn! (*Bird and bravissimo* alliterates, your Honour observes; a great beauty that, in descriptions of this kind:) and now, beyond the reach of vulgar mortal ken, the lark renews her lay! (*Lark and lay*, your Honour perceives, has the same grace.)

SIR THOMAS.

'Sdeath! I wish you would have the grace to finish this rhapsody. *You* have got beyond the reach of mortal ken, I'm sure.

SPRUCE.

[*Not to be stopped.*]—Renews her lay, which, having brought towards a close, she drops down with a *twit, twit, twee*, into the humble furrow, just as I do. There, Sir, now I'm upon earth again.

BARONESS.

Ha, ha, ha! a pleasant fellow!

SPRUCE.

Only a specimen of the art of sinking and rising, my Lady: we authors call it the bathos.

SIR THOMAS.

But, as I presume, you did not come plump down from the clouds! ——

SPRUCE.

[*Interrupting.*] The *skies*, your Honour means, I fancy. The clouds are low dirty fellows; I mounted my lark far above them; I was for a considerable time clean out of sight, your Honour knows.

SIR THOMAS.

You were, indeed; and if you don't put an end to this trumpery, I shall send you out of sight again, with a——

SPRUCE.

Flea in my ear, I suppose: to prevent which, and to revenge the threat, I shall haste to inform your Honour, in the vulgar tongue, of what would have made old dry-featured Diogenes laugh like a tipsy Bacchanal.

SIR THOMAS.

How so?

SPRUCE.

Scarce had your Honour left *egality*-garden

before the ex-servants of Sir John began to wax warm with the wreck of their *ci-devant* master's liquors. Wicked Will, who was the Robespierre of the rabble, proposed, as a toast, CONFUSION TO ORDER, which was drank off *nem. con.* Then filling bumpers of Burgundy and sparkling Champagne, at the cost of the said Sir John, the widow Utopia following his example, he soon made every man and woman at the table top-heavy. Your Honour has not *yet* been in the infernal regions, therefore can have no idea of the noises that now ensued. The yell of your Honour's pack of hungry hounds, when let loose upon some straggling sheep-dog, was at once as the music and silence of the spheres to it, and all the tongues of Babel were *out Babelonized!*

SIR THOMAS.

[*Holding up his cane.*] Beware how you imitate the lark again. You are in danger of a second flight, I see; but I shall fetch you to the ground perhaps sooner than you imagine.

SPRUCE.

Well, if I must grovel, I must. Wicked Will leaped upon the table, and made a speech. I vote, said he, that we drink the health of the founder of the feast; then, setting the example, all took off half-pint bumpers to John Aircastle! He then jumped from the table, and,

running to Sir John, shook him by the hand, with a roughness that made the good Baronet hold up one of his crutches.

SIR THOMAS.

[*Shaking his cane violently.*] O that I had been there.

BARONESS.

Poor gentleman!

SPRUCE.

The shake was going round, when Sir John, in his own defence, swore he would murder the next man that took hold of him. *Liberty for ever!* cried the *ex-gardener*, getting behind him, and giving his hand another pull: *liberty for ever*, my old boy!—Miss Aircastle ran to her father, took his hand, and, kneeling down, besought them to use no farther violence. No kneeling, young woman, cried one of the guests, 'tis a *capital offence* now, to kneel either *to God or man.*

SIR THOMAS.

Where was my son all this time?

SPRUCE.

He would have sent, in that moment, one more patriot-scoundrel out of the world, had not the blow, intended for his head, fallen harmless on Sir John's still up-lifted crutch.

SIR THOMAS.

What a pity!

SPRUCE.

But Dick, the coachman, who has long been suspected, you know, Sir, of counter-revolutionary principles, gave the republican rebel such a box on the left ear, as, I should think, would make it sing *ça ira* (pardon the pun) for the rest of his life.

SIR THOMAS.

I will make a codicil to my will, on purpose to pay honest Dick for that box of the ear. If he had taken the rascal's ear quite off, I believe, verily, I should have made him my heir.

SPRUCE.

Secondly — cries wicked Will, remounting the table — I vote thanks to our well-beloved sister Utopia! *Nem. con.* again; but, as she is one of the fair sex, (they might safely have said dark brown, at least, your Honour knows,) as she is one of the fair sex, I move, that every patriot gives her the *kiss of peace* and *confraternity*.

SIR THOMAS.

I should have been glad to have been present at this part of the tragi-comedy, I own.

SPRUCE.

Yes, your Honour; but the republicans were less unanimous on this occasion than on the former: some actually refused. You know the unlovely make of this lady's lips, and the abo-

minable bone-house, of which they are the folding-doors. Kiss Utopia, exclaimed one, *par bleu!!* I had rather be guillotined, says another: but wicked Will led the way; and several others, screwing up their mouths first, and wiping them after, followed his bold example.

SIR THOMAS.

Ha, ha, ha! that must have been pleasant to see, however.

SPRUCE.

And what's the reason, pray, cries the widow, bristling up like a baboon in a passion, that I am not a woman to be kissed as well as another? How have I deserved this slight? Let us make the best of a bad bargain, said one, whispering another. Very true, said I, (overhearing,) patriots must expect to meet with some difficulties; bitters as well as sweets. Do you mean, gentlemen, to raise contributions round the world, and to pay no taxes yourselves? Surely *that's* not equality.

BARONESS.

Charming! Why, Spruce, you are a wit!

SPRUCE.

[*Bows.*] This spirited them up; and the widow was so pleased, particularly with kiss the last—which, for reasons of state, was given by my young master—that all was put into good

humour again; even Sir John, stung as he was betwixt pain and anger, forced a smile.

SIR THOMAS.

A man on the rack must have done the same.

SPRUCE.

It was in this interval of gaiety that the glass went about again; heaven knows it went round *freely*: and I begin to think, your Honour, instead of calling the French a *free people*, we should call them a *people who make free*. But to proceed; all parties seemed once more to conciliate, when Will, who is at the top, in the middle, and at the bottom of all mischief——

SIR THOMAS.

I think so; a fellow compounded of a Barrère, Robespierre, and Marat.

SPRUCE.

Proposed a general *change of names*. We ought to have nothing left among us, my friends and brothers, cries he, that can make us remember our former selves; nothing that can remind us of inequality; we are regenerated; no more, then, of your Dicks, Wills, Toms, Jacks, and Georges; but republican appellations; something Roman now to begin with. This proposition was generally relished. Accordingly, the mover of the question baptized

himself *Brutus*; Sam, the ex-scullion, was *Mark Anthony*; the Farmer, who is come over express, and who they want to republicanize, they call *Agricola*; his son, *Cincinnatus*; and some of the mob took the *twelve Cesars* amongst them.

SIR THOMAS.

Ha, ha, ha! that is in the very spirit of the new madness, sure enough.—Well, Spruce?

SPRUCE.

'Squire Valentine (still for state reasons, as your Honour knows,) honoured Madame Utopia with the name of *Portia*; and taking some branches of laurel, that had ornamented the tables ——

SIR THOMAS.

Would to heaven they had been stinging nettles!

SPRUCE.

Twined them round her head, in honour of her superior *civism*. But, while they were all thinking what they could denominate Sir John Aircastle, whether *Cato* the Censor, or *Cato* of Utica, or *Gustavus Vasa*, or the brave fellow who defended the old bridge; the baronet himself exclaimed—in a feeble but dissatisfied voice, between agony and rage—Are you at a loss what to call *me?* Call me a cursed old ridiculous dotard, who left my friends, fortune,

king, country, and five senses, in the best, fairest, freest land upon the face of the globe, in order to come to this region of shame, folly, and abomination !

BARONESS.

I tremble for him.

SPRUCE.

And so should I, had one-half of what he has said been heard or understood; but, besides that the noise of huzzas and hickups was too great for any distinct sounds, Sir John was now seated in his gouty-chair, too far removed from the general hubbub to be heard by any body but my Lady, his daughter, anti-revolutionary Richard, and myself.

SIR THOMAS.

That was lucky ; I had my fears too.

SPRUCE.

I would have persuaded the ladies and Sir John to retire, and was just helping Richard to wheel him off, when his attention was called forth by a stroke of *liberty*, that had liked to have had alarming consequences.

SIR THOMAS.

What folly next?

SPRUCE.

Seeing us going off, her Ladyship's *ci-devant* laundry-maid and her *ex-washerwoman* (both more than half mad with patriotism and liquor)

came up to us. So, says the lady of the washing-tub, you are stealing a march upon us, sister Rachel. — Hickup — I'll tell you — hickup — a bit of my mind; I am *dammy-crackycal*, — hickup — and have, therefore, to observe to you — hickup — sister Rachel, that, unless you take your turn at the tub, next — hickup — wash — the devil may rub the dirt out of your linen for me, so think on't. The box-iron-damsel next poured forth *her* eloquent oration: "sister Rachel, I have made *free* with a few of your best linens and laces, for two reasons; first, I have as much right to them as you; and, secondly, they will just do for me to wear in honour of my cousin *Mark Anthony's* wedding." — "True, coz. (cried the young *Mark Anthony,*) and, to do the thing genteelly, fitting for father-in-law's lawful son-in-law, I have fixed upon this suit now on my back." Sir John, perceiving they were a court-dress, taken from his wardrobe, exclaims, "Stand out of the way, brat, or I'll thrash them from your back." Surely, said I, your Honour has a right to beat your own clothes, wherever you find them.

BARONESS.

Ha, ha, ha!

SPRUCE.

This observation, I believe, would have re-

conciled all matters again, but for the conduct of *Mark Anthony*, who, in pursuance of the *great* and *glorious system*, hallows out, rudely, "Daddy Aircastle, I demand your daughter for my wife!" This brought up Mr. Valentine, who left Mrs. Utopia, and ran to the young lady. "I demand your daughter, Florentia Aircastle to my wife," reiterated *Mark Anthony*. So do I, says another of the *ci-devant* servants! and I! and I! exclaimed a third and a fourth. We have all *equal* claims to —— To the gallows, have you not? roared Sir John, in an agony of rage. Dare but pollute the hem of her garment, cries Mr. Valentine. — (Richard and I stood between the claimants and Sir John's party.) — I will maintain my rights, exclaimed *Mark Anthony*. *Your* rights! *mine*, you mean, cries one of the *Cesars*. No, mine; mine; mine; re-echoed from all sides. This, Sir, was the luckiest thing in the world; for, poor Miss Aircastle having fainted away, all the attention of Sir John, Mr. Valentine, and my Lady, were taken up in trying to recover her: during which time, her new lovers were settling their different pretensions.

SIR THOMAS.

Impudent dogs! — which, I must own, were *equally* well founded.

SPRUCE.

Cesar knocked down his friend *Mark Anthony*, and a bloody battle ensued. Richard and myself, with the assistance of Sir John's tenant, *Agricola*, and his son, *Cincinnatus*, (who had now joined us,) got off the Baronet and the ladies; and they are now in the Castle, in *perfect safety*: indeed, they would now be so, even in the midst of the young lady's claimants; for, the garden is, at this moment, an exact picture of a carmagnol army, after a battle; so drunk, *when they began the attack*, that nothing but a plentiful loss of *mad blood* could sober them. It is necessary to observe, that, in taking a cool survey of the field of of battle, since the action, I perceive the Great *Portia* fallen amongst the *twelve Cesars*.

BARONESS.

What a scene! Yet a true portrait of *French equality*. What is your *English liberty* to this, Sir Thomas?

SIR THOMAS.

A steady, generous, animating, fire, Madam, to a burning, momentary, and consuming, blaze! If all this, added to the rest, does not cure my poor friend, he is lost, indeed! But it is near the time of our general meeting.

The Baron has his part assigned in this good work, Madam, and, if you please, we will now meet our allies.

BARONESS.

With all my heart, Sir, and success attend our councils. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Gallery.

Enter VALENTINE, *from* SIR JOHN'S *Chamber, leading in* LADY *and* MISS AIRCASTLE, *and followed by* RICHARD, *the Farmer, and his Son; Miss* AIRCASTLE *shuts her Father's Door, softly; they come forward, on tip-toe, and speak in a low Voice.*

VALENTINE.

Do you, Dick, mount guard at this door, while I conduct the ladies to Sir Thomas.

FARMER.

Can't I have a few words with you first, 'Squire?

VALENTINE.

I will return to you in a moment, my good friend; but, the ladies always first, you know.

SON.

Yes, you know, father, the last pretty fable

I learnt at school, tells you, that " when a lady's in the case, all other things must sure give place."

FARMER.

True.—But can't I mount guard too, 'Squire, till you come? I don't think Dick loves his Honour, in the main, better than I, for all what has past; and this good oaken staff (that I cut out of one of his Honour's own copses,) in my opinion, will settle a man's head as well as that same *Gulluttene* they talk so much about in these parts.

VALENTINE.

Be it so, then, Farmer, and expect me on the instant. Now, ladies, there is not a moment to be lost. [*Exeunt.*

SON.

Father, I ha' gotten a little bit of a rattan too, you see, that you bought at our last Aircastle wake; he wops round a man as tight as a garter, and twists about like a worm; — I do think he would trim one of these *Carmangling* fellow's jackets purely.

[*While the Farmer places himself by the side of* Richard, *the Son flourishes his stick, and thrusts himself between them.*

DICK.

There's a brave little fellow!

FARMER.

What, Dick, what the devil is all this French rumpus? I have now been looking at them,—laughing at them,—crying at them,—and, a murrain light upon my poor cows and heifers, if I don't think they are every mother's son stark staring mad. What is all this, I say?

DICK.

LIBERTY.

FARMER.

At first, seeing them all funny, one with another, masters and sarvents, gentle and simple, and *'ticularly* his Honour's livery folks, that were my old neighbours, his Honour, Sir Thomas, dressed up *like a cook;* and Sir John's cook, all dressed up like a Lord Mayor's coach-horse,—I liked them well enough, for I thought it a kind of merry-meeting of brothers and sisters, kinsfolk and friends. And, ecod, I was as full of my jokes as the best of them, *'ticularly*, when Madam Topia (who you know, we always thought a little cracked,) put the question to wicked Will and his set, and the *Sans Cue*—what d'ye call 'em gentry,—and asked for a kissing 'bout;—ecod, I gave the old girl a smack that sung like a coach-whip, out of pure charity.

SON.

But, I wondered how you could kiss she, too,

father, when you think of my pretty-mouthed mother.

FARMER.

Yet, when I saw the fellows let the good wine and strong beer about the cellar, and worry the meat like so many dogs, and abuse the founder of the feast, his Honour, the best master in the world, and take hold of the lily white hand of Miss Florentia with their greasy fists; and, more than all that, wanted us to drink CONFUSION TO OLD ENGLAND and KING GEORGE, on our knees, I thought it was carrying the joke too far; and only wondered how the plague his Honour, or any of his family, could *a'file* themselves to stay amongst them.

DICK.

Farmer, if you had jumped out of my mouth, as the old saying is, you could not have spoken my thoughts about these chaps more fully. I liked them too, at first setting out, but they have now so turned my heart against them, for their blaspheming wickedness, that I am determined to wash my hands of them.

SON.

Your hands, Mr. Richard, will take a plaguy deal of washing, I fancy.

FARMER.

Well said, boy, ha, ha, ha! — Yes, the new French dirt seems to stick to a man's fingers, deusedly.

DICK.

Like bird-lime, Farmer; the more you rub, the more you are 'tangled.

FARMER.

And so, what we have seen in the garden, is one of their *fates*, is it? I hope, it will never be my fate, to be at such another.

SON.

It looked to me, more like a bull-baiting.

FARMER.

Well said, boy, again;—aye, and poor Sir John, the bull.

SON.

The *mad* bull, father.

FARMER.

And his own servants, the bull *dogs*, that worried him, and would have drank his heart's blood, just as *freely* as they did his wine and spirits.

DICK.

I hope not so bad as that, neither, Farmer.

FARMER.

I have seen drunken bouts, plenty, in my time, and made one amongst them. I almost drank my eyes out of my head, when Sir John got his election. I tippled, till I tumbled twice from my old mare, in going home from Steady-Hall, on the day 'Squire Valentine came of age; and I could have swum, nay, ecod, I could have *drowned* this little fellow twice over in the stoops

of ale I took off to his health, long life, and long love of him and his mother. I believe I might rattle down an empty bottle on the floor, swearing, as I kicked him off, that a live dog was better than a dead lion; so, for want of more old port, No. 1, took up with women's tipple, made of raisins, No. 2; and, I think they told me, when I came to myself a little, that I had tossed a tumbler out of the window, when I began to sing, "O the roast beef of Old England."—But what of that; all this was joy; I did not do any body any harm, nay, I did good, I made all my folks as merry as myself: moreover, I paid as well for the bottles I had broken as for their contents; so much the better for the wine-merchant, and the glass-maker, you know; nay, I remember drinking, "Success to trade," when I *kelped* away the tumbler.

SON.

Nay, as to that, father, my mother says, you made me tipsy too.

FARMER.

I'faith, and so I did; ha, ha, ha!—I poured a thimble full of the wine, of thy mother's own manufacture, into thy little throat, and down it went, as if it had been mother's milk.

DICK.

A very promising sign, Farmer.

FARMER.

Yes, so I thought it; but for such a feasting as this of poor Sir John's, I wish, Dick, I could have saved the liquor, and stuck their cursed ungrateful throats with the splinters of the glass bottles. But pray, did you observe, while the scullion-boy, that his Honour took out of charity, was tearing off the gold lace from one of the fine coats, how another chap, one of the *carmangling* fellows, seized on one of the sleeves, pulling different ways, like a couple of dogs at a *marrow-bone*, while a third came up, insisting on *his* share; till, between them all, they tore the coat to pieces?

DICK.

That was, what they here call *egalité*, or all alike.

FARMER.

All knaves alike, — hey?

DICK.

Yes, every body is *equal*, you know.

FARMER.

That is, I suppose, one as great a rogue as another?

DICK.

Just so. — But did you note, that while the three free-spirited gentlemen were squabbling for the coat, how cleverly a fourth youngster came behind one of the squabblers, and picked his pocket of the ripped lace?

FARMER.

I did, — but that was an urchin. ——

SON.

No bigger than myself: my finger itched to rattan him; and I think I could have done it, for all his long sword and soldier's jacket.

DICK.

He is one of the national volunteer guards.

FARMER.

Guards! of what? Is he commander in chief of the stolen victuals, armed with a fly-flap, to see that the *little* thieves do not get at it before the *great* ones?

DICK.

No such thing; we have here flaming patriots in bibs and aprons; and defenders of their country in their leading strings: a troop of these get about what they call an aristocrate, (that is, a man who does not choose to turn thief like themselves,) and with their small swords ——

SON.

Like a legion of Lilliputians, that I have read about, on one Captain Gulliver's chin.

DICK.

Just so; they make a shift to hack off your head; another pack of them fix it on a pole; and the rest drag the corpse up and down the street.

FARMER.

Zoons, Dick, that's turning an honest man's head into a plaything; and murder into a game of pat-ball! a pretty amusement, truly!

DICK.

'Tis the new mode of bringing up youth *to serve their country.*

SON.

To serve the devil, Dick, a'nt it? but you are only joking now.

DICK.

Indeed, but I am not; both sexes are now brought up to be patriots, and the Old English plan is quite kicked out of doors.

FARMER.

It is, is it?

DICK.

For instance; at the age that boys begin to break the sixth commandment——

SON.

"Thou shalt do no murder."—I have the whole ten by heart, Mr. Richard.

DICK.

And I hope you will be old fashioned enough to *keep* them.

FARMER.

I'll *break* the very *one* you are speaking of on his head, if he does not.

DICK.

When the boys, I say, begin, by act of parliament, or order of the Convention, to commit murder for the good of the republic, the girls are ordered to serve their country *another* way.

SON.

What other way, Richard?

DICK.

Taking care to have young recruits against the others are shot.

FARMER.

Ha, ha, ha! I understand you. What, then, about the time that the male children become rogues, the females become ——

DICK.

A word that begins with a letter which you will find a little lower in the alphabet ——

SON.

V's — villains, I suppose.

DICK.

No, there you are out, youngster, DOUBLE U's.

FARMER.

I thought so.

DICK.

Each are so zealous in the cause, or, as poor Sir John calls it, the great question, that it

becomes a pitched battle, betwixt murder and fornication, for the rest of their lives!

FARMER.

Ha, ha! the cause seems equally glorious.

DICK.

And, by way of encouraging the young folks in well doing, the *most virtuous of all possible assemblies* have instituted public rewards for big bellies; and she who breeds first and fastest carries off the prize, and is reputed the *best* republican.

FARMER.

[*Much affected.*] Thus prostitutes become patriots, and seducers heros, hey?

DICK.

Exactly so.

FARMER.

The young people of both sexes are, then, r——s and w——s, by order of the French Convention?

DICK.

They are. But French virtue goes a great deal farther; it changes every thing once thought good or moral: instead of the old nursery cant, "if you are a good child, and say your prayers, God will bless you; and if your are naughty you will go the devil;" 'tis now, if you dare to say your prayers, or bow to the higher powers,

love God, or honour the King, you will be suspected of loyalty and religion, and sent to the committee of public safety; and, if convicted of such crying sins against the *majesty of reason*, you will have your little heads cut off your shoulders. Mothers are enjoined, on pain of death, to inculcate the one sentiment and destroy the other; by which new means, children are taught to lisp blasphemy, and commit the deadly sins in the cradle. Charming institution, by which treason becomes filial piety, and atheism maternal virtue!

SON.

Mercy on us, father, what sort of a country have we got into?

FARMER.

The devil incarnate's country, I think; but lord help us to get out of it as fast as we can, Richard, and try to get poor Sir John and his family out, too!

SON.

Meantime, father, I shall so far be a liberty boy myself, as to say my prayers, love God, and honour my king, were they to chop off my head fifty times.

FARMER.

And, if you did not, I'd chop it off myself. I'll tell you what, Richard —— but here comes back the young 'Squire.

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

Well, farmer, you see I keep my word with you, though I am in a country where good faith of any kind is now less the mode than ever; but I am not yet quite a convert to the new doctrine.

FARMER.

I'll tell you what, neighbour 'Squire, I have had enough of the *new doctrine*, as you call it, for I find, by what I can see, and by what I have heard, from Mr. Richard here, that it is a doctrine fit only for the devil and his French imps; who, I observe, moreover, have put every thing *topsy-turvy*; and, as to their *fates*, commend me to a good English town fair, or country wake, where, if you make rather too *free* with your neighbours, or their good spirits, why — they may take the same liberties with you — can for can, noggin for noggin, bottle for bottle, that's what *I* call liberty, 'Squire. Merry and wise, happy and honest. But, as to your new Frenchified *dam-a-cracked fates*, I have seen them once, that's all, 'Squire; I have seen them once!

VALENTINE.

Once! why, they come here every ten days!

We have a feast for *every thing* now, only, like almost every thing else, they are *nick-named.*

FARMER.

How so, 'Squire?

VALENTINE.

Why, first, they have (with reverence be it spoken) a feast to God, in which they make him out a worse devil than themselves; for they bring him to prove, that it is the whole duty of man to break on each *tenth day all the ten commandments.*

FARMER.

Mercy on us, 'Squire, I wonder the red-hot thunder-bolts do not fall upon them!

VALENTINE.

Secondly, they have a feast to MANKIND, the institution of which is to shew, that it is *natural, right,* and a man's duty, to do what he pleases in the world; and that God, who made it, made also this *right*, and is, therefore, the father of all mischief.

FARMER.

[*Terrified.*] Don't talk so, 'Squire; I am afraid its wicked to *speak* of such things: my blood runs cold to hear of 'em.

SON.

[*Shuddering.*] And mine too, father.

VALENTINE.

In the third place, comes the fête of the

FRENCH PEOPLE; in which they applaud themselves, and think all the world should applaud them, too, for these iniquities.

FARMER.

They won't get any thanks from me, I fancy.

SON.

Nor me.

DICK.

Nor any more from me: God pardon me for the past!

VALENTINE.

Fourthly, is the feast to the BENEFACTORS OF HUMANITY; by whom, in the new French dictionary, are meant those who were at the top of all the mischief. Then, fifthly, you have a feast to the MARTYRS OF LIBERTY, which is to celebrate those, who, having stabbed, poisoned, hung, knocked, shot, or otherwise destroyed their fellow-creatures, are, at length, themselves made away with.

FARMER.

Well, come, I don't think that is much amiss: a little bit of a rejoicing for that, to my thoughts, is well enough. I think I should toss off a bumber extraordinary on that occasion myself, 'Squire.

VALENTINE.

Then comes, in the sixth and seventh place, feasts to LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and the REPUBLIC, which——

FARMER.

Speaks for itself: all the *dam-a-cracks* have the liberty to be equally wicked; "the devil a barrel the better herring," as we say in Old England. But are there any more of their nick-named feasts?

VALENTINE.

Abundance. The eighth, to the *liberty of the whole world*, hoping, in time, that every part of it will be in as much sin, blood, and confusion, as France.

FARMER.

Yes, I heard just before I came out, that some of their imps had got into Old England; but lord help their heads, we an't to be taken in so, neither. *We* shan't bear false witness against our neighbour—train up *our* children to do mischief—cut off *our* good king's head, the lord love him—nor change God for the devil, *yet awhile*, I believe; so, go on, 'Squire, if you please, with your *fates*.

VALENTINE.

I thought you had heard enough of them. The ninth, is a feast to the *love of your country*. You see what French lovers of their country are, pretty well, I think. Then you have, tenthly, a feast to the *hate of tyrants and traitors*; that is, to good kings and faithful subjects. In the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth, so on

to the thirty-fifth place — they give feasts to truth, justice, modesty, glory, immortality, friendship, and frugality! To truth, which every action of their lives, private and public, proves to be lying — to justice, mere irony — to modesty, downright impudence — to glory and immortality, meaning *nothing* — to friendship, the art of hardening, or betraying one another — to frugality, a very artful, but necessary feast, because, when the deluded people find themselves stripped of their property, and left to the mercy of the plunderers, it behoves them to be frugal. To courage, another artful feast: meaning, to make a virtue of necessity; courage may save your body, a musket or cannon ball may or may *not* put an end to you, but, on your refusing to fight, the guillotine is sure to snap your head off. Then there is another feast to good faith; that is, hold all together, and don't break the oath of fidelity you have taken, to be as mad and wicked as you can. There is another to heroism, for much the same purpose as courage. To disinterestedness; that is, an incitement to do mischief *for its own sake*. To stoicism ——

FARMER.

What's that, 'Squire, I never heard of him before?

SON.

But I have, father. There was a school of these Stoics, who did not care about pain, and, indeed, said there was no such thing.

FARMER.

They told a lie there, too: but I should think, under favour, 'Squire, you have nick-named these yourself. Don't you mean *stonicism?* and was not the school you talk of called *stocks?* for nothing but stocks and stones can pretend to say, pain is not pain, or that its not a confounded thing to feel it.

VALENTINE.

In the new French dictionary I have been speaking of, it only means, that you are to harden your heart against pity, fellow-feeling, and any such old-fashioned stuff; and that, as by the new plan, you must necessarily *see* some of the misery you create, the sight is no more to affect you than ——

FARMER.

If you were a stock, or a stone, as I said before. Yes, yes, I see this same stoicism is another of the nick-names. Please 'Squire to mention the rest, for I should like vastly to tell them to my Patty, when I gets back to Hampshire.

VALENTINE.

Then there is a feast to LOVE; that must

mean either the love of mischief, or prostitution; both which are DECREED by the Convention. Then follows a feast, sacred to conjugal tenderness! A decree being passed in favour of female licentiousness, I leave you to judge what this must mean, Farmer. Next comes a feast to paternal, then, to maternal, love; then to *infancy* and *youth*, the two first of which are to be shewn, by bringing up the children to deserve the gallows, and the two last to prove that the hopeful progeny fulfil their fathers and mothers expectations. You have, afterwards, a feast to *manhood*, or a rejoicing, because your talents for wickedness are then in full perfection: followed by a feast to *old age*, at which you are desired to triumph in a life ill spent. Next comes the feast to *misfortune*, in which you rejoice over human calamities. And afterwards to *agriculture* and *industry*; that is to triumph in the labour and fruits of others; for there is a *decree*, also, of the republic, to leave the French land uncultivated, in order to take the bread out of peoples mouths, in *other* countries. After which, are a couple of curious feasts to their *grand-fathers* and to *posterity*; the motive of appointing which are two-fold; first, to shew ages *past* how thoroughly they despised good old maxims and morals; and,

secondly, to assure ages yet to *come*, that the present generation will leave them nothing but misery and death for inheritance. The whole is closed by a feast to *happiness*; a happiness to be drawn from the comfortable reflection of the general wretchedness of mankind!—Such, Farmer, is the list and explanation of the thirty-five articles of the new Creed in France, which, unless a man *believe* and *practice*, he cannot be a true republican! But, I think I hear Sir John; we shall disturb him, and it is necessary he should get strength, both of body and mind, to undergo what is preparing. I hope success, because we shall then be, indeed, *free;* but, if we fail, our ruin is inevitable. So, come along, Farmer. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL *

ACT V.

SCENE I.

SIR JOHN'S *Apartment.*

SIR JOHN, *alone.*

HOW unnecessary to place a guard at my door, to protect my slumbers! How shall the conscious fool, dotard, and traitor, sleep? a traitor to the best of kings, the best of countries! Alas! my eyes have been sufficiently opened to see — [*he pauses*] —

Enter VALENTINE, FARMER, *his* SON, *and* DICK. *Seeing* SIR JOHN *awake, they stand aloof.* SIR JOHN *continues.*

— feelingly to see, that I have been the dupe of my own seductive imagination; and, if bitter repentance were not now too late ——

[*Pauses again;* Valentine *and his party comes forward.*

FARMER.

[*Bowing.*] 'Tis never too late to repent, I hope, an't please your Honour.

VALENTINE.

These honest faithful people entreat an audience, Sir.

FARMER.

As for me, I mean to get home to your Honour's farm as soon as possible, and wish I could persuade your Honour's Worship to go with me.

SIR JOHN.

What, would you carry me from one prison to another?

FARMER.

Lookee, your Honour, I have found you, for near thirty years, an easy landlord; a man can live under you. I have brought up this boy well enough, have got a little snug sum for him in a *safe* corner of Old England, if I should have my head sliced off to-morrow; and I have gotten, besides, a few of the pictures of King George the Third, God bless him, set in gold, as the saying is. Now, hearing a bit how matters were going forward at *home* with your Honour, and seeing how things are going on *here*, *abroad*, I thought this curious old bag of British guineas, which my wife Pat had sewn into the lining of my weather-all, might give us all a lift out of a hobble.

SIR JOHN.

When will my disgrace and confusion be at an end!

FARMER.

Nay, no shilly-shallying, please your Honour, 'tis your own; 'twas all got on your own ground, where I hope to get as much more, and my Son, here, after me.

SON.

Nay, father, if you come to that, I fancy I have a few keepsakes, and my uncle Oliver's new half guinea, and aunt Bridget's half-crown, and some French emigrant livres, as they call them, which may lie a-top of the old bag, or, if he's chuck full, his Worship may have them in this silken purse, of cousin Sue's knitting.— There, your Honour's Worship, and I wish every sixpence was a shilling, and every shilling a pound!—

DICK.

I, too, have found your Honour an easy good master; and, if these republicans and sinners had not made me forget, for some time past, both you and myself, and been, in short, a good-for-nothing fellow, (though your Honour knows you had a hand in making me so,) it had been better,—yet, I have not yet broken in on my last year's wages; and, if your Worship ——

SIR JOHN.

What! — Have I not ruined people enow already? myself! my wife! my daughter! and, must I now carry destruction to my servants? forbid it heaven! [*A violent noise.*] What new alarm? We had best retire to my bedchamber; if, yet, I can call any place my own. — Oh! Valentine, I am so struck, so penetrated, so convinced, and so ashamed!!!

[*Noise more violent;* Sir John, Valentine, &c. *retire, and almost shut the door.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Thomas Steady, *followed by* Ned *and* Statuquo.

SIR THOMAS.

What's this, you tell me? no more passports! All names of strangers to be inserted in the deputy's book! A new oath of fidelity to be taken in favour of sworn robbers and murderers! Our own country to be abjured!

NED.

And *that* is not the worst, your Honour, — for all the *English are marked down for destruction!* — They now call us, villains, slaves, tyrants, and have taken dreadful oaths to —

STATUQUO.

Seize on all of our nation, as suspected persons, and murder all of us in cold blood.

NED.

And never to rest till they have carried their blood-thirty vengeance even to the *throne of his majesty*; and then ——

STATUQUO.

Sweep his liege subjects from the face of the earth.

SIR THOMAS.

Horrid wretches!

[Valentine *opens* Sir John's *door.*

FARMER.

[*To* Sir John.] There's liberty, for you!

STATUQUO.

Hush, — hush, — here are some of them coming. This French *freedom* does not give a man the liberty of a *moment, night or day!*

[*All* Sir John's *party go into his chamber;* Valentine *holds the door a little open, to peep.*

Enter at another Door, (in disorder) the BARON, BARONESS, *and Family, and* LADY *and* MISS AIRCASTLE.

[Valentine *opens* Sir John's *door to receive them; they go in, and the door is locked.*

SCENE III.

Scene changes to the Sea Side; a Boat tossing with the Tempest; several Sailors getting out of it.

FIRST SAILOR.

Zoons! — 'tis a terrible night.

SECOND SAILOR.

Aye, and a terrible night we are likely to make of it, for this plaguy north-wester has driven us plump in the chops of these *carmangling* fellows. — That's Havre-de-Grace, to the left. I've gotten brother Ned in some of these parts. He went a *patriotizing* with Sir John Aircastle, but I suppose both their heads have been cut off, long ago. — I loved Ned, too.

THIRD SAILOR.

Then, we are to the right still, and had better bring to a little. — Yes, I suppose, before to-morrow night, our heads will fly about like rackets on a bowling-green: but, old Betty could not weather it any longer; so here we are.

FOURTH SAILOR.

It's devilish dark, and thunders great guns. Hark! there's a crack for you!

FIFTH SAILOR.

Lightens too, prettily. But, avast heaving;

I thought I saw a sort of a cave here to leeward, where one might stand and dry *our* wet jackets a little. — Wait the next flash.

SIXTH SAILOR.

There he comes, Jack; — and a fine fellow he is — bright as noon-day.

FIFTH SAILOR.

Aye, and here's the cave, as plain as — Zookers! now he is gone again.

SEVENTH SAILOR.

Stay a little, I quite forgot the dark lanthorn. As I hope to keep my precious eyes, he's not *'stingished*, yet; see —

FIFTH SAILOR.

Bear a hand with him, this way, — aye, — sure enough, here he is again: a sand-hole, dug by shepherds or fishermen. He goes somewhere, hows'ever; so, I'll in.

EIGHTH SAILOR.

Don't, you fool; he may take you to the town, or the castle.

FIFTH SAILOR.

Take me to the devil an' he will, he must take me out of the rain first; and I have had wetting enough for one night.

SIXTH SAILOR.

O'the outside, at least; so in, and I'll follow.

FOURTH SAILOR.

So we will all.

FIFTH SAILOR.

Here goes, then. Hit or miss, luck's all.—[*They go into the cave.*] Why, my boys, here's as snug a birth as if you were swinging in your hammocks.

SIXTH SAILOR.

And broadens as he goes. Room enough for the whole crew. We can take a spell here, till the storm is over, and day breaks; and then, if poor old Betty is not taken prisoner, or gone to pot, can bear away. But, who's got Miss Jenny?—Though I am pretty well soaked without, I'm as dry within as a tinder-box.

FOURTH SAILOR.

I've got Miss Jenny. There, [*gives a gin bottle*] give her a hug and a smack.

SIXTH SAILOR.

Well, come,—Here's the devil take the new French.

FIFTH SAILOR.

Why, he has got'em already, you fool.

SIXTH SAILOR.

They have got him, you mean.

THIRD SAILOR.

But, avast,—avast,—shipmate,—you'll hug Miss Jenny to death—I should be glad to salute her, too.

FIFTH SAILOR.

Now, I'll go and see how the land lies, if I die for it.

FOURTH SAILOR.

You shan't die alone, howsomever.

SIXTH SAILOR.

Life or death; — the more the merrier, always. Let's all go on a cruise; for Jenny has given me such spirits, that I don't care for man or beast.

[*They enter the garden, in which* Utopia, *wicked* Will, *&c. &c. are extended, drunk.*

ALL.

Nor I, — nor I, — nor any of us. — Up anchor then, and away.

FIFTH SAILOR.

Zoons, boys, we're got into a great garden. — Hush; luff a little. I see a light, as it were, at the top of a house.

SEVENTH SAILOR.

And don't you hear a devilish noise?

THIRD SAILOR.

That's in the house too.

SIXTH SAILOR.

Darken the lanthorn; and let's listen.

FIRST SAILOR.

And go nearer.

FOURTH SAILOR.

Hallo:—I'm upset! A log of wood, I suppose. [*Kicking at it.*]

WICKED WILL.

'Sblood, somebody has kicked my brains out.

FIRST SAILOR.

The log speaks;—let's look at him.—Ods biscuits, a—a—thing alive.—Hallo, messmate, what are you?

WILL.

Drunk.

THIRD SAILOR.

And here's something like a woman:—are you drunk too?

UTOPIA.

No,—I'm,—I'm—Utop—top—topi—a.

FOURTH SAILOR.

Toping?—Yes, I believe you have been toping, you hussy.

SIXTH SAILOR.

Ods rocks and quick-sands here's half a dozen more of them; like so many beer-barrels in a storm. How came you thus, shipmate?—What does all this mean?

GARDENER.

Hickup,—liberty.

FOURTH SAILOR.

Hickup and liberty, does it? Ods tops and

shrouds, stick to this, and your French liberty would not be so bad. — But, I thought I heard a shriek.

SIXTH SAILOR.

Yes: — and there's another.

FOURTH SAILOR.

'Tis a woman.

THIRD SAILOR.

All hands aloft! must not hear a woman shriek neither, friend or enemy's land, all the same for that: bear away.

[*They rush forward, and the scene closes.*

SCENE IV.

Scene changes to the Gallery.

Enter SIR THOMAS STEADY, SIR JOHN, VALENTINE, *and the Ladies.*

VALENTINE.

Don't be alarmed, my dearest Florentia; in the tower we shall be safe.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

But, such dreadful threats!

SIR THOMAS.

Heaven will not always permit them to be put in execution on the innocent.

NED.

From the top of the turret, to the left, there is a flight of stairs into the garden; follow me.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

Hear what numbers are pouring in! — How shall we get my poor father up these cruel stairs? Ah, heaven, he falls!

[*Shrieks; they carry off* Sir John, *and exeunt.*

Enter L'Enfer *with National Guards.*

L'ENFER.

We may as well make sure of them to-night. In the name of liberty and egality, then,—break open that door, [*as they go to the door, enter sailors, and stand apart*]. Seal up all the papers; empty all the boxes; fill all your pockets; and, seize on everybody in the castle, as suspected persons; as scoundrel English.

FIRST SAILOR.

Scoundrel English, hey!

L'ENFER.

Tie them, neck and heels, till to-morrow morning.

SECOND SAILOR.

They are house-breakers.

THIRD SAILOR.

Patriots, you fool; — but, that is, indeed, the same thing.

L'ENFER.

Pack them into one of their own carts, and make a present of them to the Convention. — Misery and death, and a curse on the English

nation *is the order of the night.* Now, then, for it.

FOURTH SAILOR.

Convention, hey? We'll pack some of you into the cart to keep them company, however. Out with your merry cutlasses, my boys; there's light enough, now, the moon's got out a little: thank ye, Miss Paleface.

FIFTH SAILOR.

Dash away through that door—you can't miss.

[*The patriots force the door of* Sir John's *chamber, and the guards rush in.*

SEVENTH SAILOR.

They are throwing in there three deep. Follow, follow, we'll Convention 'em! Old England for ever! [*Sailors following.*

VALENTINE *and* NED *appear at the Top of a Tower overlooking the Gallery.*

NED.

As I hoped to be saved, your Honour, I heard my brother Jack's voice: I know it from a thousand.

SECOND SAILOR.

Split my topsails, if that was not brother Ned, I never had a mother: it seemed to call from aloft. Well, well, if he be carmangled,

and has got *there* after it, he's in a good birth, still.

FOURTH SAILOR.

There's lights, as if out of the chimney, and somebody looking at us.

SECOND SAILOR.

Why, I hope the fellows have not made a chimney-sweeper of him: they take great liberties, I know. Black, themselves, they want to *be-devil* every body else. Ned — Ned — Ned True, hip! halloo! if you are there, and appear to me in the shape of a chimney-sweeper, say so; in short, dead or alive, speak.

NED.

'Tis he, your Honour. Jack, Jack, my dear brother Jack, help us, save us. This is our castle, but 'tis beset: full of enemies, but mostly drunk. My master has been robbed and ruined; and we are all here, and going to be murdered, or taken prisoners, at least, which, in this country, is the same thing.

SECOND SAILOR.

We have a word and a half to that bargain. Stick close to the chimney, my boy, a few moments: so no more, at present, from your loving brother till death.

NED.

Are you alone?

SECOND SAILOR.

No; I am one of a merry dozen, and we have thirteen to it. We were wrecked, and thrown ashore here; but "'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," you know. No more talking: messmates are all gone into that room already.

NED.

One word more: as you can't, by this light, tell what you are about, don't *kill* any, but only ——

SECOND SAILOR.

Knock 'em down: enough said. [*Exit.*

SIR THOMAS *and* SIR JOHN'S *Party appear on the Tower.*

SIR THOMAS.

What a signal providence!

SIR JOHN.

For *your sakes; I* don't deserve it.

VALENTINE.

[*To* Miss Aircastle.] Tremble not, my Florentia, all will be well.

NED.

I will run down, and hear how they go on.

SIR THOMAS.

Better take the light with you, Ned; it may discover us to the people of the town, from this height.

VALENTINE.

And the less noise they make the better.

[*Exit* Ned.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Certainly; yet, you know, we are at half a league's distance from Havre.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

Hark! hark!

[*A noise of fighting, clashing of swords; and, after, a cry of Huzza! Old England for ever!*

NED, *re-ascending the Tower, speaks almost out of Breath.*

NED.

Bring those fellows in the red caps and regimentals this way. Lug 'em up: the first that opens his jaws dies, you know.

FISRT SAILOR.

Would it not save trouble to settle their account here?

NED.

No; half way up there is a huge sort of dark closet, with a little opening in the wall. Look ye, we are just at it; and, hark! here's a reinforcement of friends to help us.

[Valentine, Statuquo, *&c. descend.*

THIRD SAILOR.

Huzza! here's the hole: in with them.

[*Thrusting in one.*

FOURTH SAILOR.

Look ye, Master Red Cap, I suppose you are a son of Mother Red Cap; so, out of old acquaintanceship, we take the liberty to cram you all into this hole.

[*Putting them in one after another.*

FIFTH SAILOR.

Where you may remain till the Convention-cart is ready.

SIXTH SAILOR.

You shan't want for company, however, so here's the rest of them.

NED.

That's right. Now, for the good of the French republic, let every one of us club a garter or cord to fasten them, and a pocket-handkerchief to gag them, and then——

FIRST SAILOR.

What, then?

NED.

I'll tell you presently: one thing at a time.—[*They bind the patriots.*] Now, follow me.

FIRST SAILOR.

But we must have another drop of *Miss Jenny. Bones* are heavy luggage. [*Sailors ascend.*

SIR THOMAS.

[*Receiving the sailors at the top of the tower.*] And now, my brave fellows, it is time you should see whom, under Providence, you have preserved.

SAILORS.

Sir Thomas Steady!—and Sir John Aircastle!

SIR THOMAS.

And, both their families.

LADY AIRCASTLE.

And friends; — for, though of France, such are these. [*Presenting the Baron's family.*

SECOND SAILOR.

Well, Teddy boy: and now, I have time to shake a fist with thee. What, is your fore-castle really fast? [*Shakes* Ned's *head.*] 'Tis i'faith.

VALENTINE.

But, the moments are still precious; the town will soon be alarmed, the *tocsin* will be sounded; the *generale* beat; and our *arrestation* follow; — in which, even our brave defenders will be involved, unless we make one grand push for *real freedom*, in the only land where it is to be found.

SECOND SAILOR.

Few words are best. — I see all points of the matter: we shall be hanged, or worse, if we *stay*; and there is a chance that we *may* not be drowned if we *go*; so, if poor Bess, of Southampton, is not quite gone to the bottom, I vote that we get on board of her: so, no talking, but along.

SIR THOMAS.

Agreed: I'll answer for every body. We must sacrifice property, and only think of saving ourselves.

NED.

By these back stairs we get into the garden, from thence into the cave.

SECOND SAILOR.

Why, that's the way we came hither.

[*They descend. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Garden. As they advance, it opens, and presents the Cave, and then the Beach.

Enter SIR THOMAS, *and* VALENTINE; SIR JOHN, LADY *and* MISS AIRCASTLE; *the* BARON, BARONESS, *and their Family;* NED *and his Cat,* STATUQUO, DICK, *and* SAILORS.

FIRST SAILOR.

Avast, messmates: — we run foul, in our passage here, of some leaky vessels; if we should light on them again, are *they* to be taken care of, too?

NED.

He means, the *ci-devant* servants, who, I suppose, are scarcely sober, yet.

SIR THOMAS.

They are all gone, I fancy.

SIR JOHN.

They are not worth saving, and my mad-brained sister less than the rest; yet I must own I could wish——

SECOND SAILOR.

Well, well, if we pick them up, we'll e'en take 'em in tow: they'll serve well enough for ballast, this heeling weather.

THIRD SAILOR.

And, if we should want to lighten the vessel, 'tis but heaving 'em overboard, you know.

NED.

As I live, here they all have got together in the cave, Madam Utopia and all.

[*They all go into the cave.*

FIFTH SAILOR.

Shiver my topsails, but they are in a fine pickle. Nay, don't run away, we are all friends.

UTOPIA.

Friends! what, the friends of——

SECOND SAILOR.

Hickup and liberty! I remember you well enough.

NED.

Hush, that is Madam Utopia, my master's sister.

SECOND SAILOR.

Beg pardon, for my boldness—only as she was half seas over, I could not think it was *she*, your Honour; but, gentle or simple, all must bear a hand. [*They all gain the beach.*

FIFTH SAILOR.

As I live, my lads, the wind has chopped about. Splice my shrouds, 'tis as fair for Old England as it can blow.

SIXTH SAILOR.

Whistle it up a little—whew, whew, whew; and see, see, Betty is above water, and the jolly-boat is alive, and just where we left her: in, in, in, shipmates; no time for compliments now.

[Sir John's *party go into a boat*, Utopia *and her's stand upon the beach.*

NED.

Ods rabbit her, my cat has jumped out of my hand: I must after her.

[*Jumps out, and exit.*

SIR THOMAS.

[*From the boat.*] Look ye, Madam, I have but a few moments to address you and your precious suite, and even those bestowed at the hazard of our lives. As if, by the express commission of heaven, we are about to escape from a land of the *most absolute slavery and most despotic tyranny on the face of the globe;* call it by what names you please, *that* is its real charac-

ter, as sooner or later will be seen. I doubt not that the same Power, who has favoured us in thus quitting its blood-stained shore, will assist us in gaining our own *unpolluted and thrice-blessed coast!* but, whether it does or not, we are resolved to make the experiment, and rather die on the waters than revisit such a land! Disloyal to your king, false to your country, faithless to your protectors, you merit not even the chance of being delivered, a truth your hearts must tell you; yet, unworthy as you are, some of you may have been misled: it rests with one and all to accompany us, or to remain. An English sailor never yet refused to save even a sinking enemy in danger; and, therefore, I'll answer for these, our brave delivers, ratifying my promise.

SAILORS.

Aye, aye, in or out, just as they like; but see, we are losing the precious gale, and the morning is getting up: the boats from the haven will be in motion, so, in or out at a word.

SIR THOMAS.

What say you?

[*Several of them confer together.*

DICK.

I say, for myself, gardener, and Mrs. Trim-

ming, that we are ashamed of ourselves, and——

SIR THOMAS.

Save yourselves now, and try to deserve it afterwards.

[*They get into the boat while the sail is setting.*

SIR JOHN.

And what say *you, sister?*

UTOPIA.

I say, that you are all a pack of infamous run-away aristocrates! and that *I*, my *brother Will* here, Suds, Shark, Tadpole, and the rest, not only think it our duty, but our delight to——

WILL.

Remain in this free land amongst our true republican friends; but we think it our duty to make them acquainted with your treason.

Re-enter NED *with his Cat.*

NED.

I have got her—here she is. What, you stay behind, do you? Well, if you go into Dead-men's Hole, as we call it, on the tower stairs, you will find some friends to keep your company. I beg your Honour's pardon; but, though the rascals ought to die, as I have got thus far clear of man's blood, I don't wish to——

SIR JOHN.

I feel your motive, honest creature.

SECOND SAILOR.

[*Pushing the boat off.*] Huzza! England for ever!

UTOPIA, WILL, &C.

[*From the shore.*] *Vive le nation! Vive la republique!*

THIRD SAILOR.

[*Steering.*] What's that?

NED.

That! O that's *live robbers*, and *keep the devil amongst us!*

SIR JOHN.

Foolish, foolish woman, my heart aches for her, still.

[*They gain the vessel, weigh anchor, hoist the sails, and get under way, during which time they sing Rule Britannia, &c. —The scene shuts.*

SCENE THE LAST.

An Apartment in Aircastle-Lodge.

Enter Sir Thomas, Lady *and* Miss Aircastle, *and* Valentine.

SIR THOMAS.

What a glorious passage!

VALENTINE.

We may truly say,

> "The winds did seem to kiss our sails
> To make our vessel swift."

LADY AIRCASTLE.

How, Sir, are we to express ourselves!

MISS AIRCASTLE.

O, Valentine, help me to thank you as I ought!

SIR THOMAS.

Our recompense must be to see you as happy as you deserve How fares Sir John?

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Speechless with shame, confusion, and joy. You told him his house was dismantled, and we find nothing displaced.

MISS AIRCASTLE.

That cruel creditors had possession; and we find *none* but some of your own people to take care of them!

LADY AIRCASTLE.

Generous, generous, Sir Thomas! yet have we not still to tremble for my poor husband's offences against the State? But here he comes.

Enter SIR JOHN, *supported by* NED *and* STATUQUO; *The* BARON, BARONESS, *and Family, &c. &c.*—SIR JOHN *covers his Face with his Hands.*

SIR JOHN.

It is thus a man ought to approach his injured family and friends.

SIR THOMAS.

[*The rest opening their arms.*] And 'tis thus forgiving families and friends ought to receive him! Sir John, yours has been too long a blindness: the bandage is now taken from your eyes, and you open them to the best of purposes,—to your own conviction of mistake, and to the power of convincing others, should you find them in your own country.

SIR JOHN.

As I have been long blind, so do I now seem speechless!—scarce a word is left me to thank you, my dear old friend!—but I deliver myself up to your custody, with all my soul.

SIR THOMAS.

Say you so, Sir John? then I will be responsible for your future conduct. Your former

behaviour, and the loyalty of a long race of worthy ancestors, will plead, "trumpet-tongued" with all rational men, and with the best of kings, for your pardon.

STATUQUO.

I'll tell your Honour what will plead still stronger—my dear master's own conviction; for, to my certain knowledge, his new-fangled system has deprived him of every comfort he enjoyed before its adoption. His dinners have been *ill* cooked, or not cooked at all; his house has been in an uproar; his coffers have been emptied, so has his wardrobe. Before he was a French patriot, he was the master of every man; and since, every man has been master of him: and all his servants have, with their places, lost their honesty and their content.

SIR JOHN.

Set me but where I was; intercede with my injured wife to forgive me; sanction the choice of my daughter, by giving her your worthy son; procure me the pardon of an honest, sober set of men, whom *I forced to be fools and rogues;* treat my mad experiment only as a wild, extravagant dream (out of which I am awakened by a *shock* of conviction;) and may bad dinners and worse company, and the general confusion in which I have lived for the last twelve months, return to plague me, (as I perceive it must

plague every man who adopts it, in this or any other country) if I relapse into republicanism!

NED.

Kneeling—the other servants follow his example.] Accept our services, we ask no more.

SIR JOHN.

[*Raising them.*] Agreed—agreed—agreed.

SIR THOMAS.

I pledge myself for the restoration of every thing; and, as a first measure, I commit the generous wife into your arms, Sir John; and the no less generous daughter I give to you, my son: and as to the family bond that I have *against* you, why, in order to insure you real freedom, we will boil the kettle with it on Valentine's wedding-day!

SIR JOHN.

I do not often weep, Sir Thomas, but, on this occasion, the tears of shame and joy overwhelm me!

SIR THOMAS.

For the rest:—be this maxim indelible, Sir John. The heavens above, and the earth beneath, are supported only by ORDER. A truth that is ratified by the voice of NATURE and of REASON; nor can feeble man violate it with impunity.

STATUQUO.

In other words, your Honour, let the cook dress the dinner and the master pay for it, he, he, he! and if I have, therefore, *he, he, he'd* too often, pray forgive me.

VALENTINE.

Let the cook have as wholesome a meal as his master——

STATUQUO.

But let one keep in his kitchen, and the other in his parlour; then shall I *he, he, he!* for the rest of my life—and your Honour will keep me company.

SIR THOMAS.

Yes, 'tis clear, that whoever is out of his place, my honest friend, is out of his happiness. In this BLESSED ISLE, the poorest subject is better protected in his liberty, his property, and his life, than he could be by any violent changes in his condition: nor is it more beautiful than it is true, that

"Just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil:
And all that Freedom's highest claims can reach,
Is but to lay *proportion'd* loads on each:
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below."

SIR JOHN.

In the full and feeling conviction of which, it is with all my heart that I agree to a *counter-revolution* in my family, and seal my solemn recantation with what, till within this last frantic year, has been my favourite song—and who that hears will refuse to join in chorus?

"God save great George our king," *&c.*

[*To a full band, and universal chorus.*

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

LOVE'S TRIALS;

OR, THE

TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY:

A

COMIC OPERA.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

ON THE

DRESSES AND CEREMONIES

OF THIS

OPERA.

THE beautiful antient ballad of the "Nut-brown Maid," supposed to be written nearly three hundred years ago; and Prior's excellent modernisation and enlargement of it, have never yet, I believe, been the subject of a full English Opera: and, indeed, very slightly touched even in detached scenes, though wonderfully dramatic in their nature and circumstances. The Author therefore fastened on it with greater pleasure.

As much use has been made, both of the original ballad and Prior's paraphrase, as could be brought into a dramatic piece; not only in regard to the incidents, but the poetry. They were thought too admirable to be lost, whenever any part of them could be accommodated to the drama, either in aid of the dialogue, or songs. The borrowed songs are indeed few, but exquistely beautiful, and marked with an *.

Profiting by the spirit of the times in which Henry and Emma were supposed to flourish, the Author has been able to introduce personages new,* he believes, to the theatre, in the characters of the antient minstrel and harper, who, as the most ingenious of our poetical antiquarians, Dr. Percy, informs us, were retained in

* Since the opera was finished, the Author understands that a minstrel has been introduced in the opera of Cœur de Lion; but very uncharacteristically dressed.

great and noble families, so late as the reign of Henry the Eighth, and continued down to the reign of Elizabeth; who was herself entertained at Killingworth-castle by an antient minstrel: so that the period of time in which they are brought into this opera is correct, as to date: neither is the unity of place less strictly probable. From the earliest ages down to the decline of their popularity, it was their custom to frequent the houses of the great, on all public occasions.

In the bloom of their art, their itinerant profession was held in the utmost veneration. Our great king Alfred assumed it, when, in the character of a minstrel, taking his harp in his hand, and one of his most trusty friends disguised as a servant, or harp-bearer, he went into the Danish camp. And, indeed, so long as chivalry lasted, the minstrels were protected and caressed, because their music

tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit. The songs they used to sing, even when the art lost much of its reputation, were of their own composing.

The dresses, with a trifling variation, to adapt them to the necessary disguise of the persons who assume the characters, are thus accurately described by a writer who was present at Killingworth-castle; and, as it gives so distinct an idea of the characters, here shall follow the passage at large.

"A person very meet seemed he for the purpose; apparelled partly as he would himself; his head rounded tonserwise, fair kembed; his beard smugly shaven, and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair starched, sleeked, and glistering like a pair of new shoes marshalled in good order, with a setting stick and strut,

that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side gown of Kendale green, after the freshness of the year, new gathered at the neck, with a narrow gorget fastened afore with a white clasp, and a keeper close up to the chin, but easily for heat to undo when he list. He was seemly begirt in a red cadis girdle, from that, a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a-two sides; out of his bosom drawn forth, a lappet of his napkin, edged with a lace, and marked with D, for Damian, for he was but a bachelor, yet.

" His gown had side sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton; his doublet sleeves of black worsted; upon them a pair of points of tawny chamblet, laced along the wrist with blue threaden poinets, awealt towards the hand of fustian-a-napes; a pair of red leather stocks;

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARA

a pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at his toes for corns; not new indeed, but cleanly blacked with soot, and shining as a shoeing horn.

"About his neck a red riband suitable to his girdle, his harp in good grace dependent before him; hrest tied to a green lace, and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown, a fair flaggon chain pewter for silver, as a Squire-minstrel or Middlesex that travelled the country this summer season, unto fair and worshipful men's houses. From his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colours resplendent upon his breast, of the antient arms of Islington."

The variation in his dress is, that, instead of the *bachelor* Damian, Edgar is made an antient man, by giving him a beard, which the aged minstrels were allowed to wear, to disguise himself from the "Nut-brown

Maid:" yet he retains his batchelor's name of Damian, in the opera.

The ceremony of introduction, were those scenes to be acted, might be regulated on the stage by what follows:—"The minstrel, after three lowly curtsies, cleared his voice with an hem, tempered a string or two with his wrist, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, come forth with a song."

The æra of introducing the minstrel and harper in this *drama* is between the period of their not being held in veneration, and that of their being adjudged to be punished as sturdy beggars, by a statute in the thirty-ninth of Elizabeth: a middle period, when they retained *some* of their respect, and yet were not *so* sacred as to preclude the merriment of Trundle, in his harper disguise.

By way of under-plot, is interwoven with the main tale of this opera, a story

called "Argentile and Curan," founded on a most beautiful antient historical poem, written about the time of the Nut-brown Maid. The testimony borne to the honour of this legend, which is an episode from "Albion's English," by William Warner, is, "that it is a tale full of beautiful incidents in the romantic taste; extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style, and, in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals to be met with." To this eulogium, says Dr. Percy, nothing can be objected: and, as much of its native beauty has been preserved in the drama as could be admitted.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are some curious *historiettes* connected with *this* drama, likewise; and, without deviating one tittle from the plain matter of fact,

> "I could a round unvarnished tale deliver,"

which would exhibit scenes and scenery in many respects new to the gentry *before* the curtain, yet as old as the art of acting and managing to those *behind* it;

> "But I am forbid
> To tell the secrets of the prison-house;"
> Yea, and of the play-house, also.

And, so, as my "spirit is no longer perturbed" about it, we will turn over a new leaf, and, in perfect good humour, begin the Opera.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

HENRY,	A Lover of the Nut-brown Maid, under the Name of *Henry*, and various disguises,—ardent, impassioned, and enterprising.
SIR ERROLD,	An old English Baron. Brave, generous, hospitable. Living in his Castle with all the Dignity of the Character, as sustained in the Halls of our Ancestors.
DRACO,	A Sort of Squire and humble Friend; whose Ancestors have always lived with Sir Errold; and saved an honest Independence, yet still attached to the Baron's Family. Fond of the Chivalry of the Times past, and lamenting its Decline; supporting the Romance of a Squire's Character with ludicrous and laughable Solemnity.
TRUNDLE,	A similar Sort of Squire to Earl Edgar: loving Mirth, yet detesting all Frolics attended with Hazard; execrating Chivalry, and, in every Respect, a Contrast to Draco: in Love with Cristabelle.
SIR TOPAZ, SIR BUGLE, SIR HEADBOTTLE, SIR HUGH,	Barons, in Love with the Nut-brown Maid.

MEN.

CURAN, — Prince of Danskee, disguised as a Shepherd, under the Name of *Florin*.

ARNO, — His Friend, under the Name of *Sylvan*, disguised as a Neatherd.

WOMEN.

EMMA, — The Nut-Brown Maid.

CRISTABELLE, — Her Friend and Attendant: merry-hearted. The Dulcinea of Draco; sometimes humouring his Passion for Chivalry, and sometimes opposing it.

ARGENTILE, — Princess of Diria, disguised as the Shepherdess of the Glen, under the Name of *Edith*.

Several Ladies in the Train of the NUT-BROWN MAID, *Villagers, &c. &c.*

The SCENE *is laid in Errold-Castle, and a Valley adjoining, at the Confluence of the Thames and Isis.*

LOVE'S TRIALS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A spacious Garden, with a View of an antient Gothic Castle and other Marks of a Family Mansion.—Sun rising; Birds singing.

[Castle clock strikes.

Enter Sir Errold.

One, two, three, four, five—In good hour have I risen.—In the decline of life, the breath of Aurora is the best cordial an old man can take:—He feels it at his heart:—His spirits are renewed, and he seems to enjoy the renovation of youth.—But—but where is my child?—my Nut-brown Maid?—She used to meet me at this fragrant hour on the lawn; and, while others

were asleep, we were not ashamed to pour forth our adoration, as in Paradise, at the bower of Adam!—And where too is *Draco*, who is wont to shew himself before the first sun-beam?—Hark! do I not hear his gleeful voice carrolling through the shrubbery?

DRACO *singing, (hid amongst a cluster of shrubs).*

While flow'ring thorns are pearly O,
I, like the lark,
[*Lark whistles; music corresponding.*
Hark! hark! hark!
I, like the lark, rise early O.

SIR ERROLD.

Yes, there he is, heart-whole and care free. —Again!—I'll retire and listen.

DRACO *sings. (Retires behind some bushes.)*

On down their senses steeping O,
While drowsy sots are sleeping O,
I, like the lark,
[*As before.*
Hark! hark! hark!
Or the linnet sweet,
[*Linnet whistles; music corresponding.*
Tweete, tweete, tweete,
Thus sing my song of greeting O.

[*Coming from the shrubs, with a bundle of flowers.*] Aye, that's my maxim, and I expect to be a blithe boy till I am as old as an oak for it. Fine folks wither before they have done growing, though they are nursed in hot-beds.

[Draco *not seeing* Sir Errold.

But,

[*Coming rustling through the shrubbery.*

While flow'ring thorns are pearly O,

See,

[*Shakes the dew from the bundle of flowers.*

Up rises little Draco O,

And

Then he bids the sun good morrow O.

Good Morrow—

[*Bowing to the sun.*

With a heyday, hoop and halloo O,
Soon as the lark,

[*As before.*

Hark! hark! hark!
And the linnet sweet,

[*As before.*

Tweete, tweete, tweete,
Their little beds forsake O.

And so, now to make up my bouquets for Emma, the Nut-brown Maid; for little Edith, my Shepherdess of the Glen; and Cristabelle, the queen of my inclinations.

SIR ERROLD.

[*Coming forward.*] So, Draco, you have got the start of me, and have paid your orisons to mirth already.

DRACO.

Orisons—Sir Knight! why ever since that gentleman began to open his eyes I have been preparing myself for the business of this important day in the field of glory.

[*Pointing to the sun.*

SIR ERROLD.

The field of glory!

DRACO.

Learning to d fend myself when there is nobody kind enough to attack me! Planning great achievements when the devil of any thing is there but my own shadow to cope withal. Hard fate!

SIR ERROLD.

What, still concerned for the honour of knighthood, ha, ha, ha!

DRACO.

Knighthood! aye, and squirehood too! Why, I have been tilting at the most giant-looking trees in your Worship's park, till every trembling leaf seemed to cry out for quarter! Hah! hah!

[*He puts himself into a posture of defence, and tilts.*

SIR ERROLD.

Ha, ha, ha! why I see you have gained a complete and signal victory over my pinks and roses already, and are returning in triumph with your crown of laurels. [*Pointing to the flowers.*

DRACO.

[*Taking a laurel-branch from the bundle, and looking at it.*] Laurels! no, Sir Knight, *yours* are the laurels: *mine* are stinted, I cannot get a sprig: not so much as this. [*Throws down the bough.*] Hard fate! I was born for great things, and yet must live and die like a little fellow.

SIR ERROLD.

Aye, now he is in for a fit of chivalry, and heaven knows how I shall rouse him.

DRACO,

[*Who has been musing and setting himself on the defensive.*] "And the knight of the flaming sword met the night of the sun." O for some object to try the prowess of this valiant arm! Is there no friend that will do me the favour to be my enemy?

SIR ERROLD.

The fit is very strong on him, indeed, to-day.

DRACO.

[*Still musing.*] A tree is but a tree; what availeth it if one cuts him down—why there is an end of him.

SIR ERROLD.

[*Aside.*] I must humour him.—That's bravely said, Draco: but consider this is the anniversary of my *glorious Edward's victories*, which I always celebrate; for I have drawn blood in those wars.

DRACO.

Blood! Sir Knight! aye and fury! Edward's victories! My soul's on fire. Three nights have these things kept me waking.

SIR ERROLD.

And, what is yet more glorious to a true squire, consider too this is the birth-day of the fairest lady that ere was fetched from hall to bower, the *Nut-brown Maid.*

DRACO.

The Nut-brown Maid! O that I could see the caitiff that should wrong *her!* I would exterminate him from the face of the earth. I would—
[*Tilting violently.*

SIR ERROLD.

[*In raptures.*] I know thou wouldst, good fellow; give me thy hand. I forgive thee all thy rage of knighthood, for the love of this darling of my heart.

DRACO.

[*With infinite glee.*] I have made a song about her; and the whole village, man, bird, and beast, are in training to sing it. It shall

be quite a parish affair; the black gentry of the rookery shall caw it; the old hens shall cluck it to their chick-a-bids; Ringwood shall teach it to all the bow-wows of the kennel; poll the parrot shall get every word of it by rote; and the very piggy-wiggys shall grunt it, till it is chorused by all the kit-cats, and other domestics of the family.

SONG.

Let bards praise their fiddles and harps,
Their fingering and thumbing,
Their flats, and their octaves, and sharps:
What is it but strumming?
Strumming and mumming,
Mumming, humdrumming,
Fingering and thumbing?
Ding dong,
Sing song,
Lack a day,
Children's play,
Compared to the song little Draco has made,
On Emma, sweet Emma, the Nut-brown Maid.

From gruff Gaffer Pan, to Apollo
And all his nine lasses,
Great gods, little goddesses follow,
I'll prove ye but asses;
Master Jove and his queen
Not fit to be seen:
Lack a day,
Baby's play,

Compared to the song little Draco has made,
Compared to sweet Emma, the Nut-brown Maid.

And as to your Hymens, and Cupids with wings,
And such sort of things,
About whom the poetmen make such a fuss,
Just to fill up their purse:

And be—
Fingering and thumbing,
What is it but strumming?
Strumming and mumming,
Mumming, humdrumming,
Ding dong,
Sing song,
Compared to the song little Draco has made,
Compared to sweet Emma, the Nut-brown Maid.

SIR ERROLD,

[*Who had rapturously joined on the returns of the song.*] Bravo! bravo! excellent! Every thing within ten miles of the castle shall chorus Draco's song of the *Nut-brown Maid.*

DRACO.

And now, Sir Knight, we will, with your leave, go and serenade the pretty lie-a-beds, Emma and Cristabelle, not forgetting the little Shepherdess of the Glen, who, ere this, is tripping round her valleys, innocent and lively as one of her lambs, and sweet as the flowers that grow about her cottage.

SIR ERROLD.

Along, then; my heart beats the tune in every fibre:—for as to—

Their fingering and thumbing,

Egad it has brought me to sing, for the first time in my life—

Their fingering and thumbing,

DRACO.

What is it but strumming,
Strumming and mumming?

SIR ERROLD.

Mumming, humdrumming,
Compared to the song of my Nut-brown Maid!

DRACO.

Compared to the song of your Nut-brown Maid!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a grand Entrance before the Castle. A large Gothic arched Gateway opening to it.

Enter HENRY *in the Dress of an antient Minstrel, and* TRUNDLE *as his Harper.*

N. B. For the six dresses proper to be worn, see the description in the Introductory Remarks.

HENRY.

[*A few strains on their harps as they enter.*] Well, Trundle, here we are arrived betimes, and habited in our proper dresses, to carry on our plan. I a minstrel, and you my harp-bearer: volunteer musicians, who are welcome wherever they go.

TRUNDLE.

Welcome, go where one will. Ecod, I like the joke; and so, now we are in our disguises, who would suppose that I was little Trundle, a private gentleman, and you, the love-bewildered Squire Henry?

HENRY.

True: but you must from this time forward forget both those names, and remember only, that I am Damian, the minstrel, and you, Scamandro, my friend and harper.

TRUNDLE.

Scamandro am I? Egod, just what your minstrelship pleases. Make me welcome, keep me out of danger, and I am as merry as a grig. And pray, Master Damian, what are you and Scamandro to do here, in this same comical dress? Go over my lesson once more, if you please.

HENRY.

This castle, thou knowest, contains all that is precious to *my* soul.

TRUNDLE.

And all that is good for *my* body too, I hope.

HENRY

It is the residence of *beauty* and *virtue.*

TRUNDLE.

No doubt, there must be the best fruit and venison in that promising mansion; I like the look of it.

HENRY.

Fruit and venison! Gross monster! It is the castle of my dearest Emma, the Nut-brown Maid, who has given me a thousand testimonies of her tenderness.

TRUNDLE.

And yet you are not satisfied?

HENRY.

No; I would have proofs accumulate on proofs.

TRUNDLE.

Very reasonable, upon my word!

HENRY.

A woman who has made her choice should reject all that the world can offer; and a man cannot be too cautious. Marriage, Trundle, is an affair for life and death.

SONG.

ALTERED FROM PRIOR.

Though Henry is her present flame,
Will Emma ever be the same?
Ah, may not others gain her youth?
Smooth summer seas are changed by winds;
Soft words, sweet looks, by fickle minds;
Love yields to time, to flatt'ry, truth!

TRUNDLE.

Then heaven strengthen the sex, I say. Lord—Lord, how some people love to plague themselves! If they were of my mind, they would never give themselves a moment's uneasiness, more than they could help.

HENRY.

Hitherto, I have only seen she loves me.

TRUNDLE.

O, is that all? and what a plague would you have?

HENRY.

I would see the force of that love, when her

heart is assailed by illustrious rivals—rivals who are the humble Henry's superiors in every thing but tenderness.

TRUNDLE.

Rivals, hey? What you want a few rivals, do you? Well, I certainly am a poor ordinary fellow, for I never could endure the sight of a rival in my life: I turn sick whenever I look on that Draco, who disputes with me the heart of Cristabelle.

HENRY.

And this is the very *place*, the very *time*; the good old Baron, my Emma's father, whose eyes I have hitherto escaped, (for thou knowest I have ever visited my Emma in some disguise,) keeps open house this day, to celebrate the birth-day of his Nut-brown Maid; and the castle is already filled with visitants, who are come from different shires to——

TRUNDLE.

Make love to your mistress before your face, I suppose!

HENRY.

Such is my hope.

TRUNDLE.

Your hope! did ever mortal hear the like? Well, the tender passion in my breast and your minstrelship's is quite a different thing, that's

certain. I love ready-made happiness; you despise it. I hate dangling; you like it.

ROUNDELAY.

Ecod, 'tis sure the oddest thing,
 This love-sick hubble bubble:
Give me the passion that will bring
 Great joy and little trouble.

For how can girls a bargain strike,
 When men like boys are kneeling!
I take at once the lass I like,
 And that's what I call feeling.

Ecod it is, &c.

I never yet could bear the fuss
 Of whining melancholy;
Nor fear to take an honest buss;
 For that's what I call folly.

Ecod it is, &c.

'Ve not the gift of sobs and sighs,
 Nor of Love's hurly burly;
My maxim is both brief and wise,
 Live long and marry early.

Ecod it is, &c.

But though I hate the whimp'ring trade,
 The rifraff of romances;
Yet even there I match the jade,
 And gratify her fancies.

Ecod it is, &c.

For, if to kneeling she be prone,
To *me* may kneel the deary;
And, if she will but weep alone,
May roar till she is weary.

Ecod it is, &c.

Now, I warrant, you would not have a *princess*, on such vulgar conditions, for the world: well, every man in his way. *On*, then, Sir, I like a joke of all things: so, let Damian give the word of command, Scamandro shall obey.

HENRY.

Let us march, then, immediately; and, to carry on military language, take heed you neither advance nor retreat but by my direction. Florin, the Shepherd, whose cottage yonder, in the Glen, we may call our own, will favour all our disguises, and is provided accordingly.

TRUNDLE.

[*Theatrically.*] You really give yourself a great deal of trouble, Sir, and love difficulty as much as I abhor it: but, ecod, now you talk of that, *I'll* be a little difficult, too. This castle, as your minstrelship knows, contains my dear Cristabelle, with whom I amused my heart, while you was tormenting your's with Emma—yes, adorable Cristabelle! though thou hast given a thousand proofs, thou dost not care a farthing for me.

HENRY.

[*Mimicking.*] Thou art not satisfied; but resolvest to have a thousand more, ha, ha!

TRUNDLE.

[*Mimicking.*] Such is my hope! I have hitherto seen my Cristabelle only to hear her abuse *me*, and I will henceforth try the operation of her aversion for me, while I abuse *her*. Women, they say, can't endure much kindness; and, if there is any truth in the proverb, she will like me the better for a little brutality. Let us be a couple of wolves, Sir. Boooo——

HENRY.

Ha, ha! be what thou wilt, only do not forget that I am Damian, the minstrel.

TRUNDLE.

Very true—and I Scamandro, the harper.

HENRY.

So, now, let us go try our harps, and present ourselves at the castle; but remember——

DUET.

FROM AN ANTIENT BALLAD.

HENRY.

You must be the best harper
 That ever took harp in hand;

TRUNDLE.

Yes, *I* will be the best *harper*
 That ever took harp in hand.

HENRY.

And I will be the best *singer*
That ever sung in this land,

TRUNDLE.

And *you shall* be the best *singer*
That ever sung in this land.

BOTH.

And *you* shall be, &c.
O *I* will be, &c.

[*Takes the gateway.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SCENE *changes to the Garden, &c. as before.*

Enter EMMA, *placing the Nosegay in her Bosom.*

Dear lovely children of fragrance! delightful summer! it is the jubilee of Nature! the universe seems to echo her happiness. I feel blessed in seeing every thing in bliss around me; and were my dearest Henry here, it would be complete; I feel myself culpable, in so long concealing the secret of my heart from one who has a right to hold the key of its dearest counsels. Wherefore should Henry still urge concealment? Why fear to avow our tenderness to the best of fathers?

SONG.

Yes, youth beloved! my heart is thine,
My bosom owns thy charming pow'r;
An angel guards the spotless shrine,
And sure 'tis virtue to adore.

Unsullied nature bade me prove
A flame this heart ne'er felt before;
Assenting reason sanctioned love,
And sure 'tis virtue to adore.

Ah! dearest treasure of my breast!
Say, what could justify me more?
Whom, reason, nature, heav'n, hath blest,
It must be virtue to adore.

Enter SIR ERROLD.

My Emma! my dear child! my Nut-brown Maid! Draco had scarcely thrown into thy window his morning present,—which he, by the by, has almost crushed to pieces with his beloved chivalry,—ere thou wert flown into the garden, and, like a singing bird, I now find you warbling amongst the branches.

EMMA.

The flowers seemed to reproach me, Sir: methought they said, "this is the hour of our brightest bloom!" I felt the rebuke, and rose to justify myself to the sweet monitors. In-

deed, I cannot bear to be chid even by a rose-bud.

SIR ERROLD.

Chid! why, there's not a lily in all my valleys half so immaculate. Come, then, to my arms, and take a father's blessing on this thy birth-day. [*Embracing tenderly.*

EMMA.

My dear father, my tears must thank you!

SIR ERROLD.

The heavenly dew is not so pure as those tears. Emma, how shall I repay thee!

[*With great fondness.*

EMMA.

Repay me, Sir! my duty is my delight.

AIR.

Not the bloom of budding roses,
Not the ruddy tints of day,
Not the fragrance spring discloses,
Breathing all the balms of May;
Nor love's soft sigh, nor blush of beauty,
Are so sweet as filial duty.

Parents are the richest treasure
Heaven on children can bestow,
Purest passion, holiest pleasure,
From those sacred fountains flow,
Nor love's soft sigh, &c.

As yon guardian elm caressing,
  Woodbines strengthen while they twine,
Kind supports of every blessing,
  Parents are our props divine;
Nor love's soft sigh, &c.

SIR ERROLD.

Excellent Emma! may I live then to be thy protection, till, in a good old age, the prop falling, I may see thee honourably supported by another. Ah, Emma, could I but live to that day——!

EMMA.

Sir?

SIR ERROLD.

I have long wished, my dear, to speak on a subject, which——

EMMA.

Sir?

SIR ERROLD.

There are no less than half a score humble servants already make visits to the heart of my Nut-brown Maid.

EMMA.

Half a score humble servants, Sir!

SIR ERROLD.

And is there not one of them fortunate enough to—to——

EMMA.

Dear Sir, what are you going to say? As to

that, if—if—to be sure, certainly, one cannot but —— I have a great mind to tell him; yet Henry's interdiction —— [*Aside.*

SIR ERROLD.

Let me see, Emma, how was it? "Whom nature, reason, heaven, hath blest." [*Humming.*

EMMA.

Sir, did you overhear me?

SIR ERROLD.

[*Humming.*] "It must be virtue to adore." I protest I am quite musical this morning. Pray who, of all your train, is thus worthy of my Emma's adoration?

EMMA.

[*Aside.*] I find he is not in the secret, however. As to that, Sir, when one is in good spirits, one sings any nonsense that comes uppermost; and when, I say — when — when ——

SIR ERROLD.

Yes, my dear, I know you say *when*, but I should be glad to hear *where*, and *how*, and *whom?* but do as you like. It would almost break my heart to trust thee from the castle of these fond paternal arms to those of the worthiest man in the universe. But whom have we have here so early? The Shepherdess of the Glen, as I live, and with her flower-basket. Why, they will make a little Flora of thee, Emma; I shall have the goddess quite jealous

of thee. Well, I must now bustle; my guests will, by this time, be stirring. You will bring the little Shepherdess with you, Emma; but, remember, that neither the happiness of thy father, or his friends, can be complete without the Nut-brown Maid. [*Exit* Sir Errold.

EMMA.

You are too good to her.

SCENE IV.

Enter EDITH *with a Flower-Basket.*

[*Running up to* Emma, *but, seeing the flowers in her bosom, stops.*] Ah, me! I beg pardon—I am too late, I find, though I gathered my roses with the dew upon them, and ran from the cottage to the castle, without staying even to unpen my fold.

EMMA.

[*Receiving her kindly.*] Sweet Edith!

EDITH.

I suppose Florin has been beforehand with me. Had I known his intention, I would have sat up all night to have been the first to make my offering on Emma's birth-day. There, ye may all wither now.

[*Throws part of them upon the ground.*

EMMA.

O fie! what are you doing? They shall never wither. When they can no longer be kept alive by my fondest nursing, they shall bloom in my heart with unfading freshness, for their fair donor is every moment dearer to me.

EDITH.

[*Embracing.*] My heart returns your's its full measure of kindness. My friendship for the Nut-brown Maid has been increasing till now it admits no further degree of augmentation.

EMMA.

Ah, Edith, Edith! the polish of that compliment, and the graceful manner in which it is expressed, convince me you do *not* love me.

EDITH.

Not love you! What can possibly lead you to do me so much injustice, or so cruelly to suspect my sincerity?

[*Dropping her shepherdess air, and assuming a graver one.*

EMMA.

Edith herself. Even her sentiment at this moment, so different from the growth of a cottage, assure me that she is a little courtier; and that she has nothing of the shepherdess but her innocence and beauty.

SONG.

Pleasing, teasing, charming creature,
Such soft accents, sense so flowing,
Airs that aid the grace of nature,
Never were a clown's bestowing;
Nor with aught but peasant swains
Canst thou pass
For village lass,
Born in valleys, bred on plains.

And, although that cheek discloses
All the shepherd maiden's wealth,
All the lilies and the roses
Of her modesty and health;
O thou teasing, charming creature,
Such soft accents, &c. &c.

EDITH.

[*Re-assuming herself.*] You are a little *flatterer*, and therein are you more courtly than Edith.

EMMA.

You say you love me intirely, and yet refuse me that confidence which is the essence of a bosom-friend. Besides ——

EDITH.

Poor Edith must bear all.

EMMA.

There is perplexity in your story. Fled, you say, from a tyrant relation, who, after posses-

sing himself of your patrimony, would have wedded you to a man you disliked?

EDITH.

[*Repeats the last words, and nods assent.* To a man I disliked; exactly that.

EMMA.

To avoid which, you ran away with Sylvan, the Neatherd, who purchased one of my father's cottages, which I have in vain urged you to exchange for a residence in this castle. And where did this Sylvan come from, and why is all this?

EDITH.

Why is it, Emma? because, I am so happy in the valley, it would be quite wicked to change my situation.

BALLAD.

I ran from folly, noise, and strife,
And prayed *Content* might be my lot,
I sought in high, in humble life,
But found the goddess in a cot.

The sun-beam through her lattice shot,
And gilt "the nicely-sanded floor,"
The goddess said,—who shares my lot,
Must leave my lonely roof no more.

Her welcome dropt like twilight dew
Upon the tempest-beaten flower,
Beneath her roof well pleased I flew,
And never will I quit it more.

And those, like me, who wish for rest,
May thus, like me, improve their lot;
Who love Content may be her guest,
And find the goddess in a cot.

EMMA.

Dear, enchanting, mysterious Edith! I will press no more for what you wish to conceal. Be shepherdess, cottager, courtier, or what best pleases thy fancy, so that thou art happy, and wilt love thy Emma; for there is *but one person in the universe* (the author of her being excepted) so near *this heart.*

[*Pressing* Edith's *hand to her bosom.*

EDITH.

There, too, again, I return your tenderness at full. There is but one person in the world, the poor Sylvan excepted, who is my second father, so dear to this heart as Emma.

[*Pressing* Emma's *hand to her bosom.*

EMMA.

[*Archly.*] One person! O the sly Shepherdess of the Glen! No doubt you mean Florin, your new shepherd guest, who is as great a riddle as yourself.

EDITH.

[*Archly.*] One person! O the sly lady of the castle! No doubt you mean Henry, your young 'Squire, who is a greater riddle than either of us.

EMMA.

So, then, you are in love, Edith, are you?

EDITH.

So, then, you are in love, Emma, are you?

EMMA.

I own it.

EDITH.

I do not deny it.

EMMA.

But my *love* shall never diminish my *friendship.*

EDITH.

Nor mine.

EMMA.

Thou sister of my heart!

DUET.

Though Emma resides on the mountain's high brow,
And Editha lives in the valley below,

EDITH.

The flower of the mountains will tenderly greet
The valley's pale primrose that blooms at its feet;

EMMA.

While Edith and Emma in friendship entwine,
All the sweets of the hill and the dale shall combine.

EDITH.

And though I the heir of a kingdom should be,
The palace and cottage for once shall agree;

EMMA.

And though fortune in Editha's cot should place me,
Her friendship to Emma a kingdom shall be.

TOGETHER.

Though Editha lives, &c.
Though Emma resides, &c.
And though I the heir, &c.
And though fortune, &c.
Yet, while hand in hand, we in friendship entwine,
All the sweets of the hill and the dale shall combine.

SCENE V.

As EMMA *and* EDITH *are tripping out Hand in Hand, some Voices are heard behind the Scenes, exclaiming, Where is she? Where is she? Where is the* NUT-BROWN MAID?

EMMA.

Did you ever hear such shouting?—[*Music behind the scenes.*] And music, too.

EDITH.

As I live, the harp. Oh delightful! I could dance to it all day! [*She sports about.*

STRAIN BEHIND THE SCENES.

PARODY OF A STANZA IN AN OLD ROMANCE.

Ah come, ah come, thou maiden fair,
Ah come to greet us all,
Or half a hundred love-sick knights
Shall bring thee from bow'r to hall;
And eke as many gentle squires
To wait upon them all.

SCENE VI.

Enter DRACO, *running in.—Sings.*

And eke as many gentle squires
To wait upon them all.

Oh, Ma'am, Ma'am, lady of the mountain! lass of the valley! all this is for you: we have got gods amongst us. "Come, then, ah come, then, maidens fair." Do but hear: there's another flourish.

EDITH.

But who are the musicians?

DRACO.

Gods, thou Goddess of the Glen. The musicians are gods, in the shape of minstrels and harpers, who are just dismounted from their fine, fierce, fiery, foaming, milk-white steeds, that dash their froth in one's face; and they are come to sing us some songs, of their own composing, in honour of the Nut-brown Maid; and there is the witty Sir Topaz, the rich Sir Bugle, the strong Sir Hardbottle, and the jolly Sir Hugh, and we are to have such doings! But what pity it is we do not meet to celebrate some soul-astounding victory. Ha! ha! ha! ha! There I had him! [*Tilts and dances.*

[*Here a general mingled sound: then enter a groupe of happy villagers, gathered round the minstrels, dancing to their music, paying them great respect and reverence, preceded by* Cristabelle, Sir Hugh, Sir Bugle, *and* Sir Hardbottle.

SCENE VII.

EMMA.

[*To* Edith.] The whole village is pouring into the garden, my dear.

DRACO.

Make way for the gods, gentlemen and ladies; make way for the gods. Feeble mortals fall back: minstrels come forth, perform your ceremonies. Silence, silence, while the gods make their courtesies to the little goddesses. Now, gods, now for it! there's a clear stage for you.

[See the Introductory Remarks for the Ceremony: then a Song.]

HENRY, *as Minstrel, sings, addressing himself to* EMMA.

SONG.

A minstrel I am, and have skill for to sing,
To sing, to compose, and to play,
The spirits will rise at a touch of my string,
At a touch they will vanish away.

TRUNDLE, *as Harper*, *addresses* CRISTABELLE.

And I am a harper as knowing as he,
And deftly I dance to my madrigals merry;
And who but must foot it as deftly as me,
When I sing down derry, high down derry!

HENRY.

And we are both come from the north countree,
That this merry day *more* merry may be.

TRUNDLE.

Yes, we are both come from the north countree,
That this merry day more merry may be.

Enter SIR ERROLD, *in haste.*

Aye, and we *will* be merry, too; I have been making preparations for mirth, just, tournament, arching, hunting, dancing, singing, harping, hawking. Friends, you are all welcome! Sir Topaz, Sir Bugle, Sir Hardbottle, Sir Hugh, and you, gentlemen minstrels, I am sensible of the honour you do me on this distinguished day, which commemorates the anniversary of my king's victories, and the birth of my darling child: kindly, kindly welcome!

[*While* Sir Errold *delivers this speech,* Draco *jumps about for joy at the thoughts of the tournament.* Sir Errold *goes to every body, paying his respects, shaking hands, &c. to greet his guests, who all*

pay their devoirs to the Nut-brown Maid, *particularly the* Minstrel, *who places himself near her, as the* Harper *does by* Cristabelle. Draco *now and then notices* Edith, *who is placed by the side of* Emma.

DRACO.

[*In ecstasies.*] Now, then, for the sports: just and tournament begin the glories of the day. Hilt—tilt—hack—hew—slash—gash—that's it, ha! ha! there I had you again My soul's on fire! [*tilting*] Gods, touch all this on your harps. No, stay, let me see: lend me your ear-tickler, Master Harper, I am a knowing little fellow myself; I'll be peaceable in a few minutes.

[*Takes* Trundle's *harp, plays and sings.*

Now, minstrels, gentle heaven ye save,
That are come from the north countree,
A hearty welcome ye shall have,
Our merry, merry sports to see.

Please, gods and mortals, to chorus.

CHORUS.

Now minstrels, gentle, &c. &c.

MINSTREL *and* HARPER.

Thanks, gentles, for your courtesy,
Yes, we will merry, merry be.

DRACO *and all the rest joining.*

Yes, we will all merry, merry be,
And thank ye for your minstrelsy;
Mortals shall dance, and gods shall play,
FOR THIS IS EMMA'S HOLIDAY.

TRUNDLE.

With a high down derry,
We'll be merry.

ALL.

We'll be merry,
High down derry,
Mortals shall dance, and gods shall play,
FOR THIS IS EMMA'S HOLIDAY.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An ample Amphitheatrical Area before the Castle, surrounded by Galleries, which are filled by Villagers, Men and Women, as Spectators, who are seen coming down on the Stage, as from the Diversion of the Tournament.—The Music used on these Occasions is still heard; and, between the Pauses, clashing of Spears, Swords, and Lances.

Enter CRISTABELLE, *in the Habit of a Huntress.*

AIR.

No more attacking and defending,
While the dew empearls the thorn;
Just and tournament now ending,
Hark to yonder bugle horn!
[*The horn, and then sounding strokes on the shield.*
Tantara, tantara,
Hark to yonder bugle horn!

CHORUS.

A plague I say on all your fighting,
Drop the lance, and take the bow;
Hark the bugle horn inviting,
Bids us o'er the mountains go;

Tantara, tantara!
While the dew empearls the thorn,
Hark to yonder bugle horn!

CHORUS.

No more attacking, &c.

SCENE II.

Enter SIR ERROLD, *dressed for the Chase.*

[*In a great hurry.*] Aye, aye, well said Cristabelle! well said my little Huntress! Enough, enough—where is Draco? That fellow would tilt all day. The scent will have left the ground; the merry hounds will have outstaid their spirits, and our coursers will paw away their courage—why Draco! I say, Draco!

CRISTABELLE.

Aye, Draco, Draco, where are you? As I live, Sir, yonder is the little tiger now in the very heat of action with some unfortunate wight, who calls loud for quarter.

[*A violent attack is heard behind the Scenes.*

SIR ERROLD.

I must run and part the dog, or he will never give over. He *would* have the tilting before the chase, in spight of me!

[*A cry within of murder! murder! murder!—Then more strokes on armour.*

SCENE III.

Enter DRACO *and* TRUNDLE *in Armour, fighting.*

TRUNDLE.

Help—help, I say! I tell you I'll fight no more—I am no caitiff—I am the little Trundle, an unfortunate little fellow, who came here in a fool's dress, upon a fool's errand, with a greater fool than myself.

CRISTABELLE.

[*Aside.*] My lover, as I live! Now for sport.

DRACO.

I know nothing of little Trundle. Down on your knees, varlet; and then get up and run away for thy life. But thou wilt rather die, than live inglorious!

TRUNDLE.

[*Drops on his knees.*] No, I will not: I'd live any how, let me but once get clear off, and if ever I put on this damned harness again——

[*Trying to get off his armour.*

CRISTABELLE.

For shame! you a squire! you a lover! I have done with you for ever.

DRACO.

Prepare for death, for glorious death! Ha! ha! I can't spare you.

CRISTABELLE.

Now is the time to prove your passion for me. I owe that faithless Squire a grudge.

TRUNDLE.

A grudge, do you?

CRISTABELLE.

Besides, he is thy rival.

TRUNDLE.

The devil he is!—I shall give you up, then, I can tell you that.

CRISTABELLE.

Only bring me his head, and command my hand.

TRUNDLE.

His head, hey! there goes one limb—you wish for his head do you? *only* his head?

[*Trying to get off his armour.*

CRISTABELLE.

Nothing more.

TRUNDLE.

O you are too reasonable; you shall have the whole body, presently.

CRISTABELLE.

[*Spiriting him up.*] Shall I? Then will I sing from that day forth in glorious strains, as rescued damsels did of old.

Sings.

THE MUSIC IN THE OLD BALLAD STRAIN.

Now welcome, welcome, val'rous squire,
Thrice welcome unto me,
I see thou lov'st thy Cristabelle,
Since thou wilt fight so free.

DRACO.

[*Coming up.*] Ha! ha! our good old song, hey? I always sing it before I cleave my man in twain. Come, caitiff, art thou ready?

TRUNDLE.

Very near.

DRACO, *sings.*

Then they took out their two *good* swords,
And laid them on full fast,
Thus, thus, and thus. [*Striking armour.*
Till helme and hawke, beat mail and shield:
And they all were well nigh brast.

Something in this way.

TRUNDLE.

Aye, thrash the old harness as much as you please: you can't hate it worse than I do, I promise you. Pray don't spare it.

CRISTABELLE, *sings.*

The Eldridge Knight was so muckle of might,
And stiff in stower did stand;

DRACO, *sings.*

[*Standing on the defensive.*] Thus—

But Sir Caroline then with a backward stroke
Did smite off his right hand.

Thus—ha! ha!

Did smite off his right hand.

TRUNDLE.

Ecod you'll strike off mine presently.—I say, his right hand, indeed! Murderous dog!
[*Having got his armour nearly off.*

CRISTABELLE, *sings.*

Then she held forth her lily white hand,
Towards that her squire was so free,

What! not accept a lady's challenge?
[*Holds out her hand.*

He gave to it one gentle kiss,
And tears stail from his e'e.

TRUNDLE.

He kiss'd — cry'd — did he? — Now then for it! — now I'm prepared — now you shall see I know what a squire should do in desperate cases like the present; and I'll give it you in a bit of an old song, too.

[*Having got his armour nearly off, stamping on, and then gathering it up.*

Sings.

Behold me thus give up my arms,
[*Resigning his armour to* Draco.
Until my dying day,
For I will neither fight nor kiss,
But fairly run away.

[*Runs off.*

CRISTABELLE.

Ha, ha, ha! well said squire! well said lover of mine!

DRACO.

[*Taking up the armour.*] The caitiff has left the best part behind, and so let him go: and now, gentle Cristabelle, thus let the conqueror lay his spoils at your feet.

[*Presenting* Trundle's *armour,—kneels with ludicrous solemnity.*

CRISTABELLE.

Disloyal Draco! No, give them to your Shepherdess of the Glen, your Editha, your new flame; but don't trifle with me. I shall impose more hardships upon you.

DRACO.

Divine beauty! the more hardships the better. The more I suffer, the more I shall love thee! I redress *all* damsels; but I love only one.

CRISTABELLE.

And that one——

DRACO.

Is thee, my princess! Meanwhile, keep this as a pledge of my valour and fidelity: and know me for thy loyal Knight.

CRISTABELLE.

On those conditions I receive the token: so now, yes, now the bugle horn summons to the chase, I will go and hasten the Nut-brown Maid, who hunts to-day.

Tantara, tantara,
Hark to yonder bugle horn!

[*Exit.*

SIR ERROLD, *within.*

Why Draco, Draco, Draco, I say!

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI

SCENE IV.

DRACO, *alone.*

Coming, coming, Sir Knight, coming.—And yet the chase; that should have come first. After all, what is running down a poor beast, to the smiting a man? We have begun at the wrong end. Hunting, to be sure, may do; drinking is not amiss; but *fighting*——

SONG.

O how inviting,
O how delighting,
[Draco *sings this in all his glory.*
Are the joys, the joys of fighting!
With shield and with spear,
Great Knight, little Squire,
In armour appear,
Their bosoms all on fire!

And now they advance, [*Advancing.*
With target and lance;
Milk-white steed striding,
For bloody deeds providing;
Now they attack, [*Attacking.*
Hack, hack, hack;
O how delighting,
O how inviting,
Are the joys, the joys of fighting!

But fiercer now, and fiercer,
[*More violently.*
Grows the gory battle;
Strokes begin to pierce, Sir,
Rattle, rattle, rattle;
Wizzing flies the spear,
Off goes an ear!
Trusty lance has sped,
[*With the fury of war.*
Off goes a head!
Blood in profusion,
Charming confusion,

Hack, hack, hack,
Twack, twack, twack,
Rattle, rattle, rattle,
'Tis *we* have won the battle!

O how delighting, &c. [*In triumph.*

SCENE V.

Enter SIR ERROLD, SIR TOPAZ, SIR BUGLE, SIR HARDBOTTLE, *and* SIR HUGH, *in Riding Dresses made after the antient Fashion.*

SIR ERROLD.

Ha, ha, ha!—but where is the Knight of the Burning Arms? Where is the conqueror fled—I thought that was the refuge of the vanquished.

SIR TOPAZ.

He strode along just now, and, in all the pride of triumph, called himself the champion of the Nut-brown Maid!

SIR BUGLE.

Never was so foiled in my life, by Mars!

SIR HARDBOTTLE.

Nor I, by Bacchus!

SIR HUGH.

Nor I, by Apollo!

SIR TOPAZ.

Nor I, by all the gods together!

SIR ERROLD.

Ha, ha, ha! Bravo, my noble knights!—

Each swears by his tutelar deity, and yet they all left you in the lurch, in time of need!

SIR TOPAZ.

And a pretty figure of four we cut, to be sure!

SIR HUGH.

No, no, it's all over with us: Venus only favours those whom Mars approves.

SIR HARDBOTTLE.

Well, vanquished we have been, that's the truth on't: but, for rivals, we certainly are the best friends in the world.

SIR TOPAZ.

Yes, we have all of us found out each other's passion for the lady, but none of us ever yet found out the lady's passion for us.

SIR HUGH.

You, Sir Errold, have long given us opportunity to try our *fortune.*

SIR ERROLD.

Win her and wear her has been my answer to you all; and were there fifty more wooers, I should say, *win her and wear her,* still. My girl is the only disposer of her heart, and whomsoever she gives it to has my consent, because I am sure she will choose right.

SIR BUGLE.

It is not clear to me she will choose either of us, though, gentlemen.

SIR HUGH.

She may be right in that, too.

SIR TOPAZ

Well, well, we all love her, though we don't cut one another's throats to prove it.

SIR ERROLD.

Brightly observed. I like your convention of all things; and if none of you can win her love, my life on't, you will all of you possess her friendship, by being good friends amongst yourselves; and so try your luck again, and let unanimity still reign amongst us.

SIR HARDBOTTLE

With all my heart! and, ere we mount our steeds, let us take off a morning draught to the maiden's health, and to our own good fellowship, win or lose.

SIR ERROLD.

Excellent! and let us unite harmony to love and friendship. [*They join hands.*

SIR HUGH.

Four knights to love the same mistress, shews there's a sympathy between them; and what is friendship without sympathy? So let us drink to the health of the happy man, and have a social catch on the occasion. Your hands, join all.

CATCH.

[*Very jovial and pleasant.*]

Yes, we will be a knot—a knot of honest fellows;
Though lovers, we are friends; and *friends should not be jealous:*
And though the lass we *all* love, but *one of us can marry,*
And out of us four honest fellows *three must miscarry,*
The lover that is cross'd in love, whether *you, you, or me,*
Will have the more occasion *with friends to agree;*
For can a man so want his friend, *as when all hopes are over?*
Sure friendship's, then, the only balm to sooth a luckless lover.
And should the lass we *all* love not *fancy one or t'other,*
We still should hold *together*, friends, *to comfort one another.*
Thus true to love and friendship we'll *none of us be jealous,*
But live and die a *knot—a knot of honest fellows!*

SCENE VI.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter TRUNDLE, *in his Harper's Dress.*

Well, heaven be praised! I have once more run into my petticoats, and if ever I put on armour again, either for love or glory, why

they may make minced-meat of me:—a man's head, hey? there's a bloody-minded wench for you! No, no, Lady Cristabelle, I'll purchase lily white hands at no such rate. Ecod, here comes another fury in his coat of mail—I'm off. —No, 'tis brother minstrel, not yet unharnessed.

SCENE VII.

Enter HENRY, *clad in splendid Armour.*

Well met, Trundle. Though the company were too numerous and busy to notice our absence from the tournament, we should now greet them with our songs. And I am glad to see you here and dressed before me, brother Scamandro.

TRUNDLE.

Yes, yes, brother Scamandro is not only dressed, but has been cut up, and almost eaten, too. That devil, Draco, has handsomely sliced me, I promise you. I feel the dog in every atom of me. And, moreover, I'll tell you what, my dear brother Damian——

HENRY.

Let us hear.

TRUNDLE

No more Scamandros or tournaments for me! I'll turn back: a plague on tilting, for Trundle.

I'll *Trundle* home: so, your servant, Master Damian.

HENRY.

Ha, ha, ha! poor Trundle!

TRUNDLE.

This may be very pleasant for men of iron, that love hardships; but, for gentlemen of mere flesh and blood, and fine feelings, like me, ecod, I can't find out the joke of it. I'll no more on't.

SONG.

God of battle, of battle, march out of my breast,
And thou god of love, god of love, march out too,
No longer I'll harbour a troublesome guest,
And so, Mr. Mars, Master Cupid, adieu!

See, pigmy! what havoc you've made with your arrows!
And, giant, behold what fine bruises are here!
Do you think, you young dog, you was popping at
sparrows,
Or *you* spitting larks, you old fool, with your spear?

And you, Mrs. Venus, who've made me your looby,
You may pack with your urching and baby for me;
Do *ye* sing *a trio, he'll not be our booby,*
And I'll troll a catch, and sing *de'il take the three!*

Henceforward, farewel to the gods who love beating,
I never shall fancy a basting divine;
No, give me the god who is fond of good eating,
And loves to be worshipp'd in bumpers of wine!

HENRY.

Ha, ha! what, run away after the danger is over! I thought that was the time one might depend on your services.

TRUNDLE.

Aye, make me sure that it *is* over, and I'll be as merry as a grig; for, to tell you the truth, I should be loth to trundle back before dinner. I am told there are some dainty preparations going forward, but I had better not eat, you know, than stay to be eaten.

HENRY.

Nothing remains but love and feasting.

TRUNDLE.

As for love, I've had enough of it, I thank you; it has made a mummy of me already. I'll put up with pure feasting, if you please.

HENRY.

Well, then, I will henceforth ensure thee sheer gluttony, without the least hazard, while we remain at the castle.

TRUNDLE.

Will you? then we'll not bid the Baron good by in a hurry; I'll pass the rest of my life with him on those conditions. I'm glad to see your poor dear senses, which I thought were off, coming about again, Sir.

HENRY.

And you shall mount my old favourite pal-

frey in the chase, this morning, while I go on foot.

TRUNDLE.

On foot! aye, there you go again. Mercy, Sir, how you do love difficulties! now, I can't bear them. Ecod, I can canter though with the best of them: there I'm a match for you, Master Draco.

HENRY.

And you shall triumph over him, too.

TRUNDLE.

Shall I? that will bring me about with Cristabelle, too. But, don't you unharness, Sir? or do you hunt in that armour—and what is to be done with those petticoats?

HENRY.

Do thou hasten to the Baron and company—preserve thy harper's character—carol and play the last song I taught thee—wait my coming, when I will instruct thee in other disguises.

TRUNDLE.

Disguises! I don't fancy any more of those disguises. I have no luck in them; I wish you could leave out that part of the ceremony, Sir. Why can't you now make love like another man? speak your mind at once, marry, have faith, and there's an end on't?

HENRY.

Hark, that is the last signal of the bugle-

horn. They are mounted; you will be too late to greet them on your harp, and to make my excuses of absence. Away! I have yet something to achieve before I quit my coat of mail.

TRUNDLE.

The devil you have! ecod, then, I'll lose no time in leaving you to your own devices, I promise you. I shall never endure a coat of mail again while I live, and I'm glory's humble servant with all my heart. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

HENRY, *alone.*

Thus far I have had the delight of trying my Nut-brown Maid's fidelity, and of finding it impregnable to all assaults, even to gold, which melts the rock. I saw her reject the lover-knights, with all their offers, one by one, before the tournament: she has seen them disarmed by a stranger. I, as that stranger, both in my minstrel and warrior habits, have heard her breathe the name of Henry with a soft and and anxious solicitude, which shewed, that, though she fancied me absent, I was still sole monarch of her heart. But was she not touched with the bravery of the unknown Knight who vanquished these rivals? I am that Knight,

also. Women are attracted by courage; and, perhaps Henry, in his armour, thus disguised, may vanquish Henry, and be a rival to himself — the worst of rivals! That remains to be tried, and I will try it strongly.

SONG.

I own her fair, I feel her kind,
 She looks, she speaks, with angel grace;
But in the casket I would find
 A gem superior to the case.

O grant me this, immortal love!
 And I will fix for ever sure;
No future fear my breast shall move,
 But one strong faith, till death, endure.

But if my charmer's heart be frail,
 And I no gem discover there,
Till death shall one strong doubt prevail,
 Nor will I trust the casket fair!

This delicacy may be unreasonable and excessive; yet never, never will I marry, till I meet a woman who is proof against every finesse of art, and every allurement of nature. But the Nut-brown Maid appears; and with her comes the merry-hearted Cristabelle: that's unlucky!

SCENE IX.

Enter Emma, *dressed as Diana, with Quiver and Bow, and* Cristabelle.

EMMA.

Unkind, ungenerous Henry! not to appear on Emma's birth-day.

CRISTABELLE.

Unkind, indeed! Udd, I'd give it him. But they are all false! I wish I could hate them. Let us turn our hearts against them, Emma; I think I begin to feel mine harden already.

EMMA.

What are all the festivities of the day—what is day itself, when he, who is the light of my life, is absent? Heigho!

CRISTABELLE.

Well; I must be a strange girl, for the spirit of recrimination is so strong in me, that, so far from sitting down contented under an injury, I never am made the victim of one of those sorts of heighos, but I die till I have retaliated fifty sighs for one aye; and good deep ones, too!

EMMA.

Indeed! and do you find any satisfaction in making the man you love unhappy?

CRISTABELLE.

The greatest in the world, if he makes me so. Now, there's Draco, he affects the faith of a knight-errant, and is all the while playing off his glances at the mystic Shepherdess of the Glen. As to the fellow's heart, the girl is welcome to the trifle; but, if I don't make him suffer for his perfidy! — Sure, men are the rogues and women the fools of creation!

SONG.

A gossip I formerly knew,
Who, of lovers and years told fourscore,
With the last gasp of breath that she drew,
Thus taught what I ne'er guess'd before.

If ever your gentleman pets,
As lovers are troubled with pouts,
She's a fool who stays with him and frets,
Go gadding, you'll soon cure the flouts.

And, if he would have you believe
That one at a time is not plenty,
For a rival or two never grieve,
But repay the dear traitor with twenty.

And should you his falsehood proclaim,
Ne'er sit in a corner to chew on't;
You know how to match him again,
And shew him a trick that's worth two on't.

The good gossip here gave up her life,
  I sigh'd, and her lesson conn'd o'er;
By her maxims, ere yet I'm a wife,
  Of lovers and years I've a score.

That's my way, Emma, and ought to be your's. Not come on your birth-day, of all the days in the year! and leave you here amongst half a score of suitors, who are ready to devour you, and, amongst others, that brave, noble, magnanimous, unknown champion, who had like to have knocked all the others on the head for the love of you! As I live, he is here! I know him by his blazing armour. [Henry *advances.*

EMMA.

Let us withdraw.

CRISTABELLE.

Withdraw; no! If it was my case, I'd have that beaver of his *down*, peep at his face, and know all about him in a trice. See how he strides: aye, he's something like a lover! Well, I'll leave you together.

EMMA.

I will just acknowledge his prowess, according to the law of ladies to their champions, and follow you instantly.

[*As* Henry *approaches,* Emma *makes obeisance.*

CRISTABELLE.

[*Aside.*] I wish I could procure a rival for 'Squire Henry. Aye, pray advance, courteous Knight: [*going up to him*] the Nut-brown Maid and myself are sensible of your heroic actions; and—and—— [*Courtesying.*

EMMA.

For heaven's sake what are you talking about, Cristabelle?

CRISTABELLE.

[*Going up to him, speaks, aside.*] Never mind a little confusion, Sir; we are all Tremblers. You have the privileges of a champion; and her *favoured* lover (out of so many sad wooers) is, you must know, a strange shy kind of a thing, who leaves her to herself; so make the best use of your time, that's all—you understand me: a word to the wise—you understand me!

[*Exit.—She looks and nods significantly at* Henry *as she goes out, and he bows.*

HENRY *comes forward, bows profoundly, then speaks in a feigned Voice:* EMMA *stands pensive.*

HENRY.

Lady, behold the Knight of the Burning Arms—behold the champion who fought and conquered in the sports of the day, and who,

with yet greater joy, would fight or fall for the Nut-brown Maid in the day of actual battle.

EMMA.

Hail, valiant champion! To the shouts of the thronging crowd, and of the Baron, my father, deign to accept the faint wreath of Emma's applauses.

HENRY.

Ah, admirable lady! O divine beauty! might I but hope that she who has made a captive of the conqueror ——

EMMA.

Sir?

HENRY.

[*Kneels.*] Might I hope, I say, that a discovery of my person, birth, and quality, would prevail on thee to confer a favouring smile, and honour with your love ——

EMMA.

Rise, courteous stranger! You ask what is beyond my power to give: the candour I have used to others is due to you. I love another, have loved him long, and shall for ever love him. Excuse me, Sir, my father expects me. [*Going.*

HENRY.

[*Aside, with rapture.*] Excellent Emma!— And am I rejected for a peasant, madam?

EMMA.

Whom do you mean, Sir?

HENRY.

Yes, I said it, Madam, what better is the poor, the humble Henry?

EMMA.

[*Agitated.*] How, Sir! Do you know Henry?

HENRY.

[*Affecting sternness.*] Madam, I do.

EMMA.

Then, Sir, you know one who, poor and humble as you may think him, is the sole object of my affection; and whose honest poverty, ennobled by the richest virtues, is far dearer to me than all the conquerors or kings of the earth. Ah, Henry! why art thou not here to save me from these persecutions? Either thou dost not love me, or art suspicious of my affection.

SONG.

O cruel! couldst thou see my heart,
Thou never wouldst a doubt impart;
Or know how true it beats for thee,
That doubt would never injure me.

Ah! what remains, dear youth, to prove
The faith or force of Emma's love?
O thou whom I alone adore,
Say, what can mark my passion more?

In every accent hear it speak,
In every motion see it break,
In every look behold it glow,
In every tear behold it flow.

Come, then, ah come, and see it rise
In Emma's smiles, in Emma's sighs:
I live, dear youth, to make thee blest,
And I would die, to give thee rest.

[*Henry, during this song, is in a gradation of transports.*

Why, Henry, why art thou not here to witness my affection?

HENRY.

[*Discovering himself.*] He is! he is! O thou adorable maid! he is here to witness and to reward it! Behold thy Henry:—Behold the most honoured and most happy of mankind.

EMMA.

Henry! O heaven, how welcome to my heart! but wherefore not avow yourself before? Why will you still persist in mysteries and disguises so replete with peril and perplexity?

HENRY.

Lovely chider! while I acknowledge my error, I must love it too; since it has called forth afresh the tenderest effusions of my Emma's heart.

EMMA.

If those effusions are so dear, wherefore not

more constantly enjoy them, Henry? Must I still ask that for ever unanswered question?

HENRY.

How can the humble Henry, without birth, fortune, or other pretensions to the hand of Emma, than the claims of love——

EMMA.

[*Interrupting.*] The claims of love! what, Henry, are so powerful? and for birth and fortune, how often must I declare that virtue is true nobility, and that for *your* virtue I adore you?

SONG.

Could I a thousand sceptres sway,
A subject still to thy controul,
Thy gentle laws I would obey,
And thou be monarch of my soul.

And were I plac'd by partial Fate,
High as Ambition pants to be,
The proud distinction I should hate,
Dear Henry, if not shared with thee.

HENRY.

Every word and every look is a new charm for my fond, fond heart. This one day passed, Emma shall go forth, armed with the eloquence of her affection, and plead the cause of that poor, that humble Henry, at the feet of the

rich Baron, her father: and I will rely on the excess of my love being admitted as an excuse for the excess of my presumption. Wilt thou grant this last request?

EMMA.

You know too well I have not yet learned the language of refusal, even to your most unreasonable petitions. But you will remain the rest of the day with us at least? Such has been your unnecessary caution, your person is scarcely known at the castle, and the hospitalities of the day allow every guest this privelege.

HENRY.

I will with joy avail myself of it, my sweet Emma, and chase the stag by your side.

EMMA.

We hunt to-day. The bugle horn has long since sounded its sprightly summons through the castle—and, hark! even now it reverberates through the hall, and my father repeats his volley.

[*A volley intermixed with the Baron, exclaiming, hip!*

Hip, hilloa, hilloa — Emma, Emma!
My Nut-brown Maid, hilloa!

HENRY.

Let us attend, then.—I will but divest myself

of my armour, and overtake the fleetest courser of the field, with such a prize as Emma in my view!

SONG.

When in my hunter's habit dress'd,
The beechen pole and spear I bear,
Before me springs the bounding beast,
And echo shall the chase declare.
Echo! echo! [*The echo is heard.*
And thus the horn my Emma greets,
Tantara! [*The horn is heard.*
Shrill echo thus the sound repeats,
Echo! echo!
Echo thus the sound repeats.

Where'er my Emma bends her way,
I'll guide her o'er the hill, the brake,
And while she views the bounding prey,
Point to the path her steed may take.
And thus the horn, &c. [*Horns echo.*

But, ah! while thus thy praise I sound,
My Emma hurls a keener dart:
This hand may fail the beast to wound,
[*Takes her hand.*
Those eyes are sure to wound my heart.

While thus the horn thy triumph greets,
And echo thus the sound repeats,
Echo, echo, &c.
[*Horns and echo as before.*

[*Exeunt, at different sides.*

SCENE X.

A beautiful Glen. A Cottage at a Distance, almost covered by a Bower; Benches at the Door; the whole exhibiting a Scene of pastoral Simplicity. A distant View of the Castle. The Horn at a Distance blows a Volley.

Enter DRACO.

[*Still in his grotesque tournament-dress.*] Aye, there go the noisy hunters, and I have stolen away. The chase! inglorious employment! I have other game in pursuit. Here lives that sweet riddle-me-ree of a shepherdess. This is the glen, and that is her cottage, simple and modest as herself. But how came she there? who is she? how is she supported? and who does she belong to? Now, all these mysteries must I find out; nor will I quit my armour till I have unravelled the whole, for I suspect that a good battle lies at the bottom of that damsel's history. O, here comes Florin, the shepherd; he is a sort of a conundrum too, and there is some crambo about old Master Sylvan: I have served all, and perhaps shall yet have to fight for all. The deuce is in it if I have not a right to know their history.

Enter FLORIN, *who is seen coming in haste down the Hills that slope to the Glen from the Castle.*

So, Florin, whither away in such haste? You tilted very prettily this morning, but are again in your pastoral attire, I see. How is it you are not amongst the hunters?

FLORIN.

[*In the shepherd manner and accent.*] Because I have much better sport at home, Master Draco.

DRACO.

What, you still lead a shepherd life, hey?

FLORIN.

To be sure: shepherds should live like shepherds, should they not? besides, I prefer it to higher stations.

DRACO.

[*Aside.*] Higher stations! umph! I shall have him presently.—Florin, you promised me an account of yourself; I have been your friend, and Edith's, and Sylvan's. Your fighting this morning (when you had nearly cut me in twain) has more than ever excited my curiosity, and made me your friend. Give me your hand, little Florin: now, who the devil are you?

FLORIN.

Just what you see me, a shepherd; and yet

'tis an odd story, too. Thou *hast* been a friend to us all; and I will tell thee, that, shepherd as I am, I fell in love with a baron's daughter.

DRACO.

[*Astonished.*] How, a baron's daughter! umph! that begins well.

FLORIN.

Many princes fell in love with the same lady, too; but her uncle, a nobleman, also, who had the care of her, wishing to possess himself of that moiety of the barony which descended to her in right of her deceased father, shut her up in his palace.

DRACO.

Shut her up! umph! good. I am glad of that! Shut up in a castle is always good!

FLORIN.

And neither myself nor any other of the lovers could gain admittance.

DRACO.

No; I warrant you. I wish I had been there!

FLORIN.

So, I had thoughts of mustering a chosen band, and carrying her off by force of arms.

DRACO.

By force of arms! that would have been right. That would have been noble. Carrying off is another good thing!

FLORIN.

But, at length, love inspired me with the strange thought of disguising myself as an antient serving-man; and so gaining access to the princess. Equipping myself accordingly, I repaired to the palace, and was received by the baron.

DRACO.

There you was wrong! You should have fought your way up to her, and have climbed to the top of the castle, instead of creeping to the bottom of it.

FLORIN.

I would immediately have confessed my birth, assumed appearance of old age, and motives of disguise; but that, on the very day of my entrance, I heard the baron, her uncle, had formed the resolution of marrying her to some low-born man.

DRACO.

That baron was a vile caitiff! I wish I had been there!

FLORIN.

I sought his presence, and discovered my youth and my love to him. Finding my passion favourable to his designs, he became himself my advocate; but the princess, resolute, from love, declared she would die husbandless rather than be so basely wedded.

DRACO.

Aye; you should have cut off that uncle's head, and told her who you was. Go on! go on! My soul's in arms!

FLORIN.

I was meditating a discovery of myself, when Arno, an antient gentleman of the household, who was appointed to wait upon and guard the princess, favoured her escape, and both left the palace, where she was mewed, at midnight.

DRACO.

At midnight! that was right. Doubtless, thou has traversed earth and seas in search of her?

FLORIN.

I have; till report was brought to her uncle's court of her death, and of her old attendant's stabbing himself on her grave, to avoid the baron's displeasure.

DRACO.

That was right! nothing could be better! unless he had killed the baron. But I hope you lost your senses, and did every thing becoming a knight in love? You was desperate?

FLORIN.

Desperate! O Draco! what did I not do? I fled my country, hid myself from my friends, and gave myself up wholly to despair.

DRACO.

Excellent! I am glad to hear that!

FLORIN.

At last, I offered my services to the Neatherd Sylvan, and have kept his flock ever since. But till some few weeks past, what did I not suffer!

SONG.

COMPILED FROM A PASTORAL, ENTITLED, "HARPALUS," FROM THE EARL OF SURREY'S SONNETS.—TO BE SET WITH SOLEMN SIMPLICITY.

How often would I flow'rets twine,
How often garlands make,
Of cowslips and of columbine,
For my dead love's dear sake!

My clothes were black, and also bare,
As one's forlorn might be;
And on my head, to note despair,
A wreath of willow-tree!

My beard long time I did not shave,
My hair hung all unkempt;
A man most fitting for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had shent.

And thus I wax'd both pale and lean,
Yet still did garlands make;
With ghosts by moonlight was I seen,
For my dead love's dear sake.

DRACO.

You could not suffer too much. Thy hand

once more! thou art a man after my own soul. You never mean to get over your misfortune, though?

FLORIN.

Yes, I do: thank heaven! I *have* got over it.

DRACO.

There you are wrong. I am sorry to hear that: you should not have recovered, on any account!

FLORIN.

And, what is worse, I have fallen desperately in love with another woman!

DRACO.

How! another woman? then I would not give a farthing for you: [*snapping his fingers*] neither ill usage or death should have cured you. The old fellow, who pinked himself on your first love's tomb, was worth a thousand of you.

SONG.

This is the life of an errant-knight,
On his goddess still to rave,
She a tyrant, he a slave,
She in pleasure, he in pains,
She in freedom, he in chains;
For his sweeting,
Seldom eating,

Ne'er retreating
From a beating
Got for his goddess in the fight:
This, this is the life of an errant-knight!

And, at last, when goddess dies,
Though through life she's bang'd him,
Better to have hang'd him,
She's not to be forgotten,
Though she's dead and rotten:
Nor must lover
E'er recover,
But still love her
When all's over,
Passing his days in sobs and sighs:
This, this is the life of an errant-knight!

But I hope, at any rate, she whom you now love is a queen, at least, and in the utmost distress?

FLORIN.

No.

DRACO.

Perhaps another princess?

FLORIN.

No, no, she's a shepherdess: like to my first love, as two blossoms to each other.

DRACO.

How, a shepherdess? Pshaw! worse and worse!

FLORIN.

[*Going.*] Notwithstanding that, I will re-

concile you to it another time; but, till then, don't you discover I have ever been a serving-man in a palace. Your goodness to my shepherdess, Sylvan, and myself, has made me thus communicative. Our little circle boast a thousand pleasures in that cottage, which make me wish to lead a shepherd life for ever: so, trusting to your honour as a faithful squire, and, of course, a friend to lovers, I bid you farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

DRACO.

[*Paces about in a reverie, then stands fixed: he walks again.*] In love with a baron's daughter—shut up in a palace—(pity 'twas not a dark tower) rescuing her by force of arms—princess gets out of her prison-house at midnight—lover turns antient serving-man, then young shepherd. Well, well, I say nothing; I only say, I say nothing! Old armour we'll have a few more bangs, yet!

Seldom eating,
Ne'er retreating
From a beating,
This, this is the life, &c. &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Enter, from the Cottage, EDITH, *and* ARNO *as the Neatherd* SYLVAN.

ARNO.

The sun that now shines, sweet mistress, gilds the anniversary of the day in which these aged arms rescued thee from the tyranny of thy uncle Edel, who robbed thee of thy throne, bequeathed thee by thy father, the royal Adelbright, from whom, happy in our retreat, we have heard no tidings since our escape and the well-dissembled report of your death, even though the trusty Fabian has his eye upon events at the palace.

EDITH.

Far be such tidings and events from the smooth joys that await *my youth* and *thy age* in this peaceful glen! Instead of the cares and perils of a court, thou hast placed me where, supported by thy bounty, my foster-parent, I am far happier than if Edel had permitted me to mount my throne.

ARNO.

Alas! what you call bounty, my noble mistress, is but returning part of your royal father's munificence, which, in a stream of love and loyalty, is now ebbing back to its source. But may not the good Florin yet be trusted with our secret?

EDITH.

Not yet, good Arno.

ARNO.

I have my fears.

EDITH.

Fears!

ARNO.

Lest the tender heart of that youth, not knowing the Princess Argentile, should love but too well the Shepherdess of the Glen.

EDITH.

How can you think so? or, if he did, when he shall know —— Pshaw! there is no ground of fear — if Arno preserves the secret.

ARNO.

I will preserve it with my life. But shall yonder castle be full of revelry and joy to-day, and this little hut give no signs of its delight? Yes, it shall! and we will have a festival of our own, aye, and I will go and finish my preparations for it.

SONG.

Shall our neighbours on the hill
Salute the morn
With harp and horn,
And with mirth the castle fill—
Shall not we be blithe as they,
On our yearly holiday?

Let our neighbours sport around,
Village throng,
With pipe and song,
Shall from vale to hill rebound,
Till our neighbours there, so gay,
Chorus shepherds roundelay.

SCENE XIII.

EDITH.

Faithful creature! Of what rare price is a friend *approved!* and to approve, how difficult! But an aged courtier, who quits the thrift and splendour of a palace, to follow the fortunes of an outcast girl, hath passed the great ordeal of the human heart, and *must* be sincere. Where can Florin be all this time? Arno has his fears, lest he should love too well; I have my hopes he loves with all his heart. Yet, 'tis strange that I, who rejected the peasant-drudge my

uncle would have forced on me, (but, indeed, he was as unlike this youth in age as in graces,) should love this shepherd! love him with so much true affection, that, though I could rejoice to place him on my throne, and would, for his sake, endure the toils of royalty, I dread to disclose who or what I am, lest I should check that sweet freedom of heart which equality alone produces.

SONG.

No claim upon an honest heart,
Gold or grandeur can impart;
And the breast that's true to love,
Faithful vows alone can move.

What is empire, what a throne?
Hearts were never *brib'd*, but *won*;
Worlds are all too poor to buy
One gentle smile, one tender sigh!

Enter FLORIN.

EDITH.

Bless me! he's here: my heart beats so fast, I shall never be able to support the character of a shepherdess when I most wish for its disguises. What can be the matter with me?

ELORIN.

[*Advancing.*] Edith, how are you, Edith?

EDITH.

[*Retiring.*] Florin, how do you, Florin?

FLORIN.

[*Reassuming himself, as a shepherd.*] When we are together, Edith, how coy you are! but, when Sylvan's with us, who so gay?

EDITH.

The more the merrier, you know, Florin.

FLORIN.

How wouldst thou match, Edith? I wish I knew the kind of youth might please you. There is no end of the ploughman's labor——

EDITH.

O, he is as much of a churl in his manners as in his occupation.

FLORIN.

The merchant, while he is trafficking abroad, suspects his wife at home: then choose a shepherd, sweet Edith—I wish you would have one of my choosing—nothing like a shepherd, depend upon it!

EDITH.

Perhaps I *may* choose a shepherd; but he must be my own choice, too, I give you thanks.

SONG.

Yes, *I'll* choose a shepherd, for *he*, with the sun,
Doth rise with the sun his fair flocks to unfold;
And all the day long, on the hill or the plain,
With the maid that he loves, merry chat can he hold.

And with the same sun, the *same* flocks fold again;
And, betwixt light and darkness must jog home
betime;
To the maid that he loves, he *then* tunes a round,
Or sings, like a nightingale, some merry rhyme.

Then a sheaf of good bread, nice and brown as a nut,
Or on curds he regales, as white as the snow,
With the maid that he loves he partakes of the fruit
That, thinking of her, he in scrip did well stow.

Then tales full of glee go gossiping round,
As round the good nut-brown most nimbly doth trot,
While shepherd sits singing his cares all away,
Till on quills of fair straw to his bed he be got.

Thus the maid who is fond of soft nights and sweet
days,
Will choose a young shepherd, so merry and free;
The knight not so happy, whose flocks he doth graze;
So choose a young shepherd, whoever he be.

You see I am of your opinion, Florin.

FLORIN.

Aye, and if you knew the story of the dead baron's daughter, you would say so, indeed.—[*Aside.*] I am resolved to try her: and this is the moment.

EDITH.

[*Strongly affected.*] The dead baron's daughter!

FLORIN.

Ah, poor lady, save thyself, she was the fair-

est lady under heaven. Yet they say she was cruel and hard-hearted, too. But, for beauty—

EDITH.

So handsome!

FLORIN.

Handsome!

SONG.

Two rosy cheeks, round ruddy lips,
White, just-set teeth within,
A little mouth, and, underneath,
A round and dimpled chin.

With these, O rarity! with these,
Her tongue of speech was spare;
But, speaking, Beauty seemed to speak
What Wisdom well might hear.

With Hebe, Juno, and with both,
Herself contends in face,
Where equal mixture did not want
Of mild and stately grace.

Her smiles were sober, and her looks
Were cheerful unto all,
E'en such as neither wanton seem,
Nor wayward, mell, or gall.

A quiet mind, a patient mood,
And not disdaining any;
Not gibing, gadding, gaudy, yet
Sweet faculties had many.

A nymph no heart, no tongue, no eye,
Might praise, might wish, might see,
For form, for life, for love — more good,
More worth, more fair, than she.

EDITH.

If the princess you speak of were cruel and hard-hearted, she must be worthless of such praise, whatever might be her beauty.

FLORIN.

Heigh-ho, but I loved her, Edith, and love has no eye to see any thing but beauties, you know. — I loved her!

EDITH.

You! what the princess! that's strange:— and is that sigh for her you love?

FLORIN.

[*Turns away.*] My love is dead, and yet I love her who lives; and yet I sigh.

EDITH.

[*Going up to him.*] And which of them do you weep for, Florin?

FLORIN.

For both, alas!

EDITH.

For both.—What name bore your buried love?

FLORIN.

[*After an affecting pause between them.*]— Argentile.

EDITH.

[*With astonishment.*] Argentile, the daughter of Adelbright!

FLORIN.

The same.

EDITH.

Who, then, are you?

FLORIN.

When I dared to love Argentile, I was called Theron.

EDITH.

[*With encreased surprise.*] Theron! but Theron was aged; how, then, can he be the youthful Florin?

FLORIN.

His age was counterfeited, to promote his passion. His youth was true as his passion; but Argentile fled ere my youth or passion could be told.

EDITH.

[*With great emotion.*] Indeed! now, then, it is my turn to weep.

FLORIN.

Weep!

EDITH.

Yes, weep for joy, when I tell you that Argentile and Edith are the same!

FLORIN.

[*Enraptured.*] O heavens! it is, it is my

Argentile! Am I, can I be so blessed! Argentile and Edith the same! Pardon me, dear maid, if, still presumptuous, I confess too that Florin is Theron. [*They embrace.*

EDITH.

O directing Providence! [*Sound of pipes, cymbals, and other rustic music.*] And hark! Arno is returning in good time to witness the felicity he is so well entitled to share.

FLORIN.

Arno!

EDITH.

Our Sylvan is that very Arno, who, strange to say, bore me from *thee*, whom, as Florin, I now delight to own, though as Theron I disdained thee.

FLORIN.

[*He runs up to* Arno *as he enters.*] My happiness is complete. Joy, joy, my friend! she is found! she is found! she is here! she is here! my love! my life! my soul! my Argentile! whom she fled from she loves: more thou shalt know anon.

[*He leaps about with rapture.*

ARNO.

[*Smiling—taking* Florin's *hand, and bowing to* Edith.] I know enough to perceive my little troop are mustered in good time to salute the Shepherd and Shepherdess of the Glen. My

hopes are confirmed at last: so enter, my merry men and maidens, enter, and let dance and song distinguish the happiest day of my long life.

Enter Shepherd Lads and Lasses, with Festoons and Garlands, which, in the Progress of a pastoral Dance, they twine round Edith, Florin, *and* Arno, *and form into a Crown or Coronet of Flowers, with the Name of* Edith *wreathed about it, which they hold over* Edith *while the following Trio is sung.*

TRIO.

ARNO.

Great ones, from their lofty towers,
May look down on little bowers;
But though they the chaplets scorn
Which our humble glen adorn,
Far more sweet this crown of flowers,
Gathered from those little bowers,
Than the costly gems that glow
On the royal maiden's brow.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

EDITH.

Great ones, from their lofty towers,
May look down on little bowers;
And the pine that towers beside,
Soars an emblem of their pride.

CHORUS.

But more sweet, &c.

FLORIN.

Great ones, from their lofty towers,
May look down on little bowers;
But when winter winds do blow,
Lofty towers are humbled low.

CHORUS.

Far more sweet, &c.

ARNO.

Great ones, from their lofty towers,
May look down on little bowers;
But the pine the tempest rends,
While the violet scarcely bends.

CHORUS.

Far more sweet, &c.

EDITH.

When winds do blow, then little bowers,
Blooming round such cots as ours,
Safer in a lowly state,
May look down upon the great;

CHORUS.

And more sweet, &c.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A large Gothic Apartment, adorned with Stags Heads, Martial Trophies, Suits of Armour, Targets, Spears, Cross-Bows, and Coats of Arms; the whole exhibiting the Prowess of an old English Baron, in the different Achievments of Peace and War. The Curtain rises to Minstrel Music, mixed with a short triumphant Volley of the Horn. At one Wing enter Six Archers, with Bows and Arrows, and Nets filled with Game. At another Wing, Six Falconers, some with Hawks in their Hands; then,

Enter SIR ERROLD, *with* SIR TOPAZ, SIR HARDBOTTLE, SIR HUGH, *and* SIR BUGLE, *followed by Six Attendants in green Frocks and Caps, having a Stag and other dead Game. Lastly, the Minstrel* (HENRY) *with his Harp, playing the Symphony of the following Song, which he sings, and to which there is an universal Chorus.*

HENRY.

TO BE SET WITH JOVIAL SPIRIT AND MARTIAL ARDOR, AND A FULL CHORUS.

SONG.

Merry hunters and hawkers, and archers, so gay,
Ye blithe-hearted throng
Come join in the song,
And chorus the triumph which crowns this fair day.
See the fruits of our toil,
[*Pointing to the game.*
We are loaded with spoil,
Here dangles the falcon, and there lies the deer.
In the wood or in sky,
Stag or falcon must die,
When Fate tips the arrow, and Death points the spear.

CHORUS.

So hunters and hawkers, &c.

That Fate and Death tip them our foes can declare,
When the trumpet alarms,
[*Here the trumpet comes in.*
And calls us to Arms:
As they conquer in peace, so they conquer in war:
In forest and field,
Our victims must yield;
For pleasure, for glory, we equal are found.
When danger is near,
And the clarion we hear, [*The clarion.*

The pipe and the lute,
[*Pipe and lute come in.*
Harp and horn, shall be mute: [*Harp.*
The pipe, &c.
Harp and horn, &c. [*Horn.*
And only the trumpet and clarion rebound,
The trumpet, [*The trumpet.*
The clarion.

GRAND CHORUS.

So hunters and hawkers, &c. &c.

SIR ERROLD.

Well sung, minstrel, and well chorused, my noble brother barons and merry men all! That sky-aspiring falcon, and that fine dapple-faced fellow, gave us brave sport; and had we, as your song says, Mr. Minstrel, instead of chasing the beasts of the field or the birds of the air, been attacking the ENEMIES OF OUR KING AND COUNTRY, we had been equally intrepid and victorious. But the youth who performed such wonders on foot, and who managed his falcon and his bow with a skill superior to us all, is missing. Friends, seek him out.

[*Exeunt archers, hunters, falconers, &c.*

SIR TOPAZ.

When the quarry was tumbling, I questioned him, but answer made he none, save that the minstrel, his relation, could story him.

SIR ERROLD.

Were you then present? We saw you not. Know you this youth?

HENRY.

Unnoticed by others, I saw, with pleasure, his achievements: he is my near of kin, and I love him, Sir Knight, as another self: you, too, perchance, noble barons, may have some remembrance. He is the person who had the honour to contend with each of you this morning, at the tournament.

SIR TOPAZ.

The devil he is!

SIR ERROLD.

Then I believe, brother barons, you'll not forget him in haste, ha, ha, ha!

SIR HUGH.

No, no, we shall all carry the tokens he has left us to our graves.

SIR ERROLD.

Glorious youth! invite him, venerable Sir, to our castle. Wherefore is he not with you?

HENRY.

Alas, Sir, a wild and high-blooded young man, though of humble birth; agile as that poor speckled victim in its youth, rapid as one of his own arrows, and loving to soar out of

sight, and fold himself in clouds, like one of those falcons you have now brought from the sky: — and yet, with all this wildness, he is in love!

ALL.

In love!

HENRY.

When the pastimes of the day were over, he presented your fair daughter, Sir Knight, with all the trophies of his varied success; placed his merlin on her wrist, stuck the feather of honour in her hair; and, as he left the field, with sad and downcast eyes, he gave me this paper, which expresses, alas, his passion and his despair.

SIR TOPAZ.

Umph! there's another lift for us!

SIR ERROLD.

That paper, if you please, good minstrel.

HENRY.

He told me, as he delivered it, 'twas the little history of a love-sick heart, pencilled down in this tablet swifter than the arrow from his bow. Finding in it a sweet sadness, mixed with a fire that characters his spirit, I have been trying to suit it to my harp.

SIR ERROLD.

Pray let us hear.

HENRY.

If the measure should halt, the fault can be mine. Yet, methinks, I can manage it.

AIR.

PLAINTIVE AND FERVID.

Since love, alas, has prov'd my foe,
A captive must the conqueror go:
From distant lands I came to prove,
Though low my birth, how proud my love!
For love, the bow, the blade, I drew;
For love, the pipe, the horn, I blew;
For love I bid my falcon stand,
And quit the sky for Emma's hand;
For love, I sought the mimic fight;
For love, disarmed each rival knight;
For love I came, for love I fly;
For love I liv'd, for love must die!

SIR TOPAZ.

Poor youth! he is far gone, indeed!

HENRY

He has nothing to justify his ambition, but his sincerity, and the merit of the object.

SIR ERROLD.

Yes, he has youth, courage, a fair person, and, I'll be bounden for him, an honest heart! — the best justifications in the world! — If Emma likes there as well as I do, he shall not die of love, I warrant you. Come, barons, he that wins, you know, is to wear her. I've

shewn you fair play—do ye the same. Come along, little Bugle [*Exit with* Sir Topaz.

SIR BUGLE.

With all my heart—I have given up hope long since, and therefore have got out of the reach of disappointment. [*Exit.*

SIR HARDBOTTLE.

Your kinsman will not find any insurmountable obstacles in us, I fancy; so your servant, master minstrel. [*Exit.*

SIR HUGH.

No, we are *nem. con.* I believe, in that business; so your servant, master minstrel. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

HENRY.

So the good baron, with all his pride of ancestry, would consign his Nut-brown Maid to the arms of the humble Henry! My quondam rivals are sick of contention, and I have only to cast away my cloud, and come forth with splendour:—and yet, how unreasonable! I have seen such things in the married state, which began equally auspicious, that I shudder, and am still doubtful of woman's constancy. It should be more severely tried than gold. It should pass the fire seven times, ere it be pronounced without dross. O, here comes Florin. —I *will* be satisfied.

SCENE III.

HENRY, FLORIN.

HENRY.

[*Embracing.*] My dear Florin, welcome, welcome to my arms.

FLORIN.

Henry, my dear Henry, how art thou? This is almost the first moment the bustles of the day have thrown us within reach of that question.

HENRY.

Well, Florin, we know one another.

FLORIN.

Though riddles to every body else.

HENRY.

Aye, and have kept our mutual secret.

FLORIN.

Where most other friends lose their's; in the hearts of our mistresses.

HENRY.

Ah, my dear Florin, you *have* tried your mistress; and though you find her to be a princess, she is still faithful to her shepherd.

FLORIN.

Yes, and yours, though a high-born baron's daughter, who has princely blood

coursing in her veins, too, has sustained equal trials, and been proved no less faithful.

HENRY.

But if, after all, it should be my fate to drag the nuptial chain for forty or fifty years with a woman that should deceive me at last! I must, I must be satisfied: you know the plan. I know that I am my own victim; but it is the curse of my disposition, and I cannot help it.

FLORIN.

There is that about you, Henry, which I fear will never suffer you to be happy.

HENRY.

He who loves must doubt, Florin.

FLORIN.

He who loves should have confidence, Henry.

HENRY.

Confidence is the nurse of hypocrisy.

FLORIN.

I am sure the want of it is worse.

HENRY.

Believe me, Florin, I have seen the mischief of too much trusting.

FLORIN.

And I, Henry, of too much suspecting.

HENRY.

It is the one point we never can agree about,

my friend: give me my way, therefore, this once. O that I had Florin's faith!

FLORIN.

Without which you never can know Florin's happiness, depend upon it. I this instant parted with your Nut-brown Maid — blessed at the thought of your being at last convinced, fondly believing the most urgent business has called you from the castle, and as fondly counting the moments till your return.

HENRY.

Heigho!

FLORIN.

While here are you in one of your disguises, brooding over visionary fears, and purposely throwing obstacles in the way of your own felicity.

HENRY.

What can I do?

FLORIN.

Trust.

HENRY.

Impossible! This once, dear Florin ——

FLORIN.

Ah, Henry! Henry!

HENRY.

You are too easy.

FLORIN.

You are too difficult.

HENRY.

You grow warm, Florin.

FLORIN.

I cannot bear to see a friend so cold and cautious.

HENRY.

Nor I to see a friend so confident and credulous.

DIALOGUE.

FLORIN.

O woful condition
This life of suspicion,
Of all mortal plagues it is surely most curst.

HENRY.

A woful condition
This life of suspicion,
Yet, of all mortal plagues, it is sure *not* most curst.

FLORIN.

Thy heart's full of fears
Where no falsehood appears,
Still doubting the fairest and best are the *worst*.

HENRY.

The heart that ne'er fears
Till falsehood appears,
May find what seems fairest and best *is* the worst.

FLORIN.

Of woman and gold,
I've often been told,

That mix'd up with sterling there's always some dross;
And richest is he,
And wisest I see,
Who's content with much gain, and compounds for some *loss*.

HENRY.

Of woman and gold
No truth can be told,
Till both have *seven times* been assay'd in the *fire*;
He ne'er takes base ore,
Who thus proves it before,
So woman, like gold, is worth nought till you *try her*

FLORIN.

May I be the lover
Inclined to discover
In each *smile* of my mistress some token of love.

HENRY.

I too 'd be the lover
Inclin'd to discover
In each smile of my mistress some token of love.

FLORIN.

But till falsehood comes out,
O ne'er let me doubt,
But still *think* each smile *is* a token of love.

HENRY.

Since when falsehood comes out,
It is too late to doubt,
I'll BE SURE that each smile is a token of love

FLORIN.

I her smiles will believe,
Till once they deceive,
Though, their falsehood *once prov'd,* I would credit them *never ;* [*Going one way.*

HENRY.

And when I believe
That they cannot deceive,
All our life shall be smiles, and I'll trust her for ever!
[*Going out at the opposite side.*

SCENE IV.

The Cottage of the Glen.

Enter EMMA *and* EDITH*: both dressed as for the Evening Revels.* EDITH *still as a Shepherdess, but with a Coronet of Flowers;* EMMA *with the Falcon's Feather in her Hair.*

EMMA.

Delightful! I protest it is quite a romance. I knew you were no Shepherdess; but I own I did not suspect you were a little princess. According to the order of things, I ought now to remain in this cottage, and you go take possession of that castle.

EDITH.

What, have you forgot our convention already?

> And, though I the heir of a kingdom should be,
> The palace and cottage for once should agree.

Besides, though I, by birth, am a little Westmoreland princess, you know, by fortune, I am an outcast, and still in want of a sister, a friend, and a cottage. Wilt thou not still protect the poor Shepherdess of the Glen?

EMMA.

Protect! yes, and love her too in every state!

EDITH.

Then, in every state, we must be happy; for, in cot or castle, the choicest blessing is a friend.

AIR.

Friendship can o'er the storm prevail,
When Fortune blows her rudest gale;
And when, O Love! thy flow'rets fall,
Friendship's the oak to brave it all.

In Friendship's cause I'd seek the shore
Where billows dash and lions roar;
I, a weak shrub, my aid would lend,
And prove the oak to guard my friend.

And whatsoe'er my friend befell,
On wave, in wood, or gloomy cell,
Thus the weak shrub its arms should bend,
And prove the oak to guard my friend.

[*Ardently embracing.*

EMMA.

Lovely Edith!

EDITH.

But this will-o'-the-whisp lover of your's—what, he's off again?

EMMA.

Soon to return; and return, I hope, for ever. You know his almost insuperable doubts of our sex's constancy; but I hope we are now in the way of conquering them all, and then, with thy friendship and Henry's love, how happy shall I be!

EDITH.

That is to say, as happy as such a lover will permit.

EMMA.

Such lovers are the best, my dear: when once convinced, *they are convinced for life.*

EDITH.

Yes, but it takes up one's life to convince them. They dare not be happy, for fear they should be miserable; and, like timid children, they fall for fear they should tumble.

EMMA.

Alas, my Edith! I fear, in this life, the cup

of love must be ever mixed with some bitter ingredients.

EDITH.

Well, thank heaven, I have, as yet, had none of its bitters.

EMMA.

Then, possibly, you have not so fully tasted its sweets.

Love and Sorrow *twins* were born,
On a sunshine show'ry morn ;
'Twas in prime of April weather,
When it shone and rain'd together.
He, who never sorrow knew,
Never felt affection true,
Never felt true passion's pow'r ;
Sun and dew must nurse love's flow'r :
In April weather, it appears
Soft in sunshine, sweet in tears.*

EDITH.

Very like; but, if love and sorrow, as you say, are twins; and if twins cannot, as I am told is the case, live without one another, why, it would be a kind of double murder to part them, you know; and so heaven bless them together, I say!

EMMA.

Ha, ha! may you have only just so much of

*A passage from the Author's "Landscape in Verse."

the company of one, my dear, as is necessary to keep alive the spirit of the other. All I know is, thou sweet princess shepherdess, my love for thee is so great, that no twins can be more happy in the society of each other, nor could they suffer more than I shall when we part.

EDITH.

Part! friendship forbid! Not all the crowns, nor lovers on earth, shall have power to separate us; for,

Thus shall the shrub its arms extend,

EMMA.

And prove an oak to hold your friend.

So, now to the castle. [*Exeunt, arm in arm.*

SCENE V.

Enter DRACO, *alone.*

I am weary with traversing in my armour, but the more fatigue the better. The baron and the other knights of the castle tell me I have lost myself; whereas, I have all the time been finding out other people. Such discoveries! First, I have discovered that the little ill-favoured fellow, who calls himself Trundle, and whom I smote this morning, is one whom

nobody can make out, and who is, besides, my rival, for the which I must smite him again. Secondly, when I had my spear at his varlet throat, I did not know how great a man I might be knocking on the head; whence I have discovered that he can be no other than the caitiff king who shut up the princess, for which I must smite him once more. Thirdly, I have discovered that old Sylvan and young Florin have yet something about them that I cannot find out. One thing is clear, the old fellow wishes to wed the princess to the young one, for the which I must rescue the lady, and smite the gentleman. Here are half a dozen miscreants to subdue, still. These achieved, I will make my triumphal entry into the castle; but no more idle sports till my business is ended. The horns are still; the hall is quiet: the revels will not yet come on, and I shall have just time enough to cut off that varlet Trundle's head before supper.

[Trundle *peeps from the cottage door, while* Draco *paces about.*

TRUNDLE.

[*Aside.*]. What do I hear?

DRACO.

I have no time to lose.

[*The stage darkens gradually; the music is terrifying.*

SONG.

Fe, fa, fum,
Sure, sure he's come,
A traitor, a traitor, a traitor loves the dark,
Guilt, guilt prowls by stealth,—now hark, Draco, hark!
Pit pat, pit pat,
A traitor that,
I smell a caitiff's tread—
Dead,—caitiff,—dead!
Thus, with a mighty gash, [*Flourishes.*
Thy head I slash,
With my fe, fa, fum,
Ha, ha! behold the moon,
I shall spy thee soon,
Now this way was the tread—
Dead, dead, caitiff, dead!
'Tis in vain that you fly, 'tis in vain that you fly,
A traitor, a traitor, a traitor ought to die!

[*During this song,* Trundle *steals out, avoids the thrusts and violence of* Draco; *is in the utmost consternation, but, by dodging, escapes into the cottage, and* Draco *goes out in the fury of attack.*

SCENE VI.

Enter TRUNDLE *in his Harper's Dress, with a large Bundle, from the Cottage.*

Cut off my head before supper, will he! not if I can help it, though, Mr. Fe, fa, fum.

Ecod, I believe all the plagues are to fall upon this poor sinful head in one day; so, the sooner it is cut off, the better. I have been the sport of one mischief or another ever since I came vagabonding with this madcap, Squire Henry. My flesh beat to a mummy in the morning; my bones bruised to a powder at noon; in that chase, where I thought to do such feats, an arrow nearly shot into my brain after dinner; and now my head going to be cut off before supper! There's a gang of furies setting their wits against a poor little fellow, for you. And what a plague am I here now for, and what's this bundle for that Florin gave me such orders to bring to Henry? O, here comes, as I guess by his minstrel petticoats, the Squire himself. Do, pray, Lady Moon, get out of that cloud a little, that we may not be playing at blind-man's buff with each other in this manner.

SCENE VII.

Enter HENRY.

Trundle! Scamandro! is it you? yes, it is thy hand I feel: thou hast got the precious bundle?

TRUNDLE.

Yes, yes, I have got it, and precious enough

it had like to have been to me; it was within an inch of costing me my head.

HENRY.

No time, dear Trundle, for jests, now.

TRUNDLE.

Jests! ecod, a man's head is a serious thing, I fancy; yet Master Fe, fa, fum, would have sliced it like a cucumber for supper!

HENRY.

As thou lovest me, no foolery; the greatest trial of my life and of Emma's honour is at hand: assist me this once, and all my future promises shall be confirmed.

TRUNDLE.

Pray, Sir, under reverence, what mischief is likely next to happen to me? I could like to be a little prepared, that's all; and, at the time I am trying to keep this head on my shoulders till after supper, at least, it may be as well to have an eye to the other parts of this agreeeble, though much-injured, person.

HENRY.

Silence, I say, with your ribaldry! There is but little glory in overcoming such competitors as are now at the castle. I find them unworthy the love of the Nut-brown Maid, or of being the rivals of Henry: fellows, who have riches without wisdom, and folly without riches.

TRUNDLE.

What, you have not had trouble and torment enough, yet?

HENRY.

Attend: — Returning from the chase, I saw a groupe of gipsies gathered near a fire they had kindled by the side of the baron's deep forest.

TRUNDLE.

I saw them, too, and did not like their looks: they were rolled up together like a bundle of rags.

HENRY.

They were so. They themselves are, I suppose, by this time in embroidery; for the scheme, which I am now about to execute, then rolling in my mind, I gave them the price of costly raiment for their ragged wardrobe, which their chief carried for me to the cottage, and which is now in that very bundle.

TRUNDLE.

How! in this bundle? Poh! I'll not touch them. And what are wholesome persons, like us, to do with such trumpery? There, go along; go, ye are all perquisites of the next dunghill.

HENRY.

On pain of death, rascal! take it up this minute. Go instantly into that cottage, which

is at our disposal: Sylvan and Florin will attend thee; Emma and Edith are at the castle. I have myself, even this instant, delivered, in this minstrel garb, a note to Emma, that will forthwith summon her to the bower of the woodbines south of the castle. So soon as thou art equipped in one of the dresses thou wilt take from that bundle, pack the rest carefully up, and repair with it to the beech-tree: shouldst thou discover the Nut-brown Maid and myself conferring together, pass, unperceived, into the bower, and await my summons.

TRUNDLE.

And if I may be so bold, Sir, to ask, what is to come of this vagary?

HENRY.

O, Trundle! if my Emma, at such a moment, at such a time of the night, after what I shall relate to her, (for I have a dreadful tale to tell, and you yourself would pity me,) if I say, my Nut-brown Maid will consent to leave her house, her dress, her lovers, her father, to go away with an unhappy man in those vile weeds, can I any longer doubt of her love? O, no!

TRUNDLE.

Do, Sir, now, for mercy's sake, let me recover a little, and take breath before you proceed, for you really frighten me out of my

wits; and, if we *should* both of us be crazy at once, what would become of us?

HENRY.

No! if she complies with this, all possibility of farther doubt is removed, and I shall be fully convinced.

TRUNDLE.

And so shall I, too, I promise you: I shall be convinced love has whirled her poor senses about till there is not a pin to choose between you. Heaven save all our heads! what will become of us?

HENRY.

And yet, Trundle, were all men to be as cautious as I am, we should have fewer unhappy marriages.

TRUNDLE.

Ecod, Sir, I am of your way of thinking, for we should have no matches at all.

HENRY.

It is time to separate; I must away: thou to the cottage to equip thyself. Here's something for thy trouble: more hereafter. I shall fold myself up for the present in a shepherd dress I have procured of Florin, and which he has, ere this, disposed in the bower, near to the scene of appointment. The baron and his friends are busied in preparing the revels. The night is come, all things are auspicious. You will smile,

Trundle, and I know you deem me extravagant, but remember our antient song: the first that I taught thee to the harp. If that be true, I am justified in my fears of the whole sex.

TRUNDLE.

Ecod, they are all bad enough, for that matter: and this purse jinks so prettily, that I do think it would be in time to our old song, Sir.— Suppose we try, Sir.

HENRY.

It must be instantly, then, for I must away. —The hour approaches. —Now for it.

DUET.

FROM THE ORIGINAL BALLAD.

Be it right or wrong,
These men among,
Of women do complain;
Affirming this,
How that it is
A labour spent in vain;
For love them well,
They ne'er a deal,
A man will love again.
Thus, night and day,
They go astray,
As is both writ and said;
And woman's faith
Is as who saith,
True love is all decay'd!

[*Exeunt,* Henry *at the wing,* Trundle *towards the cottage, but returns immediately.*

SCENE VIII.

TRUNDLE *alone.*

Poor man! — Can't hold it much longer. — I'll order his fetters, I think, out of pure loving kindness. Now, for the humour of the thing, [*Sits again on the bundle*] let us put the poor soul's different distractions together, and so then bundle him up, like these old clothes. — First of all, who is he? Nobody knows — buys me a house in the midst of a wood, and only comes to it or me when the love whimsey bites, and then at night, like one of Robin Hood's gang; then we set off next day in a disguise, upon some prank, to this castle; then away again.— He gives me his purse, and we don't see him for a month; and now he has given another purse for a bundle of tatters that may clap diseases on our backs for the rest of our lives. — Hey, ecod, a thought [*rises*] strikes me. —I fancy some mischief will happen if I stay on these premises much longer —I had better get my master and myself off before worse betides us. —Little Fe, fa, fum, may blunder upon me, and then my head goes to pot! — ecod it

feels queerly at present. Now if I could but get Cristabelle to put on one of these same gipsy suits, lead her to the garden at the time appointed, and so set off altogether, I should foil Draco finely; and even if I should meet him, as he was looking for my head, he would not know me in this disguise: and who the plague would hurt an old gipsy? and a female too, for I'm determined to be one of the softer sex. Let us see what this *precious* bundle, as Henry calls it, contains. [*Opens it.*] Foh! it's worse than unloading a vessel from Constantinople.—There is a plague in every rag of them:—pity they cannot perform quarantine for a month or so, before they come upon a Christian body. Hey, what have we? Ecod here's a famous petticoat, where, though all the colours seem to be dead and rotten, will just do for little Trundle; [*puts it aukwardly on*] and here's a cap too will do vastly well, [*puts it on*] with the assistance of this hood [*puts it on*] and bonnet, [*puts it on*] to save my poor dear head.

[*He sings while he finishes his dress; and completes putting on the above things, &c.*

SONG.

In a full suit of tatters I soon shall be dress'd,
At all *points* an old gipsy, ecod, a good jest!

Then as courtseys I fall,
[*Courtseys in character.*
To barons in hall,
See a poor wither'd gipsy, the gentry will cry,
Never harm an old gipsy, but let her pass by:
I'm a poor wither'd gipsy, pray let me pass by.
[*Courtseys.*

And now for a cap, (*feeling in the bundle*) this has coiff'd some old hag,
Who pilfer'd the hedge, to enrich her old bag,
Rumpled and worn,
Tatter'd and torn,
Just fit for a gipsy, the gentry will cry:
My bonnet comes next; but out comes old hat,
Pinn'd to it my cloak, lin'd with fur of old cat:
But thus worn together, [*Putting them on.*
They'll keep out bad weather:
Snug—snug is the word, will the gentle folks say,
Tip the gipsy a tester, and let her pass by:
Heaven bless ye, sweet gentlefolks, let me pass by.
[*Courtseys.*

And last, here's two rabbit skins make an old muff,
And here's my old wallet, and now I've enough;
For, snug in my tatters, at length I'm full dress'd,
And thus save a good head, which ecod's a good jest.
So now hobbling along,
With cant and with song,
Rumpled and worn,
Tatter'd and torn,
My courtsey let fall,
To barons in hall:

There goes the old gipsy, fierce Draco shall say,
And the gentry shall laugh, thus to see her pass by,
While the gipsy shall laugh *at them all*, and pass by.

[*Exit, hobbling off, in high spirits.*

SCENE *changes to the Garden, in its retired Parts. A south View of the Castle is seen at a Distance, as at the End of an Avenue. Several Groupes of Trees. A large Beech, with a white Bench round it, standing by itself. At some small Distance, on one Side, the Bower of Woodbines; at another, a Piece of Water. The Moon is seen rising gradually bright, but is occasionally clouded almost to Darkness for some Space, and her Beams occasionally gild the Water and the Castle. The Dashing of Cascades, and Fall of Rills, are heard at Pauses. After some Time,*

Enter EMMA.

How are all my prospects clouded in a moment! what new calamity can have happened? Let me read the fatal letter once more ——

"Dearest —

"I write in trouble of heart. Unforeseen chance will disturb your peace, perchance, for ever. The minstrel has promised to deliver

you this. At the eighth hour, precisely, be at our favourite tree. For the sake of privacy, I shall come in a shepherd's dress, and under shelter of the night. Adieu,

"HENRY."

What can he mean? I am before the hour.—Pray heaven, no one comes this way to discover us:—yet, on such a night as this, when the castle is full, 'tis hazardous. I'll shift my ground a little.

[*She walks aside, and takes the opposite path from that which leads to the bower.*

Enter HENRY *from the Bower.*

HENRY.

Now then is my happiness or misery to be indeed decided. It is near the time. Here is the well known beech; scene of a thousand innocent and fond endearments. How often has this bench received us!

[*Seats himself, while he sings.*

SONG.

Ah, friendly tree! dear beechen shade!
The favorite of my Nut-brown Maid!
When kind she breathes her love to me,
And bids each leaf a witness be.
Ah friendly tree, &c.

Oft has thy rind bore Emma's name,
Half hid, and half reveal'd my flame;
While time, that fix'd the mark in thee,
A deeper wound increased in me!
Ah, friendly tree, &c.

Oft on thy boughs, my gentle fair
Would leave a wreath for Henry's hair:
But, ah, if now she constant be,
What blessings are in store for me!
Ah, friendly tree, &c.

[*Castle clock strikes.*

Heavens! the castle clock gives the hour.—I tremble at my own experiment.—Soft—methought I heard a step—Yes, and yonder is the form my heart adores, hastening to join me.

EMMA.

[*Perceives, and runs towards him.*] O Henry—my love—my life—what, what is the matter? and why dost thou tremble thus, and look so wildly?

HENRY.

O Emma! if thou art, indeed, sincere, now pity and deplore my fate. Since last we parted, these hands have been embrued in blood!

EMMA.

In blood! didst thou say?

HENRY.

You see before you a murderer! Justice pursues me — an ignominious death attends my stay!

EMMA.

Death! did you say, death?

HENRY.

Unless I this night fly from love and Emma and my country, to perpetual banishment.

EMMA.

O, think not it is in the power of thy misfortunes to part us. No, view me resolved to share thy fate whithersoever it leads.

DIALOGUE.

TO BE SET WITH FERVOR AND SIMPLICITY.

Ah, since 'tis *so*, my love must *go*,
Say, shall I leave my love behind?
Shall it be said, his Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind?

Make ready, my love, for so is thy love,
Although it were anon,
For in my mind, of all mankind,
I love my love alone.

HENRY.

O shameless deed! my love take heed,
What men of my love will say;
To young and old it shall be told,
For love, my love ran away.

Rather than she, for love of me,
Should sully her lilied fame,
O I would to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banish'd man,

EMMA.

Ah, trust me love, thy love would die,
If from me thy love were gone,
For in my mind, of all mankind,
My love I love alone!

Yes, dear, dear Henry, let my presence make light your cruel banishment.

HENRY.

Vain request! Can Emma wield the battle-axe and bend the bow? Will not her heart quake at the trumpet; and when the arrows are shot into my bosom and her own, will she not curse the love that betrayed her into danger?

EMMA.

Mistrust not, Henry, my courage or my constancy.

HENRY.

Want and hunger must be our portion. Weary with travel over the desert, when we have been beat by the rain and chilled by the wind, berries and acorns must be our food; our house, the cliff; the damp leaves and withered boughs, which have dropped from the trees, our bed: nay, thou must leave thy father's house,

thy father's arms, both of which, like gates of adamant, will be for ever barred against thee!

EMMA.

Hard, cruel destiny! but the oath which has tied our loves should influence our lives. Guide, guardian, friend, and father, and all sacred names should be included. Henry in safety, I would return to my father, who would himself soon pity and forgive me. While thou wert measuring the woods, (for, canst thou think common hardships can deter me?) I would adorn the hut with moss: I would cull the choicest herbs from the mead, and fetch water from the freshest spring, for thy repast; and, at night, I would guard thy slumbers.

HENRY.

But worse remains—thou must mingle with vagrants and outlaws; thine eye must be wounded by sights of horror; thine ear insulted by sounds of licentiousness.

EMMA.

I would abhor the vice, but share the sorrow; and, in my Henry's presence, this little heart could not err.

HENRY.

Aye, but you must lay aside those radiant folds of female luxury, and be habited in the coarsest weeds, vile e'en as the Ethiop's hue.

EMMA.

For thee, Henry, those ornaments were put on; for thee they shall be laid aside. The woman shall be divested of her vanity, and clothed in her virtue. In the basest disguise, let me but be pleasing to the eyes of Henry, I can wish no more.

HENRY.

What do I hear? Can this be Emma? Talk no more. Avow thy fickle sex, and own that it is not Henry, but less worthy motives, incite thee to an enterprise so abandoned!

EMMA.

So abandoned! Can this be Henry? and is this the reward of loving thee alone of all mankind?

HENRY.

But suppose, rash maid, I should not continue to love *thee alone* of all *womankind.* Suppose some other fair ——

EMMA.

No; thou never couldst be false. *That* trial never can be in store for me.

HENRY.

O Emma! Emma! all excelling, all conquering maid! receive the triumph of unequalled virtue — and hear me swear ——

EMMA.

What dost thou mean?

HENRY.

O thou crown of my love! pardon a trial too severe, but the last of my life.

EMMA.

A trial! Henry?

HENRY.

No perjured knight desirous to forsake thee; no dark assassin condemned to woods; no banished man stained with blood, now sues to thee, on his knees, [*kneeling*] for the deep sighs he has fetched from that gentle bosom; but Henry, thy own Henry, whose constancy and faith shall, from this moment, be equal to thy own, and who thus buries for ever his doubts in those dear arms.

[*Runs to embrace her.*

EMMA.

O it is too much! This my birth-day, then, after all its storms, is the brightest and most blessed of my life.

HENRY.

Now, then, dearest, hasten to the castle. Should inquiry have been made for me, frame some apology for this absence from your father. Appear at the revels, which I know are preparing, with unusual gaiety: I will join thee soon, for I have matter of fresh joy, and will appear myself before the assembled knights and the Baron, to claim my Nut-brown Maid.

EMMA.

I scarcely, Henry, can regret the miseries your doubts have caused, since they have more strongly *proved* my tenderness.

HENRY.

My heart is full!

DUET.

EMMA.

Come, source of every soft delight!
To mark this day with spotless white.

HENRY.

Come, gentle peace, come, gentle peace,
My soul from every doubt release:
Banish sorrow, banish woe,
I will not to the greenwood go.

EMMA.

Come, gentle love, come, gentle love,
Let only doubt in forests rove.

BOTH.

Come, gentle peace, &c.

HENRY.

Though harsh the tale which I began,
Thy Henry is no banish'd man.

EMMA.

My Henry is no banish'd man,
Though harsh the tale which he began.

HENRY.

And in my mind, of womankind,
I Emma love alone.

EMMA.

And in my mind, of all mankind,
I Henry love alone.

BOTH.

Come, gentle peace, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter TRUNDLE *in his Gipsy Dress. He comes from the Bower, with the Bundle, and calls after* HENRY.

TRUNDLE.

Hip, hallo, brother minstrel! brother vagabond! Why they have forgot the gipsy business, and run off without me. They have had a long pull of it. Now he; then she. Lud, lud, what a pack of lies did he tell her! and she to believe him too! — Nay, for that matter, he took even *me* in here and there. Now he had committed murder, then he had not; now he was banished, then he was a free man! If the truth were known, I believe he does not know what he is himself. At one time he was to eat black-berries, and at another drink ditch water. O love, love! — Well, thank heaven, though I have often lost my heart, I have still kept possession of my reason; and, as another proof of it, Cristabelle, who seemed to relish the joke,

and promised to be in the bower almost as soon as myself, has broke her faith with me; and as, moreover, I do not like this moon-shine work, prowling about the wood like a famished wolf, I will e'en take advantage of this precious disguise; and, telling a gipsy tale or two, walk quietly into the hall, and not lose my head before supper time, at any rate. Ecod, that's another good thought. Little Trundle, thou art in luck this evening: keep me out of danger, as I say, and I'm as merry as a grig.

[*Going — stops short.*

Enter DRACO.

Hah, what noise is that? It gets plaguy dark again. 'Tis Cristabelle, doubtless. [*Stage dark.*] Fine time, Mrs. Cristabelle, to come now: however, better late than never: — here, here are the dresses, fit for the princess: I do assure you, many a monarch has gone off in a worse, when he has been upon the scout: I am in no such gaudy attire myself. [*He fumbles about — opens the bundle — advances — and at last catches hold of* Draco's *hand.*] Hah! hah! this is no hand of mortal woman: — ho! ho! — I've got into the clutches of some giant. Unfortunate little Trundle, what will become of thee!

DRACO.

[*Seizes him, beats, darts on him, and at last*

gets him down.] Hah! hah! miscreant, have I found thee at last? The princess, hey, thou varlet—and Cristabelle too! I heard of your pranks.—What, you wanted to inveigle the whole family, did you?

TRUNDLE.

[*Screams, &c.*] The jade has betrayed me.—'Tis Fe, fa, fum.—Mercy! mercy! murder! murder!

[*A noise behind the scenes.*

CRISTABELLE *within.*

This way, this way, Sir Knight.

SIR TOPAZ *within.*

Follow that sound, follow that sound.

DRACO.

Now, varlet, will I trounce thee.

[*Laying on.*

TRUNDLE.

Murder! help! murder! help!

Enter SIR ERROLD, CRISTABELLE, *Barons, Servants, &c.*

CRISTABELLE.

Here, here they are, Sir, one of them cried murder!

TRUNDLE.

I tell you I am an old gipsy; take me to the light, and be convinced.

SIR ERROLD.

[*Running up to him, and seizing him*] A gipsy, hey! Villain, where is my daughter? Hast thou kidnapped my child, villain?

DRACO.

O thou wolf of the woods! where is that lamb, the princess?

CRISTABELLE.

O thou caitiff! where is my lady?

[*Seizing one arm.*

SIR TOPAZ.

Where is our mistress, thou slave?

SIR ERROLD.

Drag him along to the hall, and let us make a public example of him. [*Seizing the other.*

DRACO.

Every man have a limb of him, and haul him along.

[*Exeunt, dragging him several ways, till they get him off.*

SCENE XII.

SCENE *changes to a very splendid gothic Apartment, at once magnificent and venerable, illuminated.*

Enter EMMA, *in haste.*

Heyday! nobody here! Why, where can

they all have vanished; and what dreadful noise is this? O, here are two of them, at least, who may give tidings of the rest.

Enter EDITH *and* FLORIN, *hastily.*

My sweet Edith! what can be the matter? The castle is in an uproar!

EDITH.

O, Emma! we have been in such a consternation for you!

EMMA.

For me!

FLORIN.

Your father is gone with all his friends in search of you. Where's Henry? Where's——

SIR ERROLD.

[*Within.*] Returned, did you say? then I am happy. Where is she?

Enter SIR ERROLD.

SIR ERROLD.

Ah, my child! my dear Emma! I have been terrified to death.

[*Runs up to* EMMA, *and embraces her tenderly.*

EMMA.

Terrified, Sir!

SIR ERROLD.

Walk this way, my child! This way, sweet maid! Come hither, shepherd!

[Sir Errold, Emma, Edith, *and* Florin, *walk up the stage, and confer apart.*

FLORIN.

I must away, awhile. [*Exit.*

Enter DRACO, CRISTABELLE, BARONS, *&c.* *dragging in* TRUNDLE.

DRACO.

I'll gipsy thee, I warrant, thou varlet!

BARONS.

In with him! in with him!

CRISTABELLE.

Now for it!

DRACO,

[*Seeing* Emma *and her party.*] How! the Nut-brown Maid here before us. Hey! by this light, thou art a gipsy, and the ugliest she-monster of thy copper-coloured generation I ever saw. Avaunt, witch! thy ugliness saves thy life.

[*He draws* Trundle *to the light, examines him, holding him down. Thrusts him away with indignation.—The* Barons *go up and join* Emma's *party.*

TRUNDLE.

[*Taking breath, as if from strangling.*] My ugliness, then, is the best friend I ever had in my life!

CRISTABELLE.

[*Aside.*] I'll turn the jest about a little. [*Going up close to* Trundle.] Bless me! how have I been mistaken. Why, Draco, this is a gipsy sure enough; 'tis the old swarthy beldam of the woods, who steals forth at night-fall to tell Sir Errold's maids their fortunes.

DRACO.

Fortunes! Does he——

TRUNDLE.

Yes, your Worships, if you will let me go about my business, I'll tell all your Worships fortunes for pure love.

SIR TOPAZ.

[*Aside.*] There needs no witchcraft to tell us ours, I fancy, brother baron.

EMMA, EDITH, *and* FLORIN, *coming forward.*

O let us have our fortunes, by all means!

EMMA.

[*Aside, as she advances.*] Where can Henry be all this while? [*Coming forward.*] Come, then, gipsy, and make haste; it grows late, and we lose time.

TRUNDLE.

[*To* Sir Topaz.] Fair Sir, let me look at your line of life? I'll begin with you, and take your Worships as you stand.

SIR TOPAZ.

He, he! there, there. [*Holds out his hand.*

TRUNDLE, *taking* SIR TOPAZ'S *Hand.*

SONG.

Though *this hand* good *Sir Topaz* can cross with good
gold,
The hand of your mistress is not to be sold;
And the lady you're wooing will ne'er take your pelf,
If your wealth must be tax'd with that lumber,
yourself:
From whence, good Sir Topaz, I'm sorely afraid,
You never will carry the Nut-brown Maid.

[*All laugh, and chorus the last couplet.*

SIR BUGLE.

Well said, gipsy! There's for *you*, Topaz.

TRUNDLE, *hobbling fast from* SIR TOPAZ *to* SIR BUGLE.

And, Sir Bugle, though, *you* under Venus was born,
And are the best hunter that ever blew horn;
And though in this fox-hunter's fist I can trace,
The same jolly health that distends your broad face;

And though, good Sir Bugle, you're comely and strong,
'Tis the curse of a wife when a dunce lives too long;
And so, good Sir Bugle, I'm sorely afraid
You never will carry the Nut-brown Maid. [*Chorus.*

SIR TOPAZ.

Ha, ha! and there's for you, Bugle!

TRUNDLE *takes* SIR HARDBOTTLE'S *Hand.*

In the line of your life, good Sir Knight of the bottle,
Though you, like all fair jolly topers, can pottle,
Yet she whom you wive, Sir, must drink hard, or
quarrel,
And prove a mere hoop to embrace the old barrel;
And so, good Sir Hardbottle, I am afraid
You never will carry the Nut-brown Maid.
[*All chorus.*

Ha, ha, ha!

SIR ERROLD.

There's a slap at the cask, brother Hard-bottle!

TRUNDLE *takes* SIR HUGH'S *Hand.*

And I grieve for to tell you, my little Sir Hugh,
I see but poor luck, in this daddle, for *you*:
Though you, good Sir Hugh, are so merry an elf,
There's nobody laughs at your jest but yourself;
And so, good Sir Hugh, I'm sorely afraid
You never will marry the Nut-brown Maid. [*Chorus.*

SIR HUGH.

And now she has had a fling at every one of us, ha, ha, ha!

DRACO.

[*Sallies up to him.*] Have you any thing to say to *me?*

TRUNDLE.

[*Gets away.*] No, truly, Mr. Snapdragon: I would if I dare, though. [*Aside.*

SIR ERROLD.

Come, come, the gipsy has acquitted herself well. But where can the minstrel and harper be all this while?

EMMA.

[*Aside.*] Henry not yet come!

TRUNDLE.

O, I believe, I could tell you *their* fortunes, too, Sir Knight, at least I'll answer for the harper; and, as for the minstrel, he's at hand, I see, to speak for himself.

Enter HENRY *in his Minstrel Dress. Bows to all.*

TRUNDLE.

So, brother Damian, your Scamandro has been finely trounced again: I told you what your gipsy scheme would come to.

SIR ERROLD.

How! *Scheme* did you say?

TRUNDLE.

[Henry *holds his hand in a threatening way.*] It does not signify your making signs, and threatening me! I'm resolved to speak: Knights and ladies, he's no more of a minstrel than I am a gipsy!

DRACO.

[*Sallies up to him.*] How! you no gipsy, miscreant!

SIR ERROLD.

What dost thou say, woman? No minstrel!

[Trundle *gets off to some distance.*

DRACO.

[*Sallies up to him.*] Perhaps an enchanter! I must prepare——

SIR ERROLD.

Explain, Sir.

ALL.

What, fresh mysteries?

HENRY.

Proclaim it aloud, Sir Knight, that your daughter's choice shall ratify your own, and I will explain myself.

SIR ERROLD.

I do proclaim it. Now, then, Sir!

HENRY.

Thus sanctioned, I own myself to be no minstrel, but her lover.

SIR ERROLD.

Her lover!

HENRY.

I assumed the minstrel habit, that I might have the better opportunity, myself unseen, to see my beloved mistress; I put on arms, that I might prove myself among my rivals, and have fuller opportunity to try the heart of her I adore; in short, I am the humble Henry: the rest remains with Emma.

EMMA.

It does! it does! and thus, thus she meets the avowal with innocent joy! And yet this *minstrel* disguise is a wonder even to me, who witnessed all the rest.

SIR ERROLD.

To me the whole is a wonder; and I see that thou art my darling's choice, and, therefore, thou shalt be mine. I always keep promises: there! [*Giving her hand to him.*

SIR TOPAZ.

Whew! the wind is got about again.

TRUNDLE.

Huzza! huzza! off, off, vile tatterdemallions! [*Hurrying off the gipsy dress.*] The long lane has come to a turning at last. I'm no gipsy— I'm no gipsy. See, behold, here's my harper petticoats again; and now I'm little Trundle once more, and for ever!

SIR ERROLD.

The gipsy turned into a harper, too!

TRUNDLE.

Toll, loll de roll de, &c.

[*Dances about, and sings and touches his harp.*

HENRY.

Then I strike my harp both bold and free,
And softly I do sing,
No minstrel I, but thy true love,
And so shall ever be.

[*On the harp, and embraces* Emma: *chorused by* Florin, Edith, *and* Sir Errold.

TRUNDLE.

There's hugging for you!

And the lady look'd, and the lady blush'd,
And the lady look'd again,
Then to her lover's arms she rush'd,
And there shall end her pain.

[*Chorused as before.*

SIR ERROLD.

So, the minstrel, then, is to be the happy man? Win her and wear her, you know, Barons, ha, ha, ha!

HENRY.

One thing yet remains, Sir Errold, which is — to explain myself.

TRUNDLE.

Aye, that I should be glad to know.

SIR ERROLD.

Another history!

DRACO.

Another battle, I hope.

HENRY.

The humble Henry is, in himself, an assumed character, like all the rest.

ALL.

How!

TRUNDLE.

He'll turn out the devil himself, I believe, after all!

EMMA.

Henry himself *assumed*——

HENRY.

Only one of love's various disguises. Behold in me the supposed Henry, the illustrious heir of the potent Edgar, descended from a line of kings, and heir to empire.

No minstrel I, but thy true love, &c.

SIR ERROLD.

[*Catching him from* Emma.] Edgar! O, Providence! let a soldier snatch thee from the arms even of thy mistress. Noble Sir! thy father died fighting by this side: but there, there thou hast yet a father, and heaven bless you with my child!

[*Again joining his hand with* Emma's.

EMMA.

I now rejoice that my heart has been *tried* ere it could be suspected of sacrificing to *situation.* The name of Henry will for ever be precious to the Nut-brown Maid; and she can only confirm to the heir of Edgar those rights, which she long since gave to the humble Henry.

[*Embraces.*

SIR ERROLD.

Ha, ha, ha! I could laugh and weep at the same moment! Now, then, to the revels.

[*Coming forward.*

FLORIN.

A moment's patience, Sir Knight. The revels have, under my auspices, (for I am a little in the plot,) been carrying on briskly for some time, and are now committed to the care of Sylvan, the good neatherd. All will speedily be prepared: meantime, as it has been a day of disguises, blame not a poor shepherd, if you find he has followed so many illustrious examples.

[*Bowing to* Henry.

SIR ERROLD.

What next?

FLORIN.

I am no more of a shepherd than my friend Edgar is a minstrel.

EDITH.

Not a shepherd, Florin?

HENRY.

That I will attest; nor is his name Florin.

FLORIN.

My name is Curan.

HENRY.

Prince of Danskee.

EDITH.

Is it possible?

SIR ERROLD.

Why, we shall be all crowned heads presently!

FLORIN.

I, like my friend, have wooed in all shapes: have been prince, serving-man, and shepherd, Curan, Theron, and Florin, as the change of circumstances required; and now offer to my no less changing, but I trust henceforth *unchangeable*, Edith, Argentle, and shepherdess-queen, the crown of Danskee to unite with that of Diria.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha!

EMMA.

So, my dear, you have been twice beloved by the same lover.

HENRY.

And the same lover has been twice rejected, and once successful.

EDITH.

Even so it seems: yet you, Emma, who are to be a greater queen than myself, must still protect your little deserted tributary princess.

FLORIN.

Deserted! no. I will assist thy rights over the usurper, reinstate thee on thy throne, or die in the cause.

HENRY.

And I will assist thee, my dear brother Proteus, or die, too!

SIR ERROLD.

And I will not be idle, and yet we will none of us die. Thus, then, at length, all is explained, all is well; and, as we have double disguises, I suppose we shall now have double marriages. What say you, noble Barons?

SIR TOPAZ.

O, you know our opinion of the matter. For, after all, though we are unlucky, the laugh cannot be against us while we share in it; and we still love the lady too well to make her miserable with a man she does not like, and wish her all happiness with the man she does!

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha!

SIR ERROLD.

Excellent! Now, to join hands, and set the bells ringing, as I said, for double marriages!

CRISTABELLE.

Triple, if your Worship pleases, unless Draco is resolute to suffer a few more heroic hardships before he accepts this soft hand.

TRUNDLE.

For my part, I take leave of soft hands for ever.

DRACO.

Queen of my inclinations! I accept it on my knees, since I see there is now established amongst us a general treaty * of PEACE and HARMONY.

SIR ERROLD.

Which is to be the true social compact, little Draco; and not only to unite private families, but the whole world, in the bonds of harmony.

DRACO.

True, Sir Knight: then will I soon doff my armour, and, instead of this helmet, bind my brow with the olive-branch.

HENRY.

And we will all drink around the treaty of PEACE and HARMONY for ever!

SONG.

Peace, love, and beauty, sporting round,
Now mingle every pleasing sound;

* This alluded to the treaty of commerce between England and France; the latter then promising, but, as usual, not performing its contract. The sentiment, however, is invariable and universal.

A Nut-brown Maid may every virgin prove,
And meet a Henry to reward her love!

Then blest be this returning day,
To fertile sports and floral play;
And every year fresh blooming honours paid
To the queen-hepherdess and Nut-brown Maid.

SIR ERROLD.

Enough, enough: let us now go in and close the whole with a banquet.

DUET.

FLORIN AND EDITH.

Warbled from each glen of love,
In melting airs the pipe shall move;
Let music's powers then sweetly blend,
The treaty shall each difference end.

TRIO.

CRISTABELLE, DRACO, AND TRUNDLE.

With the pipe the horn shall sound
To the castle's utmost bound;
Snap the lance and break the spear,
The treaty shows the olive near.

QUARTETTO.

SIR TOPAZ, SIR HARDBOTTLE, SIR BUGLE, AND SIR HUGH.

Friends, the rivals well may join,
When to peace our foes incline,
And, though out of luck we be,
The treaty bids us still agree.

DUET.

HENRY AND EMMA.

Happy mortals! powers divine!
In full peal the chorus join:
Harp, and horn, and lute should meet,
The TREATY then will be complete!

GRAND CHORUS.

Happy mortals! &c.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

FIRE AND FROST:

A COMIC DRAMA,

IN FIVE ACTS.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS Drama is written partly on the model of the laugh-and-be-merry, hurry-scurry, slap-dash, and, it might properly enough be added, helter-skelter, harum-scarum kind of farce-and-pantomime comedy, which has been so much the *rage* (perhaps RAVING would be a more appropriate word), and partly in the style of the old school of the English theatre. The Author intended it as an experiment, or rather an *enterprise*, to see how far the public taste might be brought to endure the exploded plan, by a gradual and

almost imperceptible mixture of what, he hoped, might be felt as a return to scenes of more truth and nature.

The Piece was accepted by the late Mr. Richardson, but the death of that amiable man, and the frequent illness of the Author, and long absence from town, adjoined to his wish of giving as much variety and novelty to the "Harvest Home" as possible, induced him to place this Performance likewise amongst the Original Dramas. Particularly as one of the main objects of writing it were accomplished by the success of "The Poor Gentleman," "John Bull," and some other late comedies, which revived the long drooping powers of the *legitimate* Thalia, in a more happy manner, and in a greater degree, than would have been effected by the following pages, had they been brought forward.

"*Laugh when you can*" is an admirable maxim; but to be "*Merry and wise*" is

also an axiom of great truth and antiquity. The system of Chesterfield is as miserable as it is melancholy, both on and off the stage; but a third English proverb, "*One may have too much of a good thing,*" comes in to check the comic muse from going into laughing *fits.* The "broad gallery grin," for half an hour or so, is extremely pleasant, and even salutary, but the continuance of it for a whole evening merits the name of a convulsion rather than comedy, and generally goes off, like other hysterics, in weariness and vapour.

Let the line be preserved; let neither farce aspire to the height of comedy, nor comedy descend to the flippancy of farce: let each be contented within its own bounds, and then both will afford appropriate pleasure.

ADVERTISEMENT

It may be necessary to mention, there will be found in this Comedy an accidental coincidence, both in the name and character of Truncheon, in a successful after-piece, by Mr. Hurlstone; and something of a resemblance, in the last scene of "Fire and Frost," with the ending of "Paul and Virginia."

At the time, however, of writing the former, which was begun and finished on the continent, many years ago, the Author had no communication with Mr. H. who absolutely put his entertainment into the hands of the Author of the comedy, on his return to England, to ask *his* opinion of one of the characters in the farce, at the very time the comedy was sent to him for perusal. The drama of "Paul

and Virginia" was then utterly unknown, to the writer of "FIRE and FROST;" neither party, therefore, can be justly accused of plagiary,*

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* The learned and accurate Dr. Warton has observed, that the allegation of resemblance between authors is indisputably true; but the charge of plagiarism, which is raised upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readiness.

A coincidence of subject or sentiment, indeed, may easily happen without any communication, since their are many occasions in which all reasonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the same objects of speculation; the interests and passions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diversified in different times, only by unessential and casual varieties; and we must therefore expect, in the works of all those who attempt to describe them, such a likeness as we find in the pictures of the same person, drawn in different periods of his life.

In a very agreeable and well conducted periodical work,* a correspondent has marked, with great judgement of selection, a variety of striking similarities in thought, sentiment, or expression; the greater part of which were properly marked as mere coincidencies, since the works of the earlier writers could not easily have been procured by the latter. In this place, they will come in so well, to illustrate and confirm Dr. Warton's remarks; and the similitude in character, and even

* The Monthly Mirror.

and only a very slight part of the comedy has been thus anticipated.

---

in name, betwixt the two "Truncheons;" that I have a pleasure in transcribing some of the passages.

You have now spent many years at court, and yet that clock which hath struck ten to others, is still pointing at one or two to you. *Drummond to Sir W. Alexander*, 1630.

Though grey our beards, our thoughts and aims are green:
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent,
Folly sings six, while nature points at twelve.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in our grave. We lament the losse of our parents: how soon shall our sonnes bewaile us. *Bishop Hall's Epistles*, 1608.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Lamenting or lamented, all our lot.

Young's Night Thoughts.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Shakspeare's Hamlet.*

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes,
They love a train, they tread each others' heels.

Young's Night Thoughts.

————O therefore doe we plaine,
And therefore weepe, because we weepe in vaine.

Fitzgeffrey's Life of Drake, 1596.

I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

Gray's Sonnet on the Death of Mr. West.

The story from which the ground-work of the fable was constructed has been long out of

---

Take, mother-earth, thy virgin daughter here.
Brathwaite's Remains, 1618.

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear.
Mason's Epitaph on his Wife.

Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
Pope's Rape of the Lock.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Gray's Elegy.

The grief was common, common were the cries.
Drummond's Poems, 1686.

The crime was common, common be the pain.
Pope's Eloisa to Abelard.

Dear, though disloyal, thou art still to me.
Hannay's Poems, 1622.

——— that constant heart
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.
Shenstone's Ballad of Jemmy Dawson.

Each growing minute leads us to our graves.
Delaune's Father's Legacy, 1657.

While man is growing, life is in decrease.
Young's Night Thoughts.

print; but the Author thinks it right to make these observations, although they no way preclude the publication: nor does he conceive they will impede the force of perusing it in the closet: yet had it been produced on the stage, at the time Mr. Hurlstone and the Author made the discovery to each other, by the circumstance before-mentioned, particularly as Mr. H's farce appeared, it might, without some such explanation as the present, have been obnoxious to a suspicion no way founded.

That engine of defence [the sword]
With thee was but a needlesse instrument;
Nature had given thee darts could better kill.

Markham's Devorax, 1597.

Attiring thee with so much art,
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

Modern Song.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

LORD FREEZELAND.
SIR TAFFY AP-TINDOR.
COLONEL FAGG.
CONWAY.
TARGET.
GAFFER NIGHT-PAD, } Smugglers.
SON JOE, } Smugglers.
MAN JOHN, } Smugglers.
Suite of SERVANTS to LORD FREEZELAND.
SERVANTS to SIR TAFFY.

WOMEN.

LADY ARETHUSA TRYLOVE.
EMILY.
TRAIN.
GAMMER NIGHT-PAD.

SCENE.

An Ancient Welsh Castle, and the Sea-side adjacent.

FIRE AND FROST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A spacious antique Hall in the Castle, adorned with Stags Heads, Foxes Tails, and other Spoils of the Field—Several Trophies also of the military Prowess of the Family of the AP-TINDORS — *Some Druidical Reliques, and the Pedigree of the Family, in a huge and voluminous Roll of Parchment, suspended from one of the Stags Horns, and superscribed in large golden Letters, PEDIGREE—Several of* SIR TAFFY'S *Servants in plain, comfortable, Morning Dresses—They are preparing a Breakfast, after the Welsh Fashion,*

of Jugs of foaming Ale, large Oaten Cakes, Bowls of Milk, &c. &c.

OWENS.

So, all these preparations and preamples, and pribbles, and prabbles, cot pless my pody, and my ploot, and my powels, are to pamper a pack of lazy, lie-abed, prating, prainless serving-men.

JACK.

Who must take their saucy meal before their lord and master.

[*Arranging their breakfast things.*

OWENS.

Sir Taffy is all tramplings, and tumults, and trouples, and tempests, and devices, and disputations, look you, and passions, and particularities. [*Assisting.*

TOM.

No matter for that; he takes us up after others have thrown us down, and keeps us in his service just when others would turn us out of doors.

JACK.

As this one leg—

GEORGE.

This larboard eye—

TOM.

This starboard arm—

WILL.

And this clump upon my back, can testify.

TOM.

So let us make haste with the breakfast for these gentlemen.

JACK.

Pretty gentlemen! nay, for that matter, so is their master, Lord Freezeland. Pity such a formal piece of goods should come suitering to sweet young madam Emily.

OWENS.

Hush! hush! at the end of the long gallery I see Sir Taffy, cot pless him!

WILL.

Full trot as usual. Damme, he goes at the rate of *fifteen* miles in the hour, without stirring out of the house.

OWENS.

Put *that* is petter than Lord Freezeland.

WILL GROOM.

I'd bet a snail against HIM for my year's wages; aye, and come off winner. The frost of *eighty* at *twenty-five!*

OWENS.

Hush, hush, hush! Sir Taffy is in hur hurries and flurries.

SCENE II.

SIR TAFFY AP-TINDOR *runs in.*

My antients, well done, well done, my antients; keep on, and I will entertain you with a short speech on the occasion, my antients. Though these modern new-fangled varlets, for whom ye labour, and though *our* family-tree spreads its branches from Conon Meriaddoc, to Merodith Ap-Tindor, Ap-Edneysed, Ap-Fican, Baron of Bringfringle, who was son—— let me see, I have forgot that ancestor's name; look for him Owens.

[Sir Taffy *unrolls the pedigree, which the servants take and carry to the end of the stage.* Sir Taffy *running backwards and forwards as he examines the parchment.*

OWENS.

Pless the pones in my podies! the pranches of this pedigree, in cot's name, extend from one end of the world to the other. O, here I have him, — Peli, pless you, the son of Peli.

[*While* Sir Taffy *traces the family parchment, the servants are placing fresh dishes.*

SIR TAFFY.

Beli, Beli, of whom the seventh Henry descended; which Beli was son to king Monogon, who descended from Ap-Kaxon, Ap-

Pye, Ap-Pryden——Go on with them Owens, just while I take breath.

OWENS.

Ap-Dan, Ap-Dodian, Ap-Locknan, Ap-Sudden.

SIR TAFFY.

Ap-Touchwood, Ap-Taffy, Ap-Tin.

Enter SERVANT.

Please your worship, the gentleman's gentlemen are starving they say, for their breakfast, and can wait no longer.

SIR TAFFY.

Ods patience! not wait for the rest of my family?

Enter several of Lord Freezeland's *Servants, in fashionable morning Frocks, their Hair en Papilliotte, red Slippers, &c. They play off the Airs of Town Servants, assuming the etiquettes of ceremony, precedence, &c.* Sir Taffy *continues his action, and takes, at times, the whole Stage, winding himself to an enthusiasm, forgetful of his auditory, who mimick him in dumb shew.*

SIR TAFFY.

I am not to be put out. Remember, O ye Cambrians, that, by this union of the Ap-Tindors with the Freezelands, I, who am now only speaking to you in this room, shall, when

I get my Lord's borough, speak before the whole world. For "I will talk, great Gods! how I will talk!"

OWENS.

Yes! hur will talk, pig Cots, how hur will talk!

SIR TAFFY.

For my sake, then, for your own—for your own, for your country's, exert yourselves on this vast, this amazing, this magnificent, this magnanimous occasion, that due homage may be paid to the noble lover of Emily, your young mistress, a peeress in possession! in reversion a duchess! But the gentlemen varlets, I perceive, are seated at their repast. I must away. O Rome! O Britannia! O Cambria!!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LORD FREEZELAND'S SERVANTS *burst into an affected Laugh as* SIR TAFFY *goes out, and clap their Hands.*

FIRST FOOTMAN.

Bravo! bravo! bravissimo old Sir Taffy! This borough which my Lord is to give him in *swop* for his pretty mountaineer daughter, seems to have turned his Welsh head. That is his *maiden* speech, I suppose; ha, ha, ha!

SECOND FOOTMAN.

I should rather think, by his spouting and

galloping about the house, he had caught the *stage* distemper of my Lord's valet.

FIRST FOOTMAN.

What, Mr. Target? a fellow who has made the grand tour of all the barns, stables, out-houses, and hovels, of the three kingdoms!

UNDER VALET.

But, misericord! Vat we have here; vat is all this?

OWENS.

Black strap, cot pless your honour, serving-men, and as old as the first perd on my chin.

UPPER VALET.

[*Tasting it*] Black strap, pho!

GROOM.

And pray what may be the Christian name of this, which tastes more insipid than pap?

COACHMAN.

And smells worse than drench.

OWENS.

That is flummerys, pless your powels.

UNDER FOOTMAN.

Damn your flummerys and peef, — tea and toast for me.

UNDER VALET.

Pour moi, de la chocolade.

SECOND FOOTMAN.

I am for coffee this morning, and when *you* are a little revived, my dear friend, I prithee

indulge me with a snift of your *eau de luce*, for this beef, cheese, and oat-cake breakfast, has almost done me up.

[*Bell rings, exeunt* Sir Taffy's *servants*.

LORD FREEZELAND'S SERVANTS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,——

FIRST FOOTMAN.

How the goats skip off!!

SECOND FOOTMAN.

The first time of asking too, ha, ha! Miserable mountaineers!

FIRST FOOTMAN.

That last pull is from the tragedy fist of Mr. Target; too violent for my Lord, who does every thing *coolly* you know; ha, ha,—[*Bell.*] Boooo! a puddle in a storm! hear him, hear him!

COACHMAN.

I dare swear, now, the fellow thinks he's enacting the emperor of the Turks, or the Grand Mogul, at least.

SECOND FOOTMAN.

O, here comes his mock majesty.

Enter TARGET.

TARGET.

Did you not hear a noise? ha! "the table's full!"
Are you at breakfast, at this noon of day?
But, as the prince has told us in the *play*,
When the cat sleeps, the mice will dance the *hey*.

FIRST FOOTMAN.

[*Mimicking the quadruple rhime.*]

That being the case we'll make the best of our *way;*
Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt* Servants.

[*During this soliloquy,* Target *spouts alternately and by sudden transitions, from tragedy to comedy, with ludicrous pomp.*

TARGET.

They fool me to the top of my bent,
But, being gone, I am myself again:
So now to business — let me see, — up all night, —
Lost my money, — lost my mistress too;
But she was false, most infamously false:
As I'm a gentleman, I will forget her.

[*Bell rings.*

Come, coming, my Lord, (as my friend Boniface says) coming. —
Must not spoil my speech, though, for all that.
To this same castle hither are we come,
My Lord and I, two fortune-hunting knights,
To woo and wed the mistress of these mountains;
For why? we have no mountains of our own.

[*Bell violently.*

Ha, silence that dreadful bell!
It frights the verses from my memory.
Now must I go, and my appearance make,
As Gentleman of the bed-chamber;
For, though I not his head with pomade plaster,
Nor reap the bristly harvest from his chin,
(Leaving those offices to underlings,)
Yet to his pate do I the finish give;

The rouge-pot rub upon his pallid cheek!
With nipping pincers, pluck the stragglers out
From his black brow, even till he issues forth
Like to that popinjay which Shakspeare Will,
The god of my idolatry, did draw
In that same piece wherein I've play'd my part
A thousand times.——

Egad, I'm in a fine poetical vein this morning; no quotation—all my own—and all extempore. [*Bell.*] Aye, aye, master of mine—having nothing better to do, I'll e'en go to you now—just to pacify you—for I don't intend you shall get up yet.—I have not breakfasted myself. [*Exit slowly. Bell violently.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CONWAY, *leading in* EMILY.

CONWAY.

Be more composed, my love. In this point, be wholly guided by your Conway, and he will submit every future action of his life to your soft authority.

EMILY.

But—the deceit—the danger of this experiment! Pretend assent to Lord Freezeland's proposals! I, who have so lately yielded to a clandestine marriage—as the only means of

escaping such proposals!—But you command, and I obey.

CONWAY.

No, not command; intreat—upon my knees intreat,—that you will, for a short time, seem, at least, passive to his Lordship's persecutions. Enriched as is your father and my guardian, Sir Taffy, with a thousand generous qualities, you know the headlong violence of his temper; and though I can live on my commission, and a few unincumbered acres, in all the pride of honest poverty—you have seen how that scanty but unborrowed independence has shrunk to nothing in your father's opinion, amidst the shining vapours of a promised borough and the splendid ruins of a man of quality.

EMILY.

[*Impatiently.*] My dearest husband!

CONWAY.

By heavens! Emily, could we number Lord Freezeland in the list of those whose titles are only secondary to their virtues, or could we settle those virtues in *any* rank of praise, I would not oppose my humble self to your advancement—I would have torn myself from you, and, since it would have been impossible not to love you (I would not indeed have rashly sought death while my country might

derive some benefit from my life), ere the enemy should invade the land where you were happy, he should have cut his way *through the heart of Conway.*

EMILY.

Say no more, my Conway.

CONWAY.

Another word, and I have done. If, at your tender summons, I have left awhile those duties of my station to which I shall so soon return—if, on seeing your father resolved to *sacrifice* you, I have dared to precipitate a blessing which, precious as it is, I would have resigned a little longer to time and occurrence, rather than seem to oppose the duties of a child to the wishes even of honourable love; pardon, I conjure you, the necessity that exacted such a measure, and that allowed of no alternative but *a happy though hasty marriage*, to prevent a *legal prostitution.*

EMILY.

Talk not of pardon; 'tis I who ought to supplicate excuse, for having so long demurred on what you have judged right. Repeat my instructions, love, and it shall be my delight to observe them.

CONWAY.

Sweet Emily!

EMILY.

Let me see; I am to endure this Lord Freezeland's addresses, and affect compliance with my dear misguided father's importunities; and to—to— Hem! hem!—what is next, my Conway?

CONWAY.

To name a day——

EMILY.

O, aye; to name a day for the nuptials. Heigho!

CONWAY.

Taking care, only, that it be at such a distance as to insure my return from the recess; where, I think, you may be placed until the duties of service permit me to provide for you more commodiously. When I know you are safe from persecution, I shall go back to the army with a more assured spirit.

EMILY.

And is there nothing short of an elopement, at the end of this sporting with my father's credulity, and encouragement of my Lord's arrogant pretensions?

CONWAY.

If there should be, be assured, my love, it shall be adopted. I have not yet seen Sir Taffy since the arrival of his Lordship. Nothing but coronets, civil orations, and crowns of

laurel, have reached his dazzled fancy; but if a possible chance should spring up, of avoiding——

SIR TAFFY.

[*Without.*] Emily! — Emily! — Daughter Emily!

EMILY.

Hark! that violent summons is for me.

SIR TAFFY.

[*Without, loudly.*] Ods storms and hurricanes! where are you child?

EMILY.

[*Shaking her head.*] A bad omen, Conway. This riot is all for my Lord.

CONWAY.

No matter, love; our affections shall surmount every obstacle. Adieu, my blessing— most tenderly, adieu!

EMILY.

My dear Conway, farewel! Such a tremour seizes me——I come, Sir, I come!

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

As Emily *is going out, enter* Sir Taffy, *bustling, with great Hurry and Violence of Manner and Action.*

SIR TAFFY.

Why, where are you, child? The Earl will be down before we are ready to receive him, and a slight at first setting out, will ruin us for ever. But what care you for that! What is your father's honour—what is your country, to you? There are no Roman daughters—no Portias now a-days! [*Runs about the stage.*] No, obdurate girl—though my fame, my fortune, my happiness, my seat in the House, and perhaps the fate of a great nation—for no man knows his own powers till they are called out of him—though, for aught I know, England, Ireland, Scotland, [*kindling into enthusiasm,*] and this Principality, may be all at stake, you throw away the glorious chance by refusing to become a Peeress of the realm, which would give us a title to every thing!

EMILY.

Indeed, Sir, if that title *could* have any charms for me, they must be all derived from the consciousness of making my father happy.

SIR TAFFY.

What's that you say? that you will make me happy? Say it again, and all the fathers that ever were born, have been, are, and shall be, the most miserable dogs in the creation to me. Think of that, Emily—think of that!

EMILY.

Ought I to have a will of my own?

SIR TAFFY.

[*In raptures.*] No; you ought not. You consent, then, to make me stark-staring mad, with joy!

EMILY.

To seem disobedient, my dearest father, is harder to bear than to have an arrow's barb in my heart.

SIR TAFFY.

[*Leaping on her neck and embracing her.*] You have taken fifty thousand out of mine! You have put a pair of wings to my old shoulders, with which I will fly to make the Earl as happy a dog as myself.

EMILY.

I must confess I have been far more partial to a certain friend of your's, than I have hitherto thought it prudent to tell, even my father.

SIR TAFFY.

Indeed! ah, you sly rogue! a little equivocation, hey? But then, you little hussy, how

could you let me go into such confounded passions? Smooth as oil, you know, till you set me a blazing; you should have let me into your plot—I should have enjoyed it of all things.

EMILY.

I was afraid, Sir, you would not have entered into the spirit of it.

SIR TAFFY.

Yes, but I should; and have helped you on with it——Egad! if it was not for fear of carrying the jest too far—and if I did not think the nation wanted just what I think *I can give it*—I would still.——But affairs are critical, there is no time to be lost—you consent—— [*Going.*

EMILY.

You seem resolved, Sir, to draw your own conclusions; but let me beg of you not to be too precipitate.

SIR TAFFY.

Ha, ha! you sly thing—what you are playing off upon *me* too, are you? You forget, child, that I am now in the secret. Ha, ha!—what an hypocritical little rogue is a young woman in love! But the deceit is pleasant enough, too—ha, ha, ha!

EMILY.

In the present case, I am sure it is innocent, and has been inevitable.

SIR TAFFY.

Inevitable! O, doubtless! What, you could not help a little tricking, hey? Ods traps and guns! I believe its the way of you all—Sad little dissemblers, for all that. Inevitable, hey! [*Exit.*

EMILY.

I own it, Sir. They say, many a true word is spoke in jest. Never was the proverb more completely verified. Heigho! I have performed my promise, however, to my dearest Conway; but I tremble to think—what this kind, cruel, dear, inconsistent, tender, and tyrannical, father will make of it! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Lady Arethusa Trylove *and* Colonel Fagg.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Indeed, my dear Colonel, you are a great deal too much in a hurry. A burnt child—but you have lived long enough to know all the old sayings and maxims, amongst which—*Beware of the* THIRD *time*, is not the least striking. Twice already have I been deceived

by your abominable sex—once in a lover, and once in a husband; and I have the experience of a woman of fifty, at something less than *twenty-five*——

COLONEL.

Seven of which, widow, you have been at liberty, and I have been in bondage.

LADY TRYLOVE.

In *rosy* fetters, though; are they not? But, my dear captive Colonel, if your chains do not sit easy, why don't you throw them off?

COLONEL.

You know I cannot—you handsome savage! you know I am fool enough to hug them; and, indeed, were there any hope of being free at last—but to be a prisoner for life is a serious thing, widow.

LADY TRYLOVE.

So it is; but I take it, nevertheless, in your case, Colonel, to be inevitable.

COLONEL.

The devil you do! How so, pray?

LADY TRYLOVE.

Why, surely you are not so insensible, to suppose that an union with me would purchase your *freedom?* Did ever any body hear, before, that the temple of Hymen led to that of Liberty? No, my dear slave, depend upon it, you are now, comparatively, a gentleman *at*

large, to what you must expect to be, when linked unto the chain of matrimony with an incensed widow, who means to retaliate on your disastrous head, all the wrongs she has suffered.

COLONEL.

Really! Well, I am much obliged to you for the information, however.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Indeed nothing short of this delightful opportunity could induce me to undergo the *hazard* of another engagement—especially with a person under your unlucky predicament.

COLONEL.

Pray, Madam, what may that be?

LADY TRYLOVE.

As I am above glancing at any gentleman's personal defects—and as the loss of a leg is his misfortune, not his fault—and as, moreover, I scorn to cast reflections, this little faithful mirror [*opening her pocket glass*] will decide the point in a moment. [*She holds it to him.*] I am afraid you see something disagreeable in that poor glass.

COLONEL.

No, Madam; but I see something *out* of the glass—that is the most——

LADY TRYLOVE.

Charming——

COLONEL.

Provoking——

LADY TRYLOVE.

Agreeable——

COLONEL.

Intolerably——

LADY TRYLOVE.

Delightfully——

COLONEL.

Barbarous——

LADY TRYLOVE.

Bewitching *woman!* Why, I protest you are quite in a passion.

COLONEL.

Her audacity is unparalleled; and I really am afraid I love her the better for it.

LADY TRYLOVE.

In short, Colonel, if you give into these indecent outrages, unbecoming your age and situation, consuming, to no purpose whatever, your time and mine—you only shew that you are not yet fit for *my* purpose;—whereas, if you were to pass the agreeable ordeal, I have and *may* put you to, with more graceful resignation, I might be tempted to make the fetters you now rattle, indissoluble; and that, perhaps, some years sooner than I intended.

COLONEL.

Years! Was there ever such a merciless tyrant!

LADY TRYLOVE.

Nay, I protest, I act only on motives of pure pity and loving-kindness; for, knowing what you have to undergo [*She holds her hand to him*] I postpone the evil hour of your *perpetual* imprisonment as long as possible.

[*Puts the back of her hand to his lips.*

COLONEL.

O Fagg! Fagg! why don't you resist this bribe—why don't you?

LADY TRYLOVE.

Nay, now, Colonel, you are downright ungrateful; for, besides the generous inducements I have already avowed, there are others of great weight with my gentle nature.

COLONEL.

Her gentle nature!

LADY TRYLOVE

In ten or a dozen years more I shall begin to be striken; your age will be vastly improved by that time; and, by coming together late in life, we may pass the few remaining years without the conjugal discordant accompaniments to the tune of *modern* wedlock.

COLONEL.

And you think, widow, that the wear and tear of a dozen more years may qualify your *Ladyship* for the antiquated nuptials?

LADY TRYLOVE.

Betwixt that number and twenty, I should suppose, at the most. *You* indeed, Colonel, are arrived at it already.

COLONEL.

How so, Madam?

LADY TRYLOVE.

[*Feeling her pocket.*] *Must* I again produce this little tell-tale, whose strict adherence to matters of fact offended you so much before, Colonel?

COLONEL.

Smash is the word, if it makes its second appearance, as sure as ever it comes out of your pocket, widow.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Aye, a sincere friend, that dares to shew us our defects, is always unwelcome. Well then, Colonel, love with fidelity, wait with patience, watch with diligence, let proofs of your affection "still rise on proofs ——"

COLONEL.

And "be the last the strongest," I suppose.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Just so: and as a first instance of your obedience to orders, I command that you go and gather me the handsomest bouquet in Sir Taffy's garden;—and, as a reward, —you know I always love to reward you,—[*throws out her hand*] you may bring it to my dressing-room,

where I will tell you a great family secret about a lord and a lady and a young gentleman of our acquaintance. The duties of the toilette now summons me, for I am determined to spare no pains to keep the fortress in repair, while it is in my possession.

COLONEL.

Ah, widow, widow! I wish the fair garrison, which has held out so long and severe a seige, were to surrender to-morrow!

LADY TRYLOVE.

To-morrow! O frightful! Go pluck the flowers this instant, or I faint.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Library.

Enter SIR TAFFY *and* CONWAY.

SIR TAFFY.

Give me your hand, Con. And so you asked leave of your Colonel, just to run and see how we went on?

CONWAY.

Exactly that, Sir.

SIR TAFFY.

That is so kind of you!—But pray who was that along with you? I was in such a bustle, going to receive my Lord, I could only nod a welcome.—Some friend, I suppose.

CONWAY.

A brother officer, Sir, who, passing the Castle gate, in his way to some friends, was prevailed on to take some refreshment.

SIR TAFFY.

That was right. This house is yours and mine, you know. But have you seen the tormenting widow, and her taunting Colonel,—or Emily?

CONWAY.

I have, Sir.

SIR TAFFY.

Then I suppose you know that matters are coming to a crisis.

CONWAY.

I do, Sir.

SIR TAFFY.

Well, and what do you think of my girl's choice?

CONWAY.

I approve it of all things. As matters are situated, I don't think she could have chosen better.

SIR TAFFY.

Why, in point of *interest*, I think not; and you know Con. interest now a-days ——

CONWAY.

There we differ, Sir: had her interest alone been consulted, I should have thought——

SIR TAFFY.

By interest, I only mean connexions. You know, Con. I have always predetermined her for a title, and I believe, too, you are aware that predetermination is, with me——

CONWAY.

Only another word for destiny.

SIR TAFFY.

Yes, I never gave up a point in my life.— You know, I have sworn to you, that, had

she matched with any thing short of a man of quality, desertion and disinheritance would have been her portion. The only difference that ever you and I had was upon this subject: But since you *gave me up*, we have been the best friends in the world.

CONWAY.

You may depend upon it, Sir, *that* subject will meet no farther resistance on my part.

SIR TAFFY.

Guess, then, my pleasure in a conversation I had with her a little while ago, to find her all obedience to my wishes; and as soon as I can get sight of this lazy, lordly lover, I am to take her consent to him.

CONWAY.

You have to thank me, in some measure, for that, Sir.

SIR TAFFY.

You! how so?

CONWAY.

Finding you, Sir, as you observe, so absorbed in doing the honours of the Castle to *great* folks, that you scarce afforded a nod for *little* ones; and not thinking it decent to appear before a stranger, and a man of condition in such a pickle; I relied on the privileges of an old friend, and immediately repaired to Emily's apartments.

SIR TAFFY.

Well, and so —

CONWAY.

O, Sir, I no sooner heard of the *gilt liveries*, the *borough*, and the Earldom, than I candidly advised her to make up her mind to a match immediately.

SIR TAFFY.

Did you? damme, I wish you had been an Earl, or had the disposal of a borough yourself! I'd soon have packed this right honourable piece of rock-work into his coach and six. But, never mind; I'll codicil you a cool thousand for this, little Con. Sly little jade, though, wanted to take all the merit of it to herself; whereas, I dare swear, if the truth were known, you had a plaguy deal of trouble to bring her about.

CONWAY.

I had indeed, Sir, but I would hear of no objections; nay, I even threatened to quit the Castle, and give up my acquaintance with her, if she hesitated any longer.

SIR TAFFY.

[*With his usual vehemence.*] You did? well, stand clear Con. Open your arms, open your arms, for after I have thrown this purse of guineas at your head, I mean to dash into them, as if I myself was the happy man.

CONWAY.

I am sufficiently repaid already, Sir, for all the pains I have taken, and must beg leave to decline ——

SIR TAFFY.

And I must beg leave, little Con. to think you a very great blockhead; so, take it I say, and my Lord ought to give you another; there, there's the purse, and here's my hug; [*embraces*] and I'll buy you a majority to-morrow: and, in the course of the next campaign, you shall be a colonel; and, damme, before the end of the war, I'll have you stilted up to generalissimo.

CONWAY.

[*Takes the purse.*] Your predeterminations, you know Sir —

SIR TAFFY.

But after all this, my dear boy, do give me your opinion about a few matters. You must know, Con. —

CONWAY.

Your decisions, Sir Taffy, are all-sufficient; besides, I am under absolute engagement to meet a friend at some distance, who is returning to the regiment.

SIR TAFFY.

But what I have to say is so important, and a few minutes will finish the business. I want

to shew my Lord that, though he brings a title and a borough into my family, in coming to my castle, he's not making a visit to barren mountains. I have long had in my strong box a little cabinet of *family curiosities;* look you here, [*takes out a small box from his pocket*] here lie deposited in cotton the jewellery of the Ap-Tindors, from the flood downwards. I am a sly old fellow, you know, and have kept this treasure snug from the knowledge even of Emily; but as I wish to surprise my Lord on the day of marriage, by shewing him at least *ten stars for one*, I am resolved to make my girl, on that occasion, a perfect constellation! Damme, she shall twinkle, Con. like the hemisphere in a hard frost.

CONWAY.

I cannot but believe, Sir, that the man of her choice will deem this superfluous. I should think, indeed ——

SIR TAFFY.

You generally think like a blockhead; hear me out, and do as I bid you. I am *predetermined* now. As you have interested yourself so kindly in this affair, (and for which I shall love you the longest day I have to live,) it will be the handsomest thing in the world, for *you* to be the bearer of these presents; telling her she owes them to the consent you

have *extorted* from her. There, — come, no shying, take it. I *will* have my way; give it to the girl, gallop away, and come back again as soon as you can.

CONWAY.

Really, Sir, I — I — I —

SIR TAFFY.

Damn it, I thought you was in a hurry; but if you are not, I am; so come along my little Con. [*Bell rings.*] Hark! hark! my Lord's alive; at least, there's a chance of his visibility. — Off, off, off!

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A spacious Antichamber, into which LORD FREEZELAND *enters by folding Doors. He is just risen, and is in his Robe de Chambre, Bonnet de Nuit. He comes indolently lolling between two Footmen, who, having seated him on a Lit de Repos, proceed to their Morning Duty. One takes off his Night-cap, another adjusts his Slippers, takes his Hair out of Papers; during which he stretches, yawns, and, in the Prime of Life and Health, affects the Languor and Coldness of Age.*]

LORD FREEZELAND.

These castle bed-chambers are as damp as —

Slaves, help me out, 'tis too fatiguing to be hunting after similies.

FIRST SERVANT.

Damp as a charnel-house, my Lord.

LORD FREEZELAND.

[*Shivering*] And colder than ——

SECOND SERVANT.

An ice-house, my Lord.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Then for the winds, they howl through the ten thousand dark entries, lanes, loose casements, and long passages of this miserable old mansion, like ——

FIRST SERVANT.

Like, like ——

SECOND SERVANT.

No, like ——

LORD FREEZELAND.

Well, but do not quarrel about it; 'tis not worth stunning me for. It is with difficulty that I can bear the sound of my own voice this morning, after the hurly-burly of yesterday's journey, the overwhelming hospitality of Sir Taffy, and the inveterate civility of his domestics.

FIRST SERVANT.

Very trying indeed, my Lord, to the nerves.

LORD FREEZELAND.

[*Yawning.*] Certainly nothing but the most

racking passion for this beautiful mountaineer, love even to agony, [*stretches*] and certain other violent causes, [*gapes*] could bring me to bury myself alive in this abominable country. Disappear, fellows, and send Target.

FIRST SERVANT.

My Lord, he comes.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Does he? then do you go. [*Beckons them off.*

SCENE III.

Enter TARGET.

TARGET.

My gracious Lord.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Prithee, peace with thy theatricals, and fetch me my pelisse out of my sleeping, or, rather, waking room; for though, in point of season, we are in the dog-days, we seem, in point of climate, to be wintering in Lapland.

[Target *goes into the bed-room in his tragedy strut, and returns.*

TARGET.

Your Lordship's pelisse.

LORD FREEZELAND.

O Target, were it not for the absolute necessity of repairing the House of Freezeland with

a little of the cement of Tindor Castle, not another night would I pass within these walls! Hast thou seen any of the spectres that haunt it? At what hour didst thou arrive?

TARGET.

Even in "the witching time of night," my Lord; but I beg pardon, your Lordship prefers the vulgar tongue in a morning, perhaps.

LORD FREEZELAND.

If you please. I have an infinite deal of fatigue to go through to-day; for thou knowest the violence of my love and my affairs. Vehement disorders call for vehement remedies. The vulgar tongue, therefore, and of that no more than is necessary.

TARGET.

To descend, then, my Lord; it being past *twelve* o'clock when I got here: (past *twelve* o'clock, and a cloudy morning).

[*In a watchman's cry.*

LORD FREEZELAND.

You can't help it, I see.

TARGET.

My Lord, I'll make a vow; it is but the affair of a minute. Tycho Target, if thou soarest above the meanest capacity, in the present scene with his Lordship, may, — I may as well kneel though; it is more binding, and more in our way: [*kneels*] may blindness and

leprosy, leanness and lunacy — [*mutters stage imprecations to himself*]. There, my Lord, it is possible for me to burst now, but not to be elegant.

LORD FREEZELAND.

I hope it is possible for thee to be brief, at least.

TARGET.

The unities shall be observed, my Lord. In brief, then, when I entered the Castle, all rational creatures were in bed; and except that I have, within this half hour, had a glimpse of the half made-up things of the family, — and who seem to be a collection from all the hospitals; and whom I found in the act of cramming your Lordship's domestics with a Welsh breakfast, as full of solids as one of the neighbouring mountains, — I cannot, in strict propriety, be said to have seen, heard, or understood, any thing since I came.

LORD FREZELAND.

You remember Sir Taffy and Emily in town. The beauty and fortune of the one, must make up for the folly and ambition of the other. The girl has indeed, hitherto, persisted in refusing me; but that passes for nothing; I will pitch the father's obstinacy against all the daughters in Christendom. What news do'st thou bring of the paraphernalia?

TARGET.

Selvidge agreed to furnish them on speculation, my Lord; and swore the whole order should be ready for delivery in eight-and-forty hours.

LORD FREEZELAND.

That's well; nuptial ornaments by contract, hey Target!

TARGET.

Ha, ha, the comedy of the Wedding Day in Wales, with new scenes, dresses, and decorations!

LORD FREEZELAND.

But as you are to act the character of my chief confidant in this domestic drama, remember your cues. Sir Taffy, you know, is to be your pupil. He is in training, as I told you, for the senate. It is a pretty vapour he has got into his head; and there let it lie till the ceremony is over; but you must throw aside the stroller, and assume the ——

TARGET.

Drop Roscius, and take up Cicero,
"Equal to both, and armed for either field."

LORD FREEZELAND.

Well, but don't put me out.

TARGET.

O, had your Lordship but seen my first appearance in the character of Marc Antony!

LORD FREEZELAND.

I wish I could see you make your first appearance in the character of silence.

TARGET.

Over the dead body of Cæsar, my Lord; there was eloquence for you! I only mean to say, my Lord, that whatever be the part into which it is your Lordship's pleasure to cast me, I am master of it; and, with respect to public speaking, permit me to give you a taste of my quality. Though I admit, Mr. President, the whole force of that argument,—and though—

SIR TAFFY.

[*Within.*] *I tell you I must see him; if he is not up now, he must be dead in his bed; but, dead or alive, I will see him.*

LORD FREEZELAND.

As I live, the thundering voice and tempestuous step of that Sir Taffy!

TARGET.

[*Looking out.*] Yes, I have the honourable baronet now in my eye, my Lord.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Away, then; if I see opportunity, I'll introduce you; be within call.

TARGET.

My liege, I wait without.

[*Exit* Target.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Taffy.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Ah, my old friend, you are in full gallop, and high glee, betimes this morning.

SIR TAFFY.

Betimes, my Lord, do you call it? why the rest of the family are half dressed for dinner—hark, that's the first dinner-bell.

LORD FREEZELAND.

And, if it were the last passing-bell, I could not have made more haste towards visibility. But your good news, Sir Taffy?

SIR TAFFY.

[*With the greatest rapidity, and violence of movement.*] As to that, my Lord, what one man calls good, another may not. But when a father comes to a noble Lord, from one of the finest girls in the Principality, to say — she is ready to give the same Lord her hand, with a hundred thousand hard pounds in it, and as rich blood in every one of her veins, as ever ran through the human body—I think such news must be called, *nem. con.* tolerably good.

LORD FREEZELAND.

*In*tolerably, you mean: I am transported.

SIR TAFFY.

[*Aside.*] Damme, his transports seem to have given him the ague.

LORD FREEZELAND.

And has the dear creature, after all the agonies she has made me suffer, at last consented to — Pray, my good friend, do you not reckon the air of these mountains very cutting? I am freezing in my pelisse. [*Wrapping himself up.*

SIR TAFFY.

Mountains cutting! Zoons! if they were mountains of ice, such a declaration ought to thaw them. Thunder and lightning, my Lord, why, aren't you distracted! Why, aren't you in a high fever!

LORD FREEZELAND.

Why, I am distracted, and in as high a fever as you can possibly desire.

SIR TAFFY.

Then you have the most easy way of settling a high fever I ever saw. I should not wonder to see you harden into an icicle.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Look you, Sir Taffy; as I trust we are to pass much of our future lives together, I think fit to set you right as to my real temper and disposition. You will perhaps be surprised to hear I am by nature the most irritable and

violent creature breathing; all storm, tempest, and fire.

SIR TAFFY.

[*Bursts into a laugh.*] Do look at the fiery fellow, now. By the powers of thunder, the frozen Caucasus is a salamander to him!

LORD FREEZELAND.

[*Inveterately cold.*] It is by discipline only, that I am what you see; insomuch that, though my heart is sometimes burning with rage, as it is at this moment with love, I have learnt to take the warmest things so coolly, that a common observer would think I had no feeling.

SIR TAFFY.

[*Heating.*] Why, to say truth, my Lord, a man might give into that mistake.

LORD FREEZELAND.

It is only a proof what may be done by management. However, I do again repeat that I am transported at the news you bring me from the lovely mouth of the adorable Emily; and there are two reasons which urge me to unusual dispatch in this business.

SIR TAFFY.

Dispatch! that will be unusual, indeed, my Lord: what may those reasons be?

LORD FREEZELAND.

The first is, I have had, for these three years

past, a fit of the gout, and this is about the time of its visitations; you feel, I dare say, my good friend, the strength of that argument.

SIR TAFFY.

I do indeed, my Lord, from my fingers ends down to my great toe.

LORD FREEZELAND.

I sympathize with you; and yet you see I even take *that* coolly.

SIR TAFFY.

Ods fire and faggots, how men differ! but your Lordship's second reason?

LORD FREEZELAND.

Stronger than the other; the expected death of the Duke de Sang-froid, my brother. Now, either of these events would produce some months delay. I could not decently marry in mourning, you know. In relief, therefore, of my burning impatience,— [*rises slowly*]

SIR TAFFY.

Ods flesh! he talks of impatience as if he was dropping asleep, after a dose of laudanum.

LORD FREEZELAND.

To prevent, therefore, either of these dreadful evils, I thus — thus — upon my knees, — my — my knees, implore my dear intended father-in-law, — [*kneeling, after much settling.*]

SIR TAFFY.

[*Aside.*] If he is not turning his bear's clothing into a cushion to kneel upon!

LORD FREEZELAND.

— To use his whole paternal influence, that the marriage may take place this evening, or to-morrow morning.

TARGET.

[*Peeping and whispering.*] *Say, my Lord, never will you quit those knees.*

LORD FREEZELAND.

No, never will I quit these knees, these dear paternal knees.

TARGET.

[*Peeping.*] "Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears."

LORD FREEZELAND.

Yes — I speak to you with my eyes, and with my tears.

TARGET.

[*Peeping.*] A pluck or two by the coat, my Lord. Nor ever quit my hold ——

LORD FREEZELAND.

— Nor ever quit my hold, till thou my suit hast ——

TARGET.

— *Granted.*

LORD FREEZELAND.

— Hast granted.

SIR TAFFY.

Why, hey-day, my Lord, you don't seem to be quite perfect in this part; you've a prompter here behind the scenes.

LORD FREEZELAND.

A treasure, Sir Taffy, a treasure, a confidential servant of mine; or rather an humble friend. By the by, that young fellow, who is one of the finest orators I know, may be of considerable service to you, Sir Taffy, in your political career.

SIR TAFFY.

Indeed!

LORD FREEZELAND.

Understands all the spirited business of question and reply, retort and compliment, attack and defence.

SIR TAFFY.

The very man I want, just to set me going. I'll run like a wheel when I'm up; get me down who can. I should like to see this paragon.

LORD FREEZELAND.

You have heard him already; but that was in sport: "he's a fellow of infinite jest." O, here he comes.

Enter TARGET, *with senatorial gravity.*

SIR TAFFY.

A good solemn deportment; his action rather vehement, though.

LORD FREEZELAND.

We must allow for old stage tricks.

[Target *seems to be speaking an oration—addresses a chair.*

SIR TAFFY.

Nay, I like a good deal of action myself.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Yes, your automaton speakers can do nothing.

TARGET.

Mr. Speaker!

LORD FREEZELAND.

We have not now time for the display of your abilities, Target; Sir Taffy is charged with an embassy——

TARGET.

On which depends the life and death of my liege Lord. Yes, I perceive, the tender eloquence of a father, and the pathetic appeals of a friend, to both parties, such as I avow myself, is the matter now most likely to carry the question.

SIR TAFFY.

[*Catching hold of him.*] Ods life and laurels! come along with me, then, and help me to bring back an answer.

LORD FREEZELAND.

I'll take a turn in the gardens, while you go on your embassy to the divine Emily.

SIR TAFFY.

And then to dinner, my Lord.

TARGET.

"With what appetite we may." [*Exeunt.*

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S MAHA

SCENE V.

A Dressing Room.

Enter EMILY *alone.*

Good Heaven, what will become of me! Every room in the house already rings with preparation. My dear Conway had only time to say, he had gained the opportunity he wished, and would return as soon as possible. Yet, surely, the measure of counterfeit assent was, after all, ill advised. Indeed, from the solemn formality of Lord Freezeland, every favourable delay is to be expected: but the hurrying disposition of my father, when driven forward by any darling pursuit, is still to be dreaded.

SIR TAFFY.

[*Within.*] This way, this way, Target:—that's the door of her dressing room:—fathers run in every where, you know.

EMILY.

I hear him coming full tilt, — and out of breath, with his project!

SIR TAFFY.

[*Before he enters.*] Do you stop in this closet, and hear how I manage her. [*Sir* Taffy *runs in.*] News, news, my dear Emily! Good luck, like bad, you know, never comes alone. I have this instant two-fold tidings to make my old heart dance for joy, and your young one shall dance too.

EMILY.

To see you happy, my dearest father, will always——

SIR TAFFY.

Order, order, child! 'Tis a rule of the House, not to interrupt a gentleman when he is upon his legs. Know, then, that the World and his wife are coming to the Castle; that a devilish clever fellow, who is a good orator and actor, is here already; that, under his management, we are to have a play, a masquerade, a *champêtre*, and a grand rehearsal for a great occasion, all under one. Ods battledores and shuttlecocks, now we will keep it up! The old Castle shall rival Chillingsworth's, in the days of good Queen Bess.

TARGET.

[*Sings.*]

"Such were the days of good Queen Bess!"

SIR TAFFY.

[*Whispering.*] Hark! that's the Orator.—Sings, too, you hear.

EMILY.

If these things give you pleasure, Sir ——

SIR TAFFY.

Hush, child! Don't be disorderly. You have already consented to become a Peeress, and therein have made me the happiest of fathers; but it is still in your power ——

EMILY.

I am sure, then, Sir, it is my inclination ——

SIR TAFFY.

Ods noise and nonsense, hear me out! 'Tis indecorous, child! 'tis indecorous! I say it is in your power to prevent two of the most impending evils. The Earl's brother is at the point of death, and he is himself threatened with a fit of the gout: — evils, you see, which extend from head to foot, from top to toe, and which would prorogue the business *sine die.*

EMILY.

Heavens! what is he going to say?

SIR TAFFY.

Now, then, thou delightful, delectable, darling, dutiful, doating piece of a daughter! ——

TARGET.

[*Peeping in.*] Bravo!

SIR TAFFY.

— Of a daughter! Save, O save, your little vessel, and my great one, from dashing upon the rocks — the rocks — rocks of — rocks —

TARGET.

—Scylla and Charybdis.

SIR TAFFY.

On my knees, my *filial knees*— [*flaps down.*

TARGET.

Paternal.

SIR TAFFY.

Right; on my paternal knees, let me implore that *your* filial ones will bend to my commands, which are——

EMILY.

What, Sir?

SIR TAFFY.

[*Leaps up in a rage.*] Never obeyed! Ods fire and fury, how dare you put me out! His Lordship urges me to use all the powers of a father of a family, of a friend, of a lover of his country, of a Cato, a Plato, a Cincinnatus, Cinderellus, Gustavus Adolphus, and every other Roman General, that you consent to let the ceremony be performed, by Griffin of the Glen, this very evening.

EMILY.

This evening, Sir!

SIR TAFFY.

Think, rash young woman, that you see your allotted Lord swathed in flannels — think that you behold his brother breathing his last— think that you see your father justled out of

his seat, and, instead of taking an active part in the great business, sitting like a—like a——

TARGET.

Dumb duke, or a mute.

SIR TAFFY.

Like a mute in a comedy.

TARGET.

No, no; tragedy, tragedy.

SIR TAFFY.

In a tragedy.

EMILY.

My dearest father! [*falls at his feet*] let me in this humble posture——

SIR TAFFY.

No, I won't; I won't let you make a speech in any posture at all, if it goes to hindering me from *carrying the question.*

EMILY.

Then there is no alternative — I am reduced to the painful necessity of declaring, that —

SIR TAFFY.

Buss — the Ayes have it! the Noes lose it! Your bill is thrown out; my Lord, I, and little Target, are all in the majority: the House breaks up. Come down to a mouthful of dinner just as you are; dress yourself for the bridals after, for, before the grand supper this very night, Emily Ap-Tindor shall be Countess of Freezeland! . . . . . Fine speaking exhausts a

[*throwing himself on a sofa*] man; and one may as well talk to a post as a woman.

EMILY.

He has worked himself, I see, into one of his frenzies, and resistance would be vain. To confess our situation, at such a moment, might be fatal; all I can hope to gain is a short postponement. [*Going up to her father.*] I cannot bear to see you suffer, Sir——

SIR TAFFY.

Yes, you can; you like to see me tear myself to pieces.

EMILY.

Surely, Sir, the indulgence of a few hours—consider my surprise—surely, to-morrow morning——

SIR TAFFY.

[*Leaping up, and embracing her.*] Hey! how! dear good Emily! to-morrow be it, then. Don't get out of my arms; for, by Snowden, Plinlimmon, and Mount Vesuvius! I love you above all things upon the earth, *but my country.* O, Wales! O, England! O, my country! Already, I behold all eyes upon me—not a cough, not a hem, to interrupt me—no scraping upon the floor—No, no, no.

Enter TARGET, *running.*

Not even the encouraging cry, of Hear him!

Hear him! only the assenting nods from both sides of the House.

SIR TAFFY.

Every ear devours my discourse, and the next morning (I can go through, now, Target; you may go; [*aside — exit* Target] read with admiration and avidity by the whole town! In twenty-four hours after this, to be immortal! To be like Seneca and Socrates, and Junius Brutus, and other great men, who are alive still, though they have been dead these thousand years! Think of that, Emily. Ods grandeur and glory! Think of that!

[*Wiping his face, and panting for breath.*

EMILY.

What, that is possible——

SIR TAFFY.

You have made a fine speech already, my dear; don't go to spoil it. There is more eloquence in a daughter, when she says 'Father, I will do as you would have me,' than in all Cicero. But I am going into too much length, myself. Come, my darling, let me lead you in, to make preparations.

[Sir Taffy *gradually leads* Emily *out; then meets* Target; *returns.*

TARGET.

Bravo! [*clapping his hands*] Excellentissimo! Admiralissimo! Generalissimo! and all other issimos!

SIR TAFFY.

Yes, pretty decent, I think. I see you have judgement.

TARGET.

O, Sir, if we had but time, I could have mellowed you in the character of a father, so that you would not have had half the trouble: for instance, I could have supposed this chair to be your daughter.—Now, Sir, this being your daughter, stand a little more opposite to her, if you please, Sir.—This is your position, easy, bold, impressive.—But we'll dismiss the lady for a future opportunity. Daughter, you may withdraw [*Moves the chair away.*

SIR TAFFY.

Ods fun and frolick, you are a man of all work, little Target.

TARGET.

O yes, I have acted a whole play with no other living creature but myself; the rest of the characters all dummies; and yet you would swear they all spoke.

SIR TAFFY.

Ods magic! how could that be?

TARGET.

'Tis but shifting one's ground, Sir.—Observe —now I am Royal Richard. [*Kneeling.*] "Take up the sword again, or take up me." And now I am the gentle Lady Anne— "Arise, dissembler, though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner." Now I am the messenger to Lord Hastings—"My Lord, my Lord, one from Lord Stanley." And now I am Lord Hastings, himself—"What is't o'clock."—O, Sir, nothing so easy.

SIR TAFFY.

Ha, ha, ha! a pleasant rogue as well as a clever one. But let us now make the best of our way, with the joyful news to my Lord. Hurry down our running meal; [*dinner bell rings*] aye, there's the last summons; and after we have swallowed our morsel and our bumper, Hymen and Cupid have at ye!

TARGET.

Be it so. [*Going.*] But we must always bow to the chair; [*bows profoundly*] besides you know, at present, I represent Miss Emily; indeed, it is a *double* of your daughter and another personage.

SIR TAFFY.

Ha, ha, ha! daughter Emily, I never was more satisfied with you in my life!

TARGET.

Mr. Speaker, I conceive there is nothing more to be said upon this question, since, without a division, it seems to go off with the hands and hearts of the whole House. Never saw a more *nem. con.* thing in my whole life! [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter SIR TAFFY *and* TARGET.

SIR TAFFY.

But my dear, busy, bustling, dashing friend, where is this loitering Lord, all this time? The moment the dinner was down his throat, where, by the by, every morsel seemed to stick, for he does every thing coolly, you know, off he stalked.

TARGET.

"With solemn steps and slow," like a fatigued hero upon the stage, after a ranting tragedy. But, soft, something wicked this way comes.— I am a witch; it is my Lord.

SCENE II.

Enter LORD FREEZELAND, *deliberately.*

LORD FREEZELAND.

Excuse the fond impatience of a lover, who flies upon the wings of———

[Sir Taffy *receding as* Lord Freezeland *advances, then running and taking him up in his arms.*

SIR TAFFY.

Sir Taffy-ap-Tindor, who could bear you in these old pinions a day's journey beyond the moon, if he thought he could be back again to-morrow morning time enough for the ceremony.

LORD FREEZELAND.

[*Struggling.*] Very likely; but this is a ceremony I don't, altogether approve of.

TARGET.

A fine situation, for all that. A youngish Peer of the realm carried into the clouds by an old Commoner! fine effect! and the incident new. [*To* Sir Taffy] Don't let him down yet.

Æneas thus, the old Anchises bore—

No, no——

Anchises thus, the young Æneas bore.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Release me, I say.

SIR TAFFY.

I can't my Lord, I can't my Lord. My joy must first subside. [*Still grasping him.*

TARGET.

[*Whispering.*] That's right, that's right; say you are light as feathered Mercury! that you tread in air! and scarcely touch the ground!

SIR TAFFY.

I am light, my Lord, as if I was full of mercury! I am flying in the air with you! and I scarcely know whether I stand upon my head or my heels!

LORD FREEZELAND.

[*Extricating himself.*] Prithee soar alone, old gentleman. *Terra firma* for me, old mother Earth. And I—insist—upon being restored to my native element.

SIR TAFFY.

Excuse my transports, my Lord.—The thought of calling the Earl of Freezeland, son-in-law *to-morrow morning* ———

LORD FREEZELAND.

To-morrow morning!

TARGET.

To-morrow! oh my better stars! to-morrow shine strongly for him.

SIR TAFFY.

Yes, my Lord, to-morrow my daughter has consented to make you the happiest man in the world.

LORD FREEZELAND.

I am—all ecstacy—certainly.

SIR TAFFY.

Aye, only look at him in his ecstacies again.

LORD FREEZELAND.

But I hope—the young lady has not been—

indecently hurried—for, though you see my passion almost tears me to pieces, I had rather sacrifice myself to all contingencies, than commit any violence on what is due to the delicacy of the sex.

SIR TAFFY.

The delicacy of a fiddlestick! Ods frost and snow, my Lord! I tell you she will be ready to throw herself into your arms. Nay, here she comes herself. Come along with me, Target, let us leave them to themselves: we have a thousand things to do—one peep at her, though—Ods lilies and roses, how charmingly she looks!

TARGET.

True, "she is fair, oh how divinely fair!" But we must be gone: this way, if you please, Sir Taffy—she enters, O. P. he exits, P. S.

[*Exeunt* Sir Taffy *and* Target.

LORD FREEZELAND.

[*Adjusting himself.*] The unmerciful gripe of that old kite has quite deranged me. I ought to undergo a thorough repair, before I behold the lovely Emily—but here she is—how unlucky! I am absolutely in ruins.

[*He goes to a glass, putting himself in order; then, with deliberate formality, comes down the stage to her.*

SCENE III.

Enter EMILY.

EMILY.

Conway's delay affords me no other alternative; and if there is a spark of pride left in his nature, my project must succeed. That vanity which is at this moment employed about himself may supply the place of better feelings;—if I can but turn that self-love, which is its source, to my advantage—I may yet be safe.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Divine Emily! I have just heard the rapturous tidings which justify the excessive agitation in which I now appear before you. [*adjusting his ruffle.*] Sir Taffy tells me—you have at last consented to fix the joyful hour—that I am to call you Countess of Freezeland.

EMILY.

My lord, I am come hither to throw myself upon your friendship, your generosity, your mercy.

LORD FREEZELAND.

My sweet girl! how often must I assure you that although there is a material distinction between us in point of rank—in affection we are equals: and it is with a satisfaction, which

you see throws me into raptures, that I hear of your promise to be mine.

EMILY.

Such a promise has been extorted from me; but it is now necessary that I should inform you, I cannot for a moment think of fulfilling it.

LORD FREEZELAND.

This is the most inveterate churl!——Pray, Madam, proceed!—This, I suppose, is the exordium of a speech; I know we are in a family of orators.

EMILY.

My Lord, I never can be yours.

LORD FREEZELAND.

It is well for us both, that I do not observe, within my reach, any instrument of violence; for, if I had fifty lives—I am, as you perceive, in grief and rage enough——

EMILY.

To spare them all, I hope, my Lord.

LORD FREEZELAND.

No, Madam; my fate is only prorogued—I will die, depend upon it, the first convenient opportunity. Mean time, I will coolly ask you, whether you know the consequence of sporting with a man so irritable, so violent, as your father?

EMILY.

The consequence, my Lord, is but too well known to me. I look forward to it with fear, with horror. My father's smile is joy, and his frown unspeakable distress: his very failings (if such he has) are sacred and respectable; but even to avert the terrors of his displeasure, I never can be *your* wife.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Pray, Madam, have you taken any lessons from my Target? Possibly you may be one of his *élèves* for one of the theatres.

EMILY.

Insolence!

LORD FREEZELAND.

Upon my word, a fine stage figure—good deportment, heroic step, liberal air, tragic sweep—fine indignation in the eyes! Suppose, child, you were to come out in the Scornful Lady?

EMILY.

My Lord, whatever scorn I possess, I do not intend the methods you have taken to excite it shall drive me from the object of this interview.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Throw out your voice, child, as much as possible. Your emphasis is good, but I wish to know your compass.

EMILY.

As I perceive no worthy motives can find the way to your Lordship's heart, I must speak to you on a subject more likely to reach it.

LORD FREEZELAND.

And what interest, fair tyrant, can occupy that heart, but love, respect, and awful homage?

EMILY.

Consult it honestly, my Lord, and it will assign very different reasons for your persecution—nay, it has already often assured you, that I owe the distress of your Lordship's overtures to the ruins of your own bankrupt fortune; and it has told you too, that the very bribe you offered my dear deluded father, the promise of your miserable borough, has been a promise mortgaged to fifty others, who have been equally taught, and who are equally deceived.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Very great powers, upon my word! But you were speaking of interest—there is no business, you know, to be done in a passion.

EMILY.

The points at issue between us, my Lord, are easily adjusted; and I am happy to think my powers extend far enough to settle them. You want money, and you know that, unless (which

Heaven forbid!) I should offend my dearest father beyond all forgiveness—I am to inherit all his property.

LORD FREEZELAND.

I have heard as much, adorable creature.

EMILY.

Now, as there are invincible reasons, independent of my extraordinary aversion to your Lordship's person and manners, ——

LORD FREEZELAND.

Infinitely obliged to you, upon my soul!—not that I believe a word of it.

EMILY.

Why we never can be more nearly connected than at this moment; I am ready to enter into a little plan with you, and with all the secresy and honour that is professed in money transactions, to secure to your Lordship the sum of ten thousand pounds, of lawful money of Great Britain, as the condition of our release from each other, whenever I shall come, (by whatever event,) into the possession of my fortune.

LORD FREEZELAND.

A promissory note for ten thousand pounds, to buy yourself off, hey?

EMILY.

You see that I set no small value on your Lordship's rejection of me; but, perhaps, you may think the purchase too cheap.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Why, to talk with you a moment in your own way, I should gain nothing but a slip of paper, you know, in case of death; not that I would have you die, for the wealth of all the banks in Christendom—[*aside*]—till we are married.

EMILY.

But I have heard, my Lord, there is such a thing as insuring one's life; and, to accomplish so desirable an end, I would subscribe to any conditions——

LORD FREEZELAND.

Very flattering, truly!

EMILY.

Candid, at least, my Lord—nay, I must inform you, there is perhaps more generosity in this business than your Lordship is aware of; since I am permitted to make the proposal by a person to whom I am under the greatest obligations, who has a right indeed to be accounted with, for all my reversionary interests, and who authorises me to say, he considers my disentanglement from your Lordship a sufficient inducement to indorse my note, or even join me in the bond.

LORD FREEZELAND.

I don't understand you, my divine creature.

EMILY.

Don't be alarmed, my Lord. The collateral security that I offer you is so good, that you may raise money on it, on a reasonable premium.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Which, doubtless, you would tack to the obligation.

EMILY.

Willingly; but then your breaking off must seem to be your own affair—and your shewing the least disinclination to the match will be all-sufficient to Sir Taffy, whose family pride has never brooked the least slight, you know.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Are you sure, my darling betrothed, that it would not gratify that spirit of candour and generosity you avow, to have my throat cut; at least, to have me tost in a blanket and kicked out of the Castle? That would be a summary way of getting rid of me, to be sure!—And this is your proposal?

EMILY.

It is.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Then you are, out of sight—the most impudent young body I ever heard of—and I'll go see what your father says to it. [*Going.*] And pray, Madam, at what price do you rate

my disappointments, sufferings, torments, ridicule of friends, and shock of my natural sensibility?

EMILY.

Does not your Lordship think they are bought up pretty dearly, at the sum of ten thousand pounds? And your Lordship should consider also, that were your sensibility to be upon the rack for the rest of your life, the sum offered is clear gain, because I give you my honour, which I have never yet violated in any transaction, there is an existing circumstance which reduces it to a certainty, that if you do not accept these terms, you will get nothing. And as to the information you threaten to give my father, I have shortly to observe, you may force me prematurely into a declaration that will involve your ruin in my own; since, for the last time, I repeat to you, I never will or can be yours. [*Going.*] Settle your arithmetic hereupon, and let me know the result.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

LORD FREEZELAND, *solus.*

"Never will or can!"—"A person who has a right to be accounted with!"—"An existing circumstance!"—Egad, my fair stockjobber,

I'm at a loss to know whether you have been speechifying all this time, in the family way, or are *bona fide* serious. Perhaps some rival—that can't be, neither—not easily, I think. The object of her aversion!—Another very likely thing, to be sure! But the sex love paradoxes; and so, while I keep my temper, and take things coolly, I will go and hear the old wou'd-be Senator settle the whole affair, in one of his violent passions. After all—a love affair is a most fatiguing circumstance. Heigho! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Lady Trylove's Dressing Room.

Enter LADY TRYLOVE *and* MRS. TRAIN.

LADY TRYLOVE.

And so, Mrs. Train, long before you were made, in confidence, a party in the disposal of your fair mistress's hand, you had discovered the secret of her heart!

TRAIN.

Before I had been in the young lady's service four-and-twenty hours, Madam.

LADY TRYLOVE.

A keen observer!

TRAIN.

No, my Lady, it is in me a matter of custom.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Custom?

TRAIN.

I have been in the habit of studying characters most part of my life.

LADY TRYLOVE.

I had forgot—Emily told me you had been upon the stage. *That*, I suppose, has added to your natural penetration—for I see you are a girl of discernment.

TRAIN.

Every moment gives fresh proof of your Ladyship's judgement. [*Courtesying.*] Yes, Ma'am—the scene has given me, as you observe, such a nack of making vows, and matches, that I have literally got by heart all that belongs to the *belle passion*. Indeed, there is not a better woman of all-work any where than Nancy Nightpad.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Night-pad! why, I thought your name was Mrs. Train.

TRAIN.

That is one of my professional names, my Lady; we change our names oftener than our lodgings.

LADY TRYLOVE.

And how long do you mean to retain your present appellation?

TRAIN.

While I retain my breath. Ah, me! that name your Ladyship little suspects was given me by one of the most agreeable, faithless, well-shaped, wicked rogues, that ever escaped the halter I fear he has at length fallen heir to! (I'll take the liberty to kneel, if you please, Ma'am.) O thou dear villain!—if thou art yet unhung, undrawn, unquarter'd—if there is yet left but the dangling skeleton of thy once beauteous face, or e'en the bare anatomy of thy little finger, 'twou'd give me joy to see it! Your Ladyship is of a gentle race, and will excuse my sorrows.

LADY TRYLOVE.

O pray be as sorrowful as you please: I love a girl of feeling. But what offence? the old affair, I suppose—treachery.

TRAIN.

"What committed!" Heaven and earth, and seas and skies, and winds and waves, and hedges and ditches, and hills and holes!—I'll tell your Ladyship.

A shepherd swain he was, and loved his sheep,
And they lov'd him; they eat and drank together,

And in cold seasons made their fleece his bed;
The most obliging sheep that e'er were born.
But, ah! one fatal night, as dark as pitch,
Five lovely lambkins took he from the fold,
From their first sleep wak'd the dear innocents,
And, wreckless of the bleatings of the rest,
He drove them up to Smithfield; there, oh, there,—
Just as the butcher had unstrung his purse
To gild the palm of this same lovely thief,
Conscience came up, and, whisp'ring in his ear,
Boy, thou'lt be hung!—he spurn'd the proffer'd gold,
And gently drove them to the fold again.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Conscience came in very critically, I must confess, Mrs. Train.

TRAIN.

But not in time, for when he reach'd the fold,
He saw the farmer talking with his sheep:
And so he lost his place and character!
But yet, so much, the action touch'd my soul,
I, who had loved, now doated on the boy.

The rest in prose, if you please, Madam. Being as congenial in our souls as in our talents, we took the first opportunity of being honourably united; and, after various fortunes, got the circuit of the best barns; when the ungrateful villain fell desperately in love with a pettyfogging actress, put the hussy into my best

parts, and left me, the pity-moving victim you behold!——

LADY TRYLOVE.

Poor Train! a heartbreaking tale, indeed! So you quitted the stage, and entered the service of my cousin Emily. And have you heard nothing of this dear traitor since?

TRAIN.

No, Madam. Ah, my Lady! man is an animal who is always improved by a very little kindness thrown into a vast deal of severity.

LADY TRYLOVE.

It is exactly on that plan I am myself managing the heart of my Fagg, you know; and, though he has been under my discipline several years, in the course of which I have put his affection to hard trials, I still persevere.

TRAIN.

That's right, Madam.

LADY TRYLOVE.

I believe his heart to be one of the best and tenderest in the world; and, notwithstanding the playful garb under which I mask my own, it is sometimes ready to break when I see him unhappy: and I have frequently retired from the sight of the misery I have put him to, as well to indulge my own regrets, as to prevent his seeing them.

TRAIN.

In that, I have the misfortune to differ from your Ladyship; for, since the disloyalty of that dear knave, I enjoy the pangs I make the varlets endure, prodigiously.

LADY TRYLOVE.

He has risen, hitherto, superior to all the stratagems I have adopted in the way of trial. At one time I have persuaded him, at the cost of much contrivance, that my fortune had become a wreck; and that what flatterers had called my beauty, had been destroyed.

TRAIN.

Dramatic in the extreme!

LADY TRYLOVE.

These distresses seemed only to excite his sorrow, in the proportion that he supposed them to affect myself, and served but as motives of his endearment.

TRAIN.

Heigho! that last trial almost induces one to mollify a little.

LADY TRYLOVE.

No; one thing yet remains, as a last trial of his fidelity — a rival.

TRAIN.

O, delicious! your Ladyship quite revives me. And whom would you fix upon as the supposed happy man? Not Lord Freezeland,

for it would take up too much time to *unfreeze* the genial current of *his* soul.

LADY TRYLOVE.

No, on Conway himself. I have not yet made the Colonel acquainted with our having settled Emily for life above stairs, while he was taking his bottle with Sir Taffy below; and therefore — but we are interrupted.

Enter EMILY.

My sweet Emy, what is the matter? You tremble, and have been in tears. [*Takes her hand.*

EMILY.

Impossible to rouse the vanity, or compromise with the avarice of that odious Lord, he has been making his complaints to my father, who, with a vehemence exceeding his usual excesses, insists on my being married to-morrow morning; and, without waiting for a reply, has just left me for the night, with the most dreadful menaces of disinheritance and desertion.

LADY TRYLOVE.

And Conway not returned! What can be done? Train, have you no expedient?

TRAIN.

Nothing remains, in my opinion, but a precipitate retreat, of which, if my beloved mistress and her honourable visitor will enter into the true spirit, I will ensure the success. The

present night will be favourable, moonlight; your father always sleeps sound, you know, Madam, after he has been in a passion; the apartment of Lord Freezeland is remote, and, were his chamber on fire, he is a cool man, and would not be hurried; the servants will all be gone to bed: I move, therefore, for an immediate elopement.

LADY TRYLOVE.

I cannot intirely agree with the argument of our eloquent domestic, because, though flight was determined on, it will first be necessary to find a place of refuge.

EMILY.

And Conway's delay proves this to be no easy matter: — No; I am doom'd to be miseraable!

TRAIN.

Though I grieve so sweet a young lady should suffer, a little distress certainly gives colour to the situation; but, to remove this impediment, know lady, I am acquainted with the best hiding-place in the world, a more than anchorite recess — where — [*knocking at the door.*] "Open locks, whoever knocks."

LADY TRYLOVE.

No, stop, stop, Train! 'Tis my Colonel, who ought to be broke, for disobeying the orders of his superior officer. I vow, he shall not come in! [*Runs to the door.*

EMILY.

Perhaps it may be—— [Conway, *within:* Emily! Emily!] Yes, 'tis Conway!

[*Opens the door, and embraces him.*

Enter CONWAY.

My dear Resource! Consoler! Protector!.

CONWAY.

My life! My love! My charming Emily!

TRAIN.

Rehearse the hugging scene at more leisure; the present moment

"Brooks not the puny softnesses of love:"—
"For there are spirits this hour at work!"

LADY TRYLOVE.

'Tis true: Sir Taffy, Lord Freezeland, and all the conspirators, are determined to give your wife another husband, to-morrow morning.

CONWAY.

Thank heaven, then, a sanctuary is found, and even in the neighbourhood of the Castle.

TRAIN.

The very place I was going to mention, my life on't! Near to a fisherman's cottage, is it not?

CONWAY.

Yes; and built for the reception——

TRAIN.

Not of fish, but of smuggled goods.

CONWAY.

And so surrounded by thickets, trees, and other impediments ——

TRAIN.

That, except a narrow path, known only to the proprietors, one might as well attempt to find Rosamond's bower without the clue; and it belongs ——

CONWAY.

To Gaffer Night-pad.

TRAIN.

My own father! fisherman by day, smuggler by night. O, Sir, we are quite at home, you see, here. In this very recess, I concealed my first love, the hero of a neighbouring barn.

CONWAY.

To this place, then, my sweet Emily, let me instantly conduct you.

TRAIN.

No, no, we've settled the opening of the piece otherwise. I will go with a lullaby message of obedience to Sir Taffy; you, fair bride, will repair to your own chamber; you, happy bridegroom, will just make your appearance, and then wait in your own apartment; and this beautiful widow will condescend to follow the instructions I shall give her.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Be it so.

TRAIN.

Then, when every eye is closed,
And Love alone is waking,
You'll attend my summons.

Just three soft strokes upon the chamber-door, when we shall begin the delectable comedy of, The Young Married Man running away with his own Wife!

CONWAY.

Very unfashionable, upon my word!

TRAIN.

I must confess, the incident is somewhat new.

CONWAY.

'Tis, surely, not unnatural, in a case like ours. Were all wives like my Emily ——

EMILY.

And all husbands like my Conway ——

LADY TRYLOVE.

There would be, in difficult cases, no other sort of elopements. That, I suppose, is the proper *finale* of this matrimonial compliment; so let us separate [*going.*] I forgot to make an offer of my soldier's services: if my Fagg can be of the least use in our plot, either as *garde de corps* on our route, or sentinel of horse, I insist on your profiting by my command over him. He can't be put upon services of danger and difficulty too often, can he, Train?

TRAIN.

No, indeed, my Lady. I never knew any body, of the ——

LADY TRYLOVE.

Odious sex —— [*smiling*]

TRAIN.

But this constant couple, who were not spoiled by indulgence.

LADY TRYLOVE.

The romance of the Elopement will keep them in good humour, for some time at any rate. Lockings in, breakings out, forbidden correspondencies, runnings away, and all other agreeable agitations, are favourble to the *belle passion*. So, exeunt conspirators!

TRAIN.

Jaffier and Belvidera, arm in arm, O. P. your Ladyship and myself, friend and *confidante*, to avoid suspicion, P. S.! [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Grand Hall of the Castle. Several of Sir Taffy's *Servants, and some of* Lord Freezeland's, *cross the Stage; the former in great Haste, the latter with an Air of indolent Greatness; the former in their full Dress Country Liveries of broad Worsted Lace, small Shoe Buckles, &c. &c. the latter in their Liveries, Bags, Nosegays, &c. &c. &c.*

OWENS.

Come, fellow serving men, pustle, pustle: te sheremonies will pegin before we have put te places in order. Cot shave us! where is te arpers, te orners? Come, pustle, I say, my prave poys. [*Flourish, within, of the harp.*] Aye, aye, that's coot, will wake te lie-a-peds. Now opp off, my lame and my plind—off, off, I say.

[*Exeunt* Owens *and the Welsh servants;* Lord Freezeland's *servants remain.*

FIRST FOOTMAN.

'Pon my soul, I am not awake yet.

SECOND FOOTMAN.

I—I—[*gaping*] I walk [*stretching*] in my sleep.

THIRD FOOTMAN.

One had need have the strength of Sir Taffy, or one of his blue mountains, to support these unseasonable hours.

VALET.

Ma foi, my faid, quel diable bruit! vat de-vil's noises ave les enfans de Galle, vid te Velse shilkens.

[*Various sounds of bells, instruments, servants, &c. without.*

SECOND FOOTMAN.

To rouse my Lord, too, at such a time of day! just in his first sleep!

THIRD FOOTMAN.

And force us to make him up for a bride-groom, when we are scarce fit to be seen, our-selves! D—d hard, my friends: I have not been able to throw a drop of lavender into my handkerchief, yet!

SECOND FOOTMAN.

We must go, however. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CONWAY.

CONWAY.

My dearest treasure is, at last, safely deposited for the moment, and I have got back just in time. The house, however, is up, I find.

When poor Sir Taffy is executing any of his projects, an unquiet ghost is a peaceable thing to him. [Sir Taffy *without*.] I hear his troubled spirit calling already, and I would not have him appear before I have thrown a little powder into my locks, and taken off my boots. As I live, he is stalking this way, and too close to make my escape: — no matter, he knows I have been out, and I can even make a merit of my quick return.

SCENE III.

Enter SIR TAFFY.

SIR TAFFY.

O, my dear boy, how kind this is of you! Been riding hard all night, I see, and left your brother officer on purpose to be present at this awful, great, magnificent, and magnanimous occasion! Pity you could not bring your friend in your hand, just to drink a health to the happy couple.

CONWAY.

Impossible, Sir, my friend is gone quite another way.

SIR TAFFY.

True, to his regiment.

CONWAY.

And, what is worse, I must immediately fol-

low him. The time is very critical you know, Sir, and if ——

SIR TAFFY.

Not till you have seen your old friend Emily made happy, dear boy. We'll not lose a moment. You took care of the family box?

CONWAY.

I did, Sir.

SIR TAFFY.

Ods grandeur and glory! you'll see she'll rush upon us presently in such a blaze! No, now, as you love me, stop to see her. I know you wish her happy.

CONWAY.

That I do, from the bottom of my soul.

SIR TAFFY.

She ever considers you as one of the family.

CONWAY.

I am thoroughly convinced of that, Sir.

SIR TAFFY.

Do, then, my darling little Con. put on your dancing pumps, throw on another coat, and then tap at Arethusa's, and Emily's, and Fagg's doors, to hasten them, while I gallop up to my Lord's apartment, and, if possible, put him out of his minuet step. [*Forcing* Conway *towards the door, and going—returns.*] But harkee, Con. must not be ungrateful, neither—you have a great, a very great soul, [*Taking*

out and opening his pocket book] and a small, a very small fortune, you know. I have set my heart on your accepting this—take this instead of the codicil—bad waiting, boy, for dead men's shoes; besides, I am made so happy by the marriage of my daughter, that, for the good of the country, and my own, I don't mean to die these hundred years. There.

CONWAY.

Excuse me, Sir, your generosity almost forces me into a declaration—makes me hope—makes me fear—— [*Going to kneel.*

SIR TAFFY.

How the plague, make you hope and fear at the same time! Come, come, Conway, get up; you want to make a speech now, I see you are full of something at this moment.

CONWAY.

I am, indeed, Sir:—astonished, petrified as I am,—I should hold it unpardonable any longer, let the consequence be what it may—to—to—to——

SIR TAFFY.

Refuse bank-bills for one thousand pounds! There, take it, my good boy. Ods, there's as much trouble to make you take money as there would be to make any other man refuse it. There, I won't hear another word; and if you don't put it this moment into your pocket, I

shall conclude you wish to see me a wretched father, and my darling Emily a miserable wife.

[*Exit* Sir Taffy.

SCENE IV.

CONWAY.

A miserable wife! Alas! is she not such? and, at this moment, forced from her father's lofty castle, taking refuge among lowly strangers. But, how to discover, or how longer to conceal our situation; while this hurrying Sir Taffy allows me not a single moment for either? Some of the company are coming up now. I fear, after all, I must leave them to the force of their own absurdity; and, since Emily is sheltered from the storm, let matters take their course. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter LADY TRYLOVE *and* COLONEL FAGG, *both full dressed.*

LADY TRYLOVE.

Just as I could wish, nobody yet assembled; it gives me time for the adjustment of a little serious business with you, my dear Colonel.

COLONEL.

It does, widow; and as you have confided to me Miss Emily's resolution, not to give her hand to Lord Freezeland, and that we are to

have a nuptual procession, but no wedding; I have been thinking——

LADY TRYLOVE.

And so have I—that——

COLONEL.

As there are, you see, great preparations made, a very good dinner ordered, and——

LADY TRYLOVE.

The clergyman summoned——

COLONEL.

And every body expecting——

LADY TRYLOVE.

A wedding——

COLONEL.

I have—I say—been—thinking—that it—would really be—a pity——

LADY TRYLOVE.

To suffer so many good things to be thrown away.—So have I, Colonel; and have the pleasure to inform you, there is little doubt of that being the case, as two very particular friends of yours, and mine, are disposed to profit of them.

COLONEL.

And may I not hope that one of those friends is my adorable Arethusa?

LADY TRYLOVE.

You are right.

COLONEL.

And the other, at length, her happy Colonel?

LADY TRYLOVE.

You are wrong.—In a word, my worthy friend, not to keep you in suspense, not to wear a masque any longer — at a moment like this — I am ——

COLONEL.

[*Affecting seriousness.*] You terrify me!

LADY TRYLOVE.

Constrained to own, that a marriage has already very recently taken place in this family. I have evaded the disclosure to the last instant, because, perhaps, it might give your worthy heart pain: in short, you see before you one of the parties that was not only present at the ceremony, but is most truly — tenderly, pray pardon me — interested in the event. But as that union was clandestine, the approaching one will give it public sanction.

COLONEL.

[*With great emotion, after a conflict with himself.*] Since — since — the motive was to — postpone at least my distress — and the matter — you say, necessary to your — your happiness, which, to heaven I avow, is dearer to me than my own — I will tell my agonized heart, you are rendered happier than it would have been

in my power to make you: and that the love, which I feel I cannot conquer, may not be troublesome, I will withdraw to some unobserved corner of the world, and hide it from you.

[*Going.*

LADY TRYLOVE.

And for the worth of that world I would not suffer your departure. No, dear, excellent friend! O, forgive me! forgive this trial of your invaluable heart, which has, perhaps, been dealt with too hardly. Let me haste to repair, if it be not too late, this cruel practising on your affection. The secret marriage I alluded to, was between Conway and Emily, whose story I will tell you when I can; and the pompous preparation will turn out a shewy vapour. — This heart is faithful, and this hand is free. No, I tell not the truth, — they both are only yours; and thus I give the one as a solemn pledge of the other. [*Gives him her hand, and presses his to her bosom.*] Only bestow upon me, in return, your forgiveness.

COLONEL.

'Tis strange that I feel less able to support this sudden reverse of joy, than the sorrow to which it has succeeded — yet, armed as you are with the power of both ——

LADY TRYLOVE.

[*Resuming her playful air.*] You would not

have loved me quite so well had I not thus, like father Jove, dispersed my sunshine and my storms: but I promise that as soon as we have brought poor dear Emily and her beloved Conway out of the tempest, it shall be fair weather with you and I for the rest of our lives.—But they are all coming—let us——

COLONEL.

Agreed, my dear, dear widow: but what mixture of noise is this?

LADY TRYLOVE.

O, all the characters of the piece are ready: more Mysteries of the Castle, you see, are going to be represented; but, as you and I are not principal characters, we may take a turn into the garden, where I will let you a little into the plot, before our scene comes on.

COLONEL.

You are my fate, you know, widow, and I am wholly at your disposal.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Heigho! my destiny is pretty near settled, I fear, and my reign nearly over; but as it does not fall to the share of more than one in a million of us, to be queen for life, I must e'en make the best of a——

COLONEL.

Good bargain, widow, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Orchestra tune their Instruments.

Enter TARGET *theatrically dressed.*

TARGET.

Well said, horners, harpers, fiddlers, and fluters, hautboys and blow-boys: discord now, and harmony by and by!

SIR TAFFY.

Bravo, bravo! my antients, scrape into tune as soon as you can. [*Enter all* Sir Taffy's *Servants, each bringing refreshments.*] That's right, lads, load the tables. Do you, little Target, take a smack in our Welsh way, while I get the folks together. [*Exit with servants.*

TARGET *(alone.)*

Egad, no bad hint. I'll e'en amuse myself with some of these good things, before worse come and disturb me. What have we here— Imperial Tockay — yes, "I loves Cokey"— [*pours out a large glass, and tastes.*] Ah, bitters — good! one of these tiny sweet-cakes, sopped in this manner in another large tumbler of bitters, is the properest thing in the world to drink at a wedding: it is a marriage *potion.* [*Sops and eats.*] Delicious mixture! the first draught better than the second, though the

bitters are predominant. Pho! [*makes wry faces*] I believe I must wash it down with another glass of Cokey, after all.

[*Fills another tumbler, and, as he is putting it to his mouth — enter* Train, *fantastically dressed, with a basket of flowers in her hand.*

TRAIN.

[*Not seeing* Target,] If I might trust the flattery of sleep — Hah!

[*Seeing him, drops the basket.*

TARGET.

Hah!

[*Rising, drops the glass....They throw themselves into attitudes.*

I've heard, that things inanimate have moved; monkeys have spoke ——

TRAIN.

— And gentle oysters loved ——

TARGET.

More strange to tell, I've heard, that love has made ——

TRAIN.

— Monkeys of men ——

TARGET.

— And oysters of a maid. But never did I think, O, Train ——

TRAIN.

— Such rogues as you and I ——

TARGET.

— Should ever meet again! Come to my faithless arms, dear false one, *come!*

TRAIN.

— And let me beat you like a kettle-*drum!*

[*They run and hug, alternately lifting one another from the ground.*

TARGET.

We've had a very fine dramatic extempore, a most capital meeting scene, with a good thing at the end of it, Train. And so now, let me ask thee, tenderly — Art thou, indeed, unchanged, my love? I do not ask the story of my wrongs.

TRAIN.

No, don't.

TARGET.

Even here: I am Lord Freezeland's Gentleman. And where is thy abode?

TRAIN.

Even here: I am Miss Tindor's Gentlewoman. O, Target! "I could a tale unfold!" But "dare I trust thee?"

TARGET.

"No; I have been false already!"

TRAIN.

"Dost thou love me?"

TARGET.

"Rip up my bosom, and satisfy thy doubting." "Shall I swear?"

TRAIN.

Yes, do.

TARGET.

I will. Boil me in a pot! Roast me upon a spit! The south fog rot me, and the east wind blight —— Stop a moment: May age and ugliness ——

TRAIN.

Stop, my dear fellow; that will do vastly well. Know, then, that all this matrimonial fuss —— [*Bell rings.*

TARGET.

Zounds! there's the cramming bell.

TRAIN.

No matter; —nothing like an interruption, you know, for effect.

TARGET.

True; an incident that pops in, and knocks one secret down the throat of another — delightfully vexatious.

TRAIN.

But let us finish in character; always begin and end a meeting betwixt a couple of true ——

TARGET.

Or false ——

TRAIN.

Loveyers! — with an embrace — Now, then, my dear fellow, full speed!

TARGET.

There we are; double locked, like a couple of love-sick lobsters.

SCENE VII.

Enter SIR TAFFY.

Heyte-teyte! what, another match going forwards, and hugging before the ceremony?

TARGET.

Don't interrupt us, Sir; remember your tender scene with my Lord: we are old lovers, you must know.

TRAIN.

Yes, Sir; old lovers met by a surprise.

TARGET.

That ought to have killed us, but which we have got over, with infinite difficulty; you put us out, though, Sir.—"To't again."

TRAIN.

And must we part again so soon?

TARGET.

Heigho! heigho!

TRAIN.

Aye, O!

[*In disengaging, they observe the tragic gradations.*

SIR TAFFY.

Ods flames and darts! if you could but in-

spire my Lord with a little of your fury! But hark, here he comes at last. Strike up again, minstrels.

TARGET.

Yes, bring him in to soft music.

TRAIN.

Jarring enough by and by, I fancy.

SIR TAFFY.

This way, my Lord, this way, this way.

SCENE VIII.

Enter LORD FREEZELAND, *magnificently, but quaintly, dressed, ushered in by some Servants, and followed by others. One of them carry- his Muff, another settling his Dress, &c. Then enter all* SIR TAFFY'S SERVANTS, *put in Order by* OWENS. TRAIN *and* TARGET *dispose themselves into different Attitudes, for Effect; while* SIR TAFFY *is busily employed in arranging the whole Party. Then enter* LADY TRYLOVE, COLONEL FAGG, *and* CONWAY, *dressed.*

TARGET.

Now, my fine little noisy fellows, [*to the orchestra*] usher their greatnesses, their unutter-

ablenesses, with something that used to set the heads of originals to these copies, the grum, gruff progenitors of the Castle, upon their heels, some [*pointing to the family pictures*] thousand years ago. Come, away with it! Flourish trumpets and drums. Come, a crash of the whole band. [*Band strikes up.*

TRAIN.

Charming! charming! see they come, two by two, as if they were marching into the ark.

TARGET.

[*Running up to* Lord Freezeland.] Ah! my good Lord, I have made such a discovery. See, I have picked up the beautiful *Train* you have heard me so often lament the loss of.

TRAIN.

[*Running up to* Lady Trylove.] O my good lady, I am again able to wield my *Target!* What a morning is this!

LORD FREEZELAND.

[*Shivering.*] A cold morning, though, for all that. Give me my muff.

SIR TAFFY.

Fire-works and crackers! he throws me into a fever to see him. A muff as big as a bear! I can see nothing but the tip of his right honourable nose.

LADY TRYLOVE.

And, instead of bridal vestments, he's furred like a beast of the forest. He, he, —

COLONEL FAGG.

Yes, and those spangles that shine upon the surface, look like a rime frost, settled in the night upon a boar's bristles.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Sparkling in the sun, before the animal has given himself the first shake. But I'll soon thaw you; I'll shew you a pair of bright eyes, shall mount your thermometer from the freezing point to extreme heat. Go, Train, tell your young lady she may now make her appearance.

TRAIN.

Would I had the wings to do your bidding nimbler; but I can't go without Target.

TARGET.

And I must take my Train under my arm.

[*Exeunt* Train *and* Target.

LORD FREEZELAND.

I am decidedly of opinion, the young lady should not be hurried. An hour or two, more or less, can make no manner of difference.

CONWAY.

[*Aside.*] Insensible wretch! No, my Lord!

[*To* Lord Freezeland.

SIR TAFFY.

That's right, Conway. No manner of difference, my Lord.

LORD FREEZELAND.

None in the world, if her feelings require a prorogation of the ceremony till——

CONWAY.

Till the end of the world, I suppose, would be the same thing to you. I shall betray myself. [*Aside.*

LORD FREEZELAND.

Sir Taffy, who is this red hot Mr. Thingum-Thangum?

CONWAY.

[*Going to him.*] Thingum-Thangum, have a care, Sir!

LORD FREEZELAND.

This scarlet boy, whose passion has put his whole visage into regimentals.

CONWAY.

I warn you once more, Sir, not to —but I disgrace myself.

[Lady Trylove *and* Colonel Fagg *interfere.*

SIR TAFFY.

That's right; carry him off, and leave the Earl to me. Lookee, my Lord, this is no day to quarrel, but I must tell you *that* young man——

LORD FREEZELAND.

Yes, but I choose to confine myself (if you please) to the young woman, who, by the bustle without, I presume is about to enter. These old halls are cruelly damp. Slaves, be ready with my swandown pantuffles, fleecy wool socks, and Dutch muffatees.

Enter TRAIN *and* TARGET, *in great Consternation.*

TRAIN.

"Were we to step from sixteen to sixty"——

TARGET.

" — We ne'er shall look upon her like again." Ah me! the sweetest Lady——,

TRAIN.

But she is gone; for ever gone!

SIR TAFFY.

Ods how! is my daughter dead?

TRAIN.

No Sirs, not dead I hope; but gone, — quite gone!

SIR TAFFY.

None of your cursed stage tricks now, woman. Has my daughter run away?

TRAIN.

Eloped, Sir, is our word for it,

SIR TAFFY.

Eloped!

TRAIN.

But I rather think she's sprighted away. A person may he hid for years in one of these old Castles, and never be heard of.

SIR TAFFY.

I'll have every hole and corner of the Castle searched this moment. Why don't you be gone? Why don't you run? [Owens *and* Sir Taffy *force the* Servants *off*.] Away, this moment; and I hope your Lordship will order your own cramming party to go too: they have been at the side-board ever since we came in.—Thank ye, my Lord, that's right; wave them off. That's kind, Mr. Target. Well said, Train. She can't be far off. We'll ferret her out, I'll warrant you.

[*Exeunt* Sir Taffy, *driving the* Servants *before him, assisted by* Train *and* Target.

SCENE IX.

Lady Trylove, Colonel Fagg, *and* Conway, *come down the Stage laughing.* Ha, ha, ha!

LADY TRYLOVE.

Ha, ha! really my Lord, I know not whe-

ther to call this a Comic Tragedy, or a Pantomime Entertainment.

COLONEL.

It seems to partake of them all. Ha, ha!

CONWAY.

True; the pleasantry of the first,——

LADY TRYLOVE.

The pathetic event of the second,——

COLONEL.

And the Harlequin tricks of the third,——

LADY TRYLOVE.

Such a pantaloon papa!

CONWAY.

So luckless a lover!——

COLONEL.

And such a run-a-way Columbine!——

LADY TRYLOVE.

Surely never met together in any one play! What a run it would have, were it brought out upon one of the stages, in the Christmas holidays. Ha, ha, ha!

LORD FREEZELAND.

Especially if the three great actors now before me were to conduct the drama. Ha, ha! I cannot be provoked, you see. 'Tis quite unnecessary to put oneself in a passion, when Sir Taffy is so good as to take that trouble off my hands.

[*Violent bustle and noise without.*

LADY TRYLOVE.

Impenetrable wretch! I hope, at least, that the best characters will be provided for in the catastrophe,——

CONWAY.

That goodness will be rewarded,——

COLONEL.

And folly disgraced. Ha, ha! so come along widow. Conway, shew us the way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Ready to burst, because they can't make me as noisy as themselves! Can't afford to let the girl slip through my fingers, neither. If all this whooping and hallooing don't find her, she must certainly have left the neighbourhood. O, here comes Sir Taffy! Well, my dear friend, life or death? *Non est inventus*, I fear.

Enter SIR TAFFY, *out of breath.*

Not—not—not to be found, Sir! House-breaking, felony, burglary, death! They have forced my locks, unbarred my windows, and stole my treasure! I'll have them all taken up, man, woman, and child. Where are

they all? Stop them, bind them, gag them, bundle them into a dark room, till I can have time to examine and commit them. [*Throws himself on a sofa.*] Ods gasps and graves! my Lord, why don't you rave? Why aren't you in a passion?

LORD FREEZELAND.

My dear friend, breath is the life of man; and to talk when we cannot be heard, is weak,—if not wicked. But I will just observe, although I am torn to atoms with disappointment, I will take upon me to say, no man, in the like agonizing circumstances—[*takes snuff*]

SIR TAFFY.

Don't—don't choke me, that's all, my Lord; don't choke me!

LORD FREEZELAND.

—Agonizing circumstances, I say, ever felt more. I must now consider her flight as a temporary dislike to matrimony in general; and must therefore beg leave, till she can be brought about, to decline the alliance.

SIR TAFFY.

[*Jumps up.*] How? what's that you say? Let me hear that again!

LORD FREEZELAND.

You shall.

SIR TAFFY.

No, I wont, — no, I wont,—it will be the death of one or both of us. Harkee, Sir! I'd have ye to know, that however respectable may be the blood of the Freezelands, if, indeed, they ever had any blood at all, that which fills the veins of *my* daughter,——

LORD FREEZELAND.

My dear friend, had it been running in the family ever since the flood; nay, even had it even entered into the composition of that flood itself, I cannot help it; and so, till that very rich blood has done boiling over, I must see what a chapter of Seneca, on the disappointments of human life, will do for the tranquillization of mine. [*Exit.*

SIR TAFFY.

Damn Seneca! I wish you were in his hot-bath, and the same sentence passed upon you, with all my soul; though I question whether all the lancets that ever were stuck into that old fellow's carcass, while he was up to the beard in scalding water, would bring as much out of yours, as one might get from the body of a flea, by the point of a needle. Give her up! — give her up! Ods patience! Seneca! if it was not for my country, I'd soon give up you, I promise you! [*Going.*

Enter TARGET *in a great hurry.*

TARGET.

Sir — Sir — Sir Taffy, you have gone too far! My Lord is ordering his coach, and bade me pack up. That must not be. Consider your *daughter*, your BOROUGH, your FAME, your *COUNTRY!*

SIR TAFFY.

He vexed me past all patience, and drove them all out of my head, Mr. Target. For the sake of my country, indeed, — but perhaps it is now too late, ——

TARGET.

No, no, "a little flattery sometimes does well." Send me with a petition; leave the wording of it to me, and pursue your hunt after the lady. No reply; get into good humour, and the borough's your own! [*Exit.*

SIR TAFFY.

Ods greatness and glory, make haste. — O that my girl were now here! A sight of her would unpack a thousand boxes. Where can the hussy have hid herself?

Enter CONWAY.

CONWAY.

'Tis ridiculous to look for her any longer, Sir. It does not admit of a doubt, but that

the conduct of that provoking Lord has driven her from the Castle.

SIR TAFFY.

You've hit it, Con.—you've hit it; and, between you and I, ods tricks and trials, who can blame her?

CONWAY.

Nobody. O, Sir, were the case mine, ——

SIR TAFFY.

You would have blazed like Vesuvius.—But why talk about impossibilities;—let us think a little what's to be done.

[*Walks about the stage.*

CONWAY.

So, so, ——

SIR TAFFY.

[*Running up to him.*] I have it,—I have it. Now, my dear Conway, if you have any regard for your country; if you have any regard for me; if you have any regard for Emily; saddle the swiftest horse in my stable, and go ride through every lane, and call at every hut as you go.

CONWAY.

For what Sir?

SIR TAFFY.

For Emily, my dear boy, for Emily. She knows you to be her friend; and will, I dare say, as soon trust herself under your protection as her father's,

CONWAY.

I must own, I think she would.

SIR TAFFY.

When you have found her, tell her that you and I both see into her motives, and, as a girl of spirit, approve them.

CONWAY.

Shall I tell her that, Sir?

SIR TAFFY.

Now don't open your mouth, Con. for I won't hear a word——

CONWAY.

Only this, Sir; you promise, that be her motive what it may—*you forgive it, on condition of her return.*

SIR TAFFY.

From the bottom of my soul! and will seal that forgiveness with a thousand kisses, the moment I set eyes on her.

CONWAY.

Well, Sir, I am gone—but *remember your promise.*

SIR TAFFY.

I do; and moreover make another promise to you—and here's my hand upon it. When I have got my borough, and my daughter is a Countess, should this cold-blooded fellow go off in a shivering fit—which I think is very likely—no man living, but little Con. shall

have my consent to be her second. So let me see you take horse, and set off to scour the country!

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Wood, and a Fisherman's Hut almost hid amongst the Trees, with a View of the Sea. Several Tubs and Casks at a Distance from the Hut. GAFFER NIGHTPAD, SON JOE, MAN JOHN, *and* BOYS, *getting them towards the Hut; the Moon rising.*

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

There's brave lads; put the dear creatures out of sight.

SON JOE.

Pity, father, any harm should come to such fine spirited little fellows, an't it? So here goes No. 1.

MAN JOHN.

And here rolls No. 2.

SON JOE.

No. 3 will be there first, for a wager.

BOY.

No. 4, which is the smuggling tea-chest, you know, shan't be distanced, if I can help it.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

But these two cags of Geneva——

SON JOE.

Aye, we mun take care of they, father.—Ecod I should not wonder, if, i' that country, they were *out of spirits* themselves, by this time.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

At least we can expect no more of the *genuine* from that quarter. French brandy and Dutch Hollands make very good tipple, according to people's different tastes, by themselves; but they're a *strange mixture!*

SON JOE.

And I don't think they'll do well together long; Mynheers have been a great while smuggling their country, and I expect they'll be coming over presently themselves, in the way of *run* goods.

MAN JOHN.

Run goods!—for nothing, you mean.—D—n it, no smuggling of one's country, neither——

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

So roll off the last of Neat as Imported.

SON JOE.

It's to lay, I'spose, with the young Missey of the Castle whom the young Captain brought *in* this morning?

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

Aye, Joe, in our wood warehouse, as we

call it—as for the young lady, had I been at home, she should have sought some other shelter; for I fear some ill will come of it. We live too near the Castle to hide any commodity that belongs to it. But don't stand talking; work on.

SON JOE.

E'cod, i' my thoughts she's the prettiest article of *run* goods I ha' seen since I ha' been in the trade. There's only this puncheon, father—

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

I see I must help, after all—indeed that puncheon of Nantz is as much as we can all manage.

MAN JOHN.

Never fear; 'tis but putting all our hands to it, Master, with all our hearts—and—so, yoey—yoey—yoey—we'll clear our way at last, never fear.

SON JOE.

Thus, and thus—

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

And thus—

BOY.

Aye—and thus—

[*All working together. After some struggling they move it.*

MAN JOHN.

Tight work, though, too—dev'lish strong—tug away.

SON JOE.

That's it, my lads, that's it—and the moon's got up to look at us, you see.

MAN JOHN.

She glares upon us like a Custom-House-Officer—I hope she'll not turn informer.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

Not she!

SON JOE.

Hurra, Johnny, hurra—Nance is set a-going at last!

[*Exeunt* Joe, John, *and* Boy, *with the puncheon.*

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

[*Speaking after them.*] When she's stowed, come to the house, and drink success to all honest hearts, in all countries. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The interior Part of the Wood; in the Midst of which Gammer, *the Wife of* Gaffer Nightpad, *rises from a Trap Door.*

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

[*Speaking as she comes up.*] Never fear, young lady, I have got hold of your pretty hand, we put all our best moonlights here,

Miss; there—see how nicely you are coming up; as neat as wax-work.

EMILY.

[*Rises from the trap.*] I give you a great deal of trouble, Mrs. Nightpad; but, as to fears, were this under-ground room of yours fifty fathoms deep, I should prefer it, at present, to the best room in my father's Castle.

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

[*Horn sounds.*] Hist!—that's a signal, Miss. Son Joe never blows his horn at this time of night without 'tis to give notice.

EMILY.

Heavens! if it should be any of the family?

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

And if it were, Miss; you have but to lift up this little door again, lookee, in this here sort of manner; which, when it is down, seems only a piece of green yearth, and you are, you know, in as neat a little room, (and as well furnished too,) as any gentleman or lady's chamber, aye, or cellar either, in the land.

EMILY.

It sounds again! and I thought I heard a rustling among the boughs.

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

Pop down then, my sweet young Madam, and I'll go see. If 'tis a foe, I'll return, and,

standing over the door, hem, thus, — hem, — hem. If a friend, your shall soon know.

[*Exit.*

EMILY.

A thousand thanks, goody. Heavens, how I tremble!

[*Holding the trap-door as she descends, then, after listening, lets it drop.*

CONWAY *and* SON JOE *are seen traversing the Mazes of the Wood, and speak as they enter.*

SON JOE.

Follow me, Squire: we shall come at the place presently.

CONWAY.

I wonder you don't clear away these briers and thorn-bushes a little?

SON JOE.

Clear 'em away, hey! no, Squire, that wont do for we; and, as for a little scratching, you're but a poor sort of a lover, if you mind a few brambles, in going to see your sweetheart.

CONWAY.

You are very gallant, Joe; only make haste.

SON JOE.

Egad, if my mistress lived in a holly-hedge, or a quickset, or a heap of furze, (you knows what furze is, I suppose,) I'd no more mind dashing through 'em than if they were so

many feathers. Besides, love's path always is through briers and brambles.

CONWAY.

Heaven knows, we have had briers and brambles in plenty.

SON JOE.

Never mind, if you come to such a rosy and lily sweet and pure as MissEmily at last. We are close by her now. [*Stands on the trap.*] 'Twas MY *genus* contrived this! I'm a cute one, a'n't I? She'll be up in a minute, like one of the ghost-folks in the playhouse. See! the door begins to open a little; when she's above ground, I'll keep watch in one of these turnabouts. But don't be tedious, — a kiss or so, — little and often is the way to love long. See! up she springs, like a Jack of the box. Egad, she's a pretty piece of goods; but she is contraband for poor Joe.

[Emily *rises and runs to* Conway. Joe *goes into one of the paths and listens.*

EMILY.

My beloved Conway!

CONWAY.

Dearest Emily! I am with you again, at your father's earnest desire, to invite you home.

EMILY.

Is it possible?

CONWAY.

Pledging himself to seal with a kiss, his free pardon, the moment of your return.

EMILY.

Dear, dear father! then we shall still be happy. Let us not lose a moment, my Conway.

CONWAY.

Alas! my love, all this is but the hurry of his impetuous nature to carry his point. Provoked at the sluggish movements of Lord Freezeland, and having made some vehement replies, he only proposes to make you the victim of reconciliation.

EMILY.

Unkind, as impossible! What is then to be done?

CONWAY.

A thought strikes me. Our friends, the Wellingfords, you know, are settled in Guernsey. I have made them acquainted with our story, and they have offered us their services. Joey stops in the labyrinth, on purpose to guard our conversation. He's coming this way, — don't tremble so, my Emily.

Enter Son Joe.

SON JOE.

Come, come, — you lovers never think of

time nor tide, nor any thing but yourselves, when you get together; but that wont do for Joey: father will scold till he's black i' the feace. We must be out at sea at high water.

CONWAY.

And when does that serve?

SON JOE.

Less than half an hour: 'tis on the turn now.

CONWAY.

Are you on a fishing party, or —— you understand me, Joey.

SON JOE.

O! all Cheapside work to-night: moonshine and Guernsey's the word; s'pose you know what that means.

EMILY.

Guernsey! do you know the Wellingfords?

SON JOE.

Do I know my own little self? What you want to get Missy over to the island, do ye?

CONWAY.

Your sister, whom, you know, lives at the Castle, has assured me you are a lad of honour: as such, I dare trust you, — but is the wind fair?

SON JOE.

As ever it can blow.

CONWAY.

I say I dare trust you and your good old father with my dearest treasure; to convey her, if you think there is no danger——

SON JOE.

Danger, in our skiff! why she'd weather a storm better than your Castle; but, in such a night as this, we could run before the wind in a cockle-shell.

CONWAY.

But what says my dear Emily to this? dare she venture on the voyage, unattended by her Conway, whom inexorable honour summons to the field; but who will return to join her, the first moment that it can be done consistently with the duty he owes to his country!

EMILY.

Sea and land are equal, in the performance of the vow I have made to my dearest husband!

CONWAY.

My best love.

SON JOE.

Hark! my dad is howling in the forest, like a mad wolf. Ecod, and he'll devour me like a mad wolf, too, if I don't go help to get up anchor, set sails, and so forth; so no more *par le vouing*, Squire: is Madam to go or not?

EMILY.

Certainly; meantime, though I know you

are above bribing, I must insist on shewing my gratitude, by begging your acceptance of this purse.

SON JOE.

From your fair hands, beautiful Miss, I can't refuse nothing.

CONWAY.

But you will make me quite jealous, little Joe, if you do not take this, to keep the present of my Emily company.

SON JOE.

I never could bear to part good company in my life!

CONWAY.

My faithful servant, Griffin, as I was leaving the Castle, delivered me a note from Lady Arethusa; purporting that my Lord's valet had made some discovery respecting us, that would probably put the whole house into violent agitation; and advised me, by all means, if you were not perfectly secure, to put you instantly beyond the reach of pursuit, should it be attempted.

EMILY.

Then every moment is dangerous to love; but my fears are all for you, Conway; — what do you propose?

CONWAY.

Instantly to return to the Castle, convince

Sir Taffy 'tis in vain to look any farther for you at present; or, if I find a possible opportunity, I shall at once explain the reason, by opposing the honest claims of a husband to the arrogant pretensions of a lover. If any thing fortunate comes from this, you will have an immediate and happy return; and, if it fails, I shall have the satisfaction to know you are in safety.

SON JOE.

Hark, hark! hear how that father of mine bawls. — Coming, Father, coming. — Now hold fast by me, — aye, aye, you may give the Squire t'other little hand if you please. There, bob your heads down now, and dash away. There we go, you see, as if we were threading the needle.

CONWAY.

Keep up your spirits, dear Emily; honest Griffin is at the skirts of the wood, and shall attend you.

EMILY.

They droop but for you, my Conway.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Sea-side, with a View of the Fisherman's Hut, as in the first Scene. Sailor and Boy getting the Vessel ready for sailing.

Enter NIGHTPAD *and* WIFE.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

'Tis in vain to call after that unlucky dog any more. Heyday! this fine night e'n't going to play us any pranks, I hope!—don't much like that scud, though—and the moon is getting an ugly ruff round her neck, and looks as dizzy as if she had made free with our Nancy—but the wind is fair, so haul away, haul away, boys:—where a-plague can that Joe be?

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

He only went to shew the young gentleman to the young lady.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

I don't know, for my part, what we have to do with young gentlemen, or young ladies either.

JOE, *(within.)*

Quick, quick, let us make haste, Miss—that whistle is to say, all hands must on board.

EMILY, *(within.)*

Adieu, dear Conway, adieu!

SON JOE.

Aye, aye, take leave when you meet again — do pray, Miss, come along.

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

That's Joe's voice, and I think Madam Emily's. What can this mean?

Enter JOE *and* EMILY.

SON JOE.

There, mother, take Missy into the cottage a little: when all is ready I will come and hand her a-board: she's going over the water with us.

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

Over the water! why you have hurried the sweet creature out of her life.

EMILY.

This is no time for explanations. Mrs. Nightpad, your son tells you true: put me any where till the boat is ready.

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

This way, Miss, — this way, Madam.

[*Exeunt into the hut.*

NIGHTPAD, JOE, MAN JOHN.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

And now pray, Master Mischief, what is all this?

SON JOE.

Why, the mischief is, this purse of guineas just for carrying a young lady to her friends, a t'other side of the water.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

Ods cargoes, a purse! why there's half a handful of gold in't, boy:—but then, do you know that the taking a gentleman's daughter beyond sea is a little bit of hanging matter, Joe?

SON JOE.

Yes, but moving a contraband article, from a place where you may find it to one where you cannot, is no great harm, I think:—besides, lookee, I've got the fellow to that purse.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

Another!—let us see, boy.

SON JOE.

Yes, but no closer, father, I must keep this to buy myself off, in case of accidents.

SAILOR, *(from the boat.)*

Come, Captain, we're all ready.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

But what noises are those in the wood, Joe? Hark!

Enter Gammer Nightpad *and* Emily, *from the Hut.*

EMILY.

I am ready to sink into the earth—surely I

heard my name pronounced—there again—hark, 'tis more near, and louder—'tis a pursuit, from the Castle, depend upon it.

[*A cry of this way, that way, &c.*

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

Hadn't you better stay, then, Miss?

SON JOE.

That would ruin all, father; if the goods were found upon us, fifty purses would not save us from swinging: but if she's not upon the premises—— [*Louder hue and cry.*

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

That's true, as you say, boy.

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

But the night is getting so squally.

EMILY.

Do not talk of nights, or storms, but conduct me, this moment, on board. [*Noises continue.*

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

Pull up your cloak, Miss—turn the hood more over your poor dear face. Joey has got your bundle: will you have my weather-all?

EMILY.

Never mind clothes or hoods; I dread nothing but my being overtaken—and my poor Conway too, what will become of him?

SON JOE.

Mother, go in; in a few minutes Miss won't

be on the face of the earth; and if they come, you know nothing about it, that's all—go in.

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

Good night, Miss,—good voyage, my sweet young lady.

EMILY.

Make haste, Joe, for heaven's sake, make haste.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

[*From the vessel.*] Now then, step in, Miss, step in; that's right, safe a-board now; hope we shall have better weather presently; only a passing squall, I believe.

SON JOE.

Aye, moon peeps out again.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

Put the young lady into the cabin, Joe; come, up with the anchor, John; set the sails, boys.

JOHN.

Joe, help shove her off; that's it; away we go! [*A great noise in the wood.*

SON JOE.

Aye, you may holla now, we are out of the wood, and you are in it. Ha, ha, ha!

[*During this speech, the different matters described are acted, and the vessel bears away.*

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

Well, after all, this love is a terrible thing; and sometimes goes harder with gentle than simple. I'm glad safe off however, 'specially as the squall is blown over.

[*Exit into the hut.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to another Part of the Wood.

Enter TARGET.

TARGET.

I think I am still in the road; yet, as Madam Luna seems to be playing at blindman's buff, I can't be sure; and that son of the mountain, who undertook to shew me the way, has lost both me and himself. The voices, too, have all at once ceased, and here I am in the dark; on a pretty errand too! 'Twas but a rogue's trick in thee, Master Target, to tell the old Lord of the Manor where to find her, seeing that her hiding place was told me in confidence, but secrets always circulate best in that way. Suppose I were to rub off this treachery by a little honour. Egad, it shall be so.

SIR TAFFY.

[*From another part of the Wood.*] O, if I

find 'em! ods blunderbusses, bludgeons, and broad swords.

TARGET.

Aye, there's the old dog, opening till the forest rings again. But soft, who have we here? I thought I saw the shadow of a petticoat. That's right, dear Mrs. Moon, shew thy face a little; as I live, 'tis my Train, dangling behind me. "I would avoid her" ——

TRAIN.

You would, would you? O, thou villain, thou most abominable villain! who wheedled me out of my dear young mistress' secret, and like a rascal, as you are, carried it to my master! who is now coming to my poor father's cottage, and, for aught I know, will murder the whole family.

TARGET.

"Keep your temper, or I walk off" without my Train.—"Any thing more," "divine imperfection of a woman?"

Enter CONWAY.

CONWAY.

Target! O, thou traitor! Arethusa's information, then, was but too true. And thou, traitress, to trust this sieve with any thing relating to your mistress! [*Seizes them both.*]

Had I a moment to spare, I would shake you both to atoms. Away! [*Exit.*

TARGET.

Prodigiously glad you are in such a hurry, however.

TRAIN.

All this for you, villain! See how I'm tumbled. Is this a return for my foolish fondness? Did I ever deny you any thing, wretch!

TARGET.

No, I can't say you ever did.

TRAIN.

But now, for ever, I renounce you! Let us part.

TARGET.

Agreed; for I think here we shall be devoured, either by man or beast. But let us part like ourselves; come. [*Takes her hand.*

TRAIN.

South!

TARGET.

East!

TRAIN.

West!

TARGET.

Far as the poles asunder. Egad, though, in a night like this, for it begins to blow and rain again, you see, I think we should be more comfortable together. [*Catches her robe.*]

Come, come, these little quarrels, love must needs excuse; besides, I can't think of going out in the storm, without wrapping my dear Train about me. [*Throwing his arms round her.*

TRAIN.

[*Struggling.*] Follow me if you dare: I hate the very sight of you.

[*Breaking from him.*

TARGET.

I hate you! O, Alonzo, how I hate you! After all, what is it but a night scene in a forest?

TRAIN.

[*Going.*] Why don't you take care of me, barbarian? [*Exit* Train.

TARGET.

She comes, by heaven, she comes! Honest Target, I never knew thee fail. Thus hug, my little—but my—egad, she's off, and I shall lose her in the wood: I'll after her.

[*Exit* Target.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Sea-coast. Fishing Hut.

Enter CONWAY.

My only hope now is, that the vessel may have put off, and yet even that is chilled by this fearful night.—Yet, thank heaven, it still

blows fair. If she should not be gone, I will, at all hazards, come to an immediate explanation; assert a husband's honest claims, and defend my wife from the undue tyranny, even of a father. [*Runs to the fisherman's door.*] Mr. Nightpad—Emily—Joe—John—Emily! They have certainly sailed. All that remains is, immediately to search the beach. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

[*From her chamber window.*] I had fallen into a doze, but thought I heard somebody at the door—No, only the wind.—But lack-a-day, how it blows and lightens! I wish they had not gone out to-night—Hark! I hear voices. [*Confused noise of* hip, holloa, holloa.] Sure somebody after my young lady—poor, sweet soul, she's tossing this mad night on the salt sea. See, there are men and women—that flash shewed them to me.

[*Closes the casement.*

SCENE VII.

Enter several of the Family Party, exploring their Way. Storm increases.

OWENS.

Pless my poor pate, how the rain and the wind pelts!

JACK.

A pretty night to hop after a young lady.

GEORGE.

Hush! I hear poor mad master louder than the thunder: pass on, pass on.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Sir Taffy *and* Lord Freezeland.

SIR TAFFY.

Don't tell me, my Lord, of storms and tempests; I'll have her, I'll have her, I tell you, I'll have her. Oh, this is that rascally fisherman's hut—cheer up, my Lord, you shall have her, yet:—that's the house. [*Exit* Sir Taffy.

LORD FREEZELAND.

I wish I was in it, and she in any part of the habitable globe; for it is next to incredible I should escape the fire and water of this horrible night. What, is there nobody to help a dead man!

SCENE IX.

Enter, by another Path, a Number of LORD FREEZELAND'S *Servants.*

SERVANTS.

My Lord! my Lord! my Lord! We've found the house! we've found the house!

LORD FREEZELAND.

Carry this dead body of mine into it, then, as fast as you can—neck and heels—I care not how. [*The servants take him up.*] That's right—away with me — I am finished; but if, by a miracle, I should recover, a thousand Helens should not draw me out, on such another night. [*He is carried off.*

SCENE X.

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

[*Re-appearing at the window.*] What is all this noise, at a poor fisherman's door, disturbing a poor woman in her bed?

Re-enter SIR TAFFY.

SIR TAFFY.

I'll fisherman you, I will! Where is my daughter, hag? where's the thief that stole her?

and the rascals that received the stolen goods? —Follow! follow! follow!

[*He rushes along, passes* Lord Freezeland *and servants, and bursts open the door.*

Enter COLONEL FAGG *and* LADY TRYLOVE.

COLONEL.

Dear Arethusa, we must take advantage of the general confusion, and get into the house first: the moon favours us, in, in, in.

[*They go in.* Sir Taffy *rushes out, dragging* Lord Freezeland *by the arm, in one hand, and* Gammer Nightpad *in the other.*

SIR TAFFY.

Hell and furies!—she's not in the house.—Tell me, witch, and you her mischievous imp, what is become of her?

LORD FREEZELAND.

Let me go, Sir Taffy.

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

Truly, your Honour, I have told you all I know; our folks are all at sea.

SIR TAFFY.

Where's Conway? where's my daughter!—speak, speak, speak! [*Shaking them.*

LORD FREEZELAND.

I have got out of the old tyger's grasp, however, and neither mortals below, nor Gods

above, shall drag me forth again, till the storm is over. [*Returns into the house.*

SCENE XI.

Enter CONWAY.

CONWAY.

Despair and horror!—she's gone!—the fishing boat can never weather it.—She is lost for ever.

SIR TAFFY.

[*Letting* Gammer Nightpad *go, and running to* Conway.] Who's lost?—ah! villain, is it you?—Hark! what is that? [*Gun fires.*

CONWAY.

A signal of distress! oh, heavens! I can bear no more.—Your daughter, Sir Taffy, your poor, drowning Emily ——

[*Runs again to the sea-side. Thunder, &c.*

SIR TAFFY.

Emily drowning!—Owens! George! Tom! —save, save my daughter, and I will die in peace. [*Second gun.*] Another signal! and hear that piteous shriek! [*Cry of sailors at a distance.*] Help, help, help!

[Sir Taffy *runs out, followed by his servants.*

Enter CONWAY.

CONWAY.

See, see, the vessel is in sight—she drives this way.—But these barbarous rocks! these cruel waves! Is there no way to save her? [*Scales one of the rocks.*] Ha! something floats to shore—that flash, methought, discovered—[*runs down the rock.*] Ah, heavens, 'tis hers! O, God, 'tis the shawl of my poor devoted Emily!

Enter LADY TRYLOVE *and* COLONEL FAGG.

CONWAY.

[*With the shawl.*] See! see! O madness! behold this witness of my agony! it is my wife's!

COLONEL.

Throw out the planks! throw out the planks!

LADY TRYLOVE.

Patience, dear Colonel! Dear Conway, patience!

CONWAY.

I'll save, or perish with her!

Enter SIR TAFFY.

Save her, Conway, and she is yours.

[*The process of a violent storm continued. The vessel about to strike.* Conway *plunges into the waves, and reaches the small boat. All* Sir Taffy's *servants assist.*

LADY TRYLOVE.

Behold! she is on the deck.

COLONEL.

Alas! 'tis too late; the vessel splits upon the rocks; we lose sight of her. Support the agonized father!

SIR TAFFY.

I want no support, —leave me—let me die—I have no business with life—my daughter is lost! [*Refuses help.—Cry of* huzza! huzza!

COLONEL.

Hark! sure I heard a sound of joy.

SIR TAFFY.

Joyful, indeed! for, see, Conway again appears, and with him, or sure I never saw her face, my dear, dear daughter! Yes, she is here. Blessed be heaven! I have my child once more in my arms!

CONWAY *enters, leading in* EMILY; *Servants, Sailors, &c. following.*

EMILY.

My father! my dearest father! if my life is precious, you owe it only to ——

SIR TAFFY.

To Conway:—I know it—but I'm too happy, too miserable, to talk now. Help, help—Arethusa—Colonel—all of you, to lead her in: and help me, too, Conway, for the little strength grief had left me, joy has taken away;

and when I have recovered myself, I'll punish you for saving my child's life, as you deserve.

OWENS.

Pless the plood in my pody! he has saved the whole ship's crew, and your Honour must loffe him with all your precious powels.

LADY TRYLOVE.

This path will carry us immediately to the hut. [*Exeunt. Servants and Sailors* Huzza!

SCENE *changes to the inside of the Fisherman's House.* Lord Freezeland, Gammer Nightpad, Train, *and* Lord Freezeland's *Servants, are discovered.*

LORD FREEZELAND.

Yes, I think I must die—but it may as well be decently, so wring me out as well as you can. [*Servants settling his dress.*

TRAIN.

'Tis pity your Lordship could not die alone, though, locking the doors upon poor mother and I, that wanted to see after our husbands, lovers, masters, and mistresses.

FIRST FOOTMAN.

Egad, to be locked up in a smuggler's hut is no bad port in a storm, I think.

SECOND FOOTMAN.

Better—than be—in—in a Welsh wick-

ed — word. — So here's suc - suc - cess to smuggling. [*Drinks.*

THIRD FOOTMAN.

"A bumper — a bumper of good liquor." [*Sings.*] Hiccup — hiccup!

LORD FREEZELAND.

Every animal around me, drunk! — What will become of me! [*Violent knocking.*

FIRST FOOTMAN.

Ah! who have we here? "Open locks, whoever knocks."

Enter TARGET.

TARGET.

[*Speaking very fast.*] All over, my Lord! saw the whole scene! Fine! great! dreadful! true sublime! delightfully shocking, indeed! You want to embrace me, my Train, but don't put me out now. O! could I have brought all that these eyes have seen — the thunder — the lightning — the fish — the fishermen — the father — the lover — the lady — west of the town — a mile among the rocks — and all the other charming distresses: — could I but bring 'em upon the stage! — but they're all coming; and Sir Taffy and Mr. Conway, in the characters of thunder and lightning, come first.

SIR TAFFY, (*within.*)

Break open the door! break open the door!

TRAIN.

[*Going to* Target.] Oh, heavens! oh, earth!

TARGET.

Yes—but you must suppose a hug, for, see, the principal characters are all entering.

LORD FREEZELAND.

I wish I could die off, at once.

TARGET.

I wish so, too, my Lord; but as you can't, I think you had better seem rejoiced at the young lady's escape.

LORD FREEZELAND.

So I will. [*Enter* Sir Taffy, Conway, Emily, Colonel Fagg, Lady Trylove, *Smugglers, and Sailors.*] O, heavens! what do I see, my life! my love! my charming Emily!

[*Offering to take her hand.*

EMILY.

Stand off, my Lord, your touch is profanation.

CONWAY.

Sir, I must desire you will take no more liberties with my wife.

SIR TAFFY.

Yes, Sir, *his* wife. I wished to give them to each other, but I find, in our walk hither, they had given themselves to one another before.

LORD FREEZELAND.

And pray, Sir, do you approve of this?

SIR TAFFY.

Why, really, my Lord, I have been so long in your good company, that I begin, at last, to take things coolly: besides, he saved my child's life.

EMILY.

And I understand, my Lord, you would have let her sink.

LORD FREEZELAND.

Why, when it was positively asserted, child, that you were gone to the bottom of the sea, I did not see the use of my going after you: but if I had thought it was only a stage trick ——

LADY TRYLOVE.

You would still have preferred the smuggler's warm fire, to cold salt water, I suppose.

[*Old* Nightpad *holds* Joe *by the hand, and kneels to* Sir Taffy.

GAFFER NIGHTPAD.

After thanking your Honour on my knees, for my poor old life, I deliver up this wicked son of mine to justice, for bribing his father, with a purse of gold, to carry off your Worship's daughter.

GAMMER NIGHTPAD.

[*Kneeling.*] O, save him—save my son!

TRAIN.

[*Kneeling.*] O, save him—save my brother, or let his sister dangle by his side. And

if another victim be demanded, — O, let it be my Target.

TARGET.

[*Kneels.*] Yes, hang us all; but still remember we are hanged for love: and if for that we swing, sure this, now happy pair, [*pointing to* Conway *and* Emily] ought to swing too. O, antient Sir, who loved so much as they?

COLONEL.

Fine reasoning, ha, ha, ha!

SIR TAFFY.

No, no, I am made too happy with the effect, to quarrel with the cause.

[Target, Train, Gaffer *and* Gammer Nightpad, *and* Son Joe, *all jump up, and embrace.*

TARGET.

A reprieve! a reprieve! a reprieve!

SIR TAFFY.

Well, my Lord, you have been standing in the back ground a long time — what say you to all this?

LORD FREEZELAND.

I shall only say, that had either the gentleman or the lady acted candidly, they might have saved both themselves and us a great deal of trouble.

CONWAY.

Candidly, Sir! — Damnation! — Draw!

LORD FREEZELAND.

No, Sir, I rather choose to *withdraw*. Slaves! such of you as can reel after me, do. [*Going.*

TARGET.

[*Struts up to him.*] A word with you, my Lord—I renounce you!

LORD FREEZELAND.

Vagabond! The flea warring with the elephant!

[*Exit* Lord Freezeland, *looking scornfully.*

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

[Lord Freezeland's *Servants stagger out.*

SIR TAFFY.

And pray, Master Target, how are you to shew cause why we should not renounce you?

TARGET.

Nothing to plead in my behalf, but——

TRAIN.

His treachery to me sent us all to the assistance of my young mistress.—I hope your Honour will permit——

SIR TAFFY.

His loss to be his punishment, I suppose,—well, be it so.

TRAIN.

Especially, as there are other disappointments in store for him. Harkee, Mr. Target, [*struts up to him*] I renounce you!

TARGET.

Vagabond!

LADY TRYLOVE.

Thus, you see, Sir Taffy, you are the gainer, after all, since you have saved your child, lost an arrogant pretender, and sanctioned the rights of a worthy husband.

SIR TAFFY.

I own it, — I own it.

LADY TRYLOVE.

This, then, is the moment to execute a trust that has been reposed in me, by returning, according to my instructions, this jewel-box to you, Sir Taffy ——

EMILY.

Which, though intended by my dearest father as a bridal present, could not be accepted on false pretences.

COLONEL.

I also am charged, on the part of my friend Conway, with a restoration of the several sums of money herein contained, [*delivers a purse*,] and which were forced upon the said Conway, with intent to persuade his own wife to commit bigamy.— There, Sir, I believe you will find the return correct to a guinea.

CONWAY.

[*To* Sir Taffy.] I am by no means rich

enough, you know, my dear Sir, nor of sufficient consequence to afford committing a mean action; nor poor enough, in my own esteem, nor in my circumstances, to make myself unworthy the honour I aspire to.

SIR TAFFY.

[*Much affected.*] Hem! hem! I can't think what is the matter with me.

CONWAY.

The offence, under which we have both so long trembled, was my having dared, in order to prevent a worse evil, to draw your daughter into an engagement that could only give her love and content: but the moment that these were accepted, the honour of my own wife was not more sacred than her father's fortune.

SIR TAFFY.

I—I—I—I am very glad to—to have—both my money—and my jewels—back again; but—I—I—I have got a cold, and—a cough,—and—a—some of the salt water has got into my eyes: and if to-morrow morning, when I will have them married over again, Emmy and Con. are not as rich—and as happy—a—a couple as any in Wales, or in Europe, I have neither fortune nor affection to make them so. But I have got a vile cough, and

a cold too, and a — hem, hem, or — hem, for all that.

EMILY.

Dearest father! — but methinks I would have the joy more general.

SIR TAFFY.

Yes! I'll have every body married twice over before this time to-morrow. I'll have the Castle crammed full of happy couples: and, by way of earnest, Colonel Fagg, I betroth you to the widow [*joins their hands,*] — not a word, madam — shall be so — we shall have some love-sick smuggler carry you off, by and by.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Really, this is such a sort of violence ——

COLONEL.

Violence! Arethusa.

LADY TRYLOVE.

Yes, are not you ravishing my hand, till you have bribed my heart, to take part against its mistress; feel how the traitor beats, — is not this violence? [*Takes his hand.*

COLONEL.

Dearest Arethusa! thus may it ever bound, in token of your happiness.

TARGET.

Then they are all provided for but poor me!

but I must sit in a corner, and cry, heigho for a wife.

COLONEL.

Poor Target! that may not be.

SIR TAFFY.

Come, come, take hold of your Train. — Mrs. Train, the affair is to be general.

TRAIN.

"Born for your use, I live but to obey you."

TARGET.

[*Runs to her.*] O, thou forgiving softness, wouldst thou but suffer me, once more, to put myself in rehearsal for ——

TRAIN.

"The Tender Husband," I suppose, — why, as the play is to end happily — if ——

LADY TRYLOVE.

We make up a marriage-portion amongst us ——

COLONEL.

Which we certainly will do ——

TRAIN.

He will have me, I suppose.

TARGET.

Raptures and paradise! Pinks and roses! Jilly-flowers and jonquills! Honeysuckles and hawthornes!

TRAIN.

That word, that little word, — *portion,* — has made me sweeter to you than them all.

TARGET.

"You wrong your own beauty, and my passion," divine little creature, to——

SIR TAFFY.

Well, well, you may go over these scenes, of "The Tender Husband," at a more convenient season, — you mean to have one another, and there will be time enough. We seem to be pairing off very prettily.

TRAIN.

Yes, all the characters are now comfortably disposed.

SIR TAFFY.

And that the catastrophe may be more striking——

OWENS.

Three days, pless your pody, according to Cambrian custom, will we dedicate to the rites of Paccus.

SIR TAFFY.

Yes, and all that time old Hymen shall hardly be able to hold his torch from tippling. He shall become, even like Bacchus himself, an honest hair-brain'd, ranting, roaring fellow.

LADY TRYLOVE.

[*Pointing to the audience.*] And if this good company will deign to accept our hearty invitation, and share our festival, we will keep it up, not only three days, but as many *nights* also — AS THEY PLEASE.

SWATI MAHAL. * THE TANJORE MAHARAJA

END OF VOL. II.

Marchant, Printer, 3, Greville-Street, Holborn.

ERRATA

TO

"HAIL FELLOW! WELL MET!"

SECOND VOLUME.

Page 79, line 5, for *parfaite* read *parfait*.

—— 109, — 9, for *geux* read *gueux*.

—— 120, — 13, for *premiere* read *premier*.

—— 151, — 4, from the bottom, for *arrivée* read *arrivé*.

—— — — 2, ——————— *l'entendant* r. *l'entendat*.

—— — — — ——————— *levée* read *levé*.

Throughout, for *le nation* read *la nation*.